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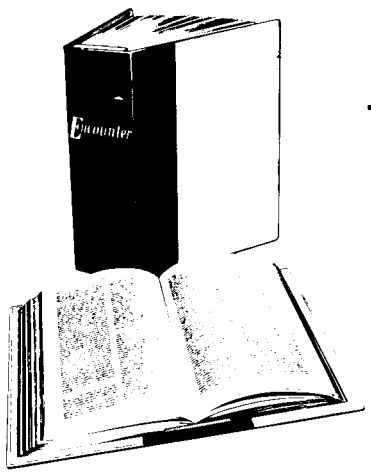

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John Gohorry

The Future Arrives Last Year

THE SUCCESS of the college was certainly due to the foresight of the Principal and the other administrators—but especially the Principal—back in the 1980s. DS39, Senior Manipulator of English/Communications, remembered the critical meeting of the Governing Body, having been a mere staff representative at the time. "The kids of today", urged the Principal, "are brought up on electronic technology. They've all got calculators, space invaders, the whole caboodle of gadgetry—they take it for granted. And what are we proposing to offer them? A few white chalk-marks on a piece of board? A few still pictures on a projector screen? We might as well offer a pointed stick in the sand." He had taken off his glasses, and looked around the room. The Governors stiffened, and held their breath. "Give me your backing", asked P8. "Equip the outfit with micros, as many as we can cram in, hardware, software, floppy discs, the lot. The future's already here. If we react to it, well and good. If we pretend nothing's happened, we'll be out of business in five years."

The Registrar had presented the costings, and the support of the staff was unanimous. The Governors had given their backing, and the installations had gone ahead.

As the new session began, and the course organisers selected a capacity intake from the annual welter of new applicants, DS39 reflected on the benefits that had come to his section of work in the interval. First, his environment was much more congenial. His own office was no longer a clutter of papers, books, filing cabinets, acetate sheets, and interminable piles of half-marked essays, overdue for return to students. Instead there were three small boxes of discs at the side of a keyboard, a VDU screen behind it, a comfortable armchair and a telephone handset on a cushioned base on a table to the right. His office, or rather his suite, was dust-free and airconditioned; he shared it with two other Senior Manipulators, in Law and in Economics.

Second, his management of learning was much more efficient than it had been in the days when he had been—for want of a better word—teaching. He no longer had to worry about the preparation of classroom material; it all came packaged from Omnilit, carefully and professionally programmed in the software at his side. He no longer concerned himself with evaluation and assessment of students' performances, since Omnilit provided programmes that would do this with each of the learning discs that they supplied for his own and the students' use. He had only to insert assignments into his machine for a thorough and an objective set of judgments to be printed out. This in turn was another improvement, since in his former role he had never been quite certain that he had seen everything the student had intended, or that, even so, his own judgments had been free from the taint of any subjectivity.

And of course the students achieved much more work than had ever been possible under the old system. Years before, it had taken five terms to plough through half-a-dozen set books and a handful of critical appreciations on the A-level syllabus; now, there were programmes to cover not only *Macbeth*, but the whole range of the tragedies; Sophocles, Aeschylus, and all the background material; theories of tragedy from Aristotle to Schanzer, Jaspers, and Kott, and even a programme designed to

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guide students in their own composition of a tragic drama. And they certainly used the material. They devoured it.

And lastly of course there was the expansion of his own small sphere of influence within the College. Ten years before, he had been the one full-time lecturer in his area, with a staff of three part-time tutors. But he had honed his mind to the Law of Excluded Middle, and now he was head of a section of twenty—a dozen Junior Manipulators Grade 1, and a further eight Manipulators Grade 2. He had reached a position of some eminence, and he reaped a salary in proportion to this.

The buzzer at the entrance to his suite sounded twice, and he pressed the button on his desk to send back the sliding doors. With a soft hiss they retracted and slipped back again, as a young man in rope-soled shoes came across to speak to his superior. DS39 could not conceal his displeasure.

"Is something the matter with the phone?" he asked.

"I don't think so", the other replied, cheerfully. DS39 picked up his handset and applied his ear to it.

"Seems to be all right", he said. "What can I do for you?" He could not bring himself to like the younger man, but the computer had selected his profile from among those of a hundred applicants, and so necessarily he was the best man for the job. BJ7, or Ben Johnson—with an H—as he still referred to himself, had two excellent degrees and a Manipulation Diploma in which he had achieved a distinction. It was his first teaching post, and like all newcomers, he was on a year's probation.

"I'm running through the programmes on the modern novel", said Johnson, "and they make no mention of Blackwell. Nor of Amsijar." DS39 expressed irritation. "Blackwell", he said, thoughtfully. "Amsijar. What are you suggesting?"

"I'm suggesting nothing", said Johnson. "I'm just saying that none of the modern novel programmes makes any mention of these authors." He paused. "You know who they are?" DS39 had to admit that he didn't, but he added hastily, "If they're recent authors we'll probably find that Omnilit are revising the package."

"But they're not what you'd call recent", countered Johnson. "Blackwell's first novel was published in '85, and Amsijar's even before that. No later than '83, anyway."

Leave it with me", said DS39. "I'll get on to the suppliers." His tone was dismissive. He would have to bring Johnson up to a level of professional discipline. As he pressed the desk button to open the doors for him, he said, "Perhaps we could spare all this face to face business next time, BJ7. Please use the telephone." The door closed behind Johnson.

JOHNSON LEFT the matter of the missing novelists with DS39, and busied himself with the supervision of his students, who began classes later that morning. There were a dozen in the A-level English group, and, being students in their second year, they quickly immersed themselves in their own individual choices of programmes. He found that he had little to do. He telephoned the maintenance engineer when Rothwell's VDU screen failed to register symbols; the engineer arrived promptly and carried out a repair. He advised Secombe on the correct sequencing of a particularly complicated set of manipulations, and so helped him complete a programme on the rhetorical structure of Hamlet's soliloquies. He also came to the assistance of Linda Bright, who could not tabulate her answers to a questionnaire on the image clusters in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock*. But although students got up from their machines and wandered about the classroom for little discussions with one another from time to time, he noticed that they were discussing entertainment or social arrangements, in a desultory fashion, rather than the material on their screens. Each student seemed to be locked in his own little world of exploration and manipulation, and was not sharing and perhaps could not share this with the others.

However things progressed tolerably well, apart from the question of missing discs on the modern novel. Rothwell in fact had asked for these already, though when Johnson explained matters he had busied himself enthusiastically with a set of programmes on William Blake. Johnson gave it a couple of days, and then telephoned DS39.

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"I've been on to Omnilit", said the superior, "and they're reprogramming." There was something in his intonation which made Johnson intuitively uneasy.

"Have you placed an order for the update?" asked Johnson.

"Naturally." DS39 disliked what he took to be the implication of Johnson's question. He did not wish to prolong the exchange. "A few days." The handset went down.

THE FEW DAYS passed, and extended themselves into a week, but the promised updates did not materialise. Rothwell, who by this time had completed his study of Blake and was already three parts through an introduction to Ezra Pound, was becoming restive; McLean and Webb were also expressing their frustration. Another enquiry from DS39 produced nothing. It was clearly expected of Johnson that he should act, and this he did.

Taking Omnilit's telex number from a slip on the disc cabinet, he went to the college office and made his own inquiry. In a couple of minutes a reply came on the print-out and Johnson read it, rather puzzled. PROGRAMME SUPPLIED, it stated, giving a date six months previously. He transmitted a second telex, referring specifically to the updated programme requisitioned by DS39, and mentioning the missing novelists. There was a longer interval; then came the second print-out. REPEAT PROGRAMME SUPPLIED, it ran. NO UPDATE. BLACKWELL, AMSIJAR, INSIGNIFICANT.

Tearing the paper off the roll, he reflected briefly on his alternatives. A confrontation with DS39? An explanation to his students? Realising that it was almost time for the class to be finishing anyway, Johnson decided to take his time. He returned to the class for its closure, promising positive measures for the next class in a couple of days.

He chose the novels and the extracts which he would present to the students very carefully before placing them on the college photocopier. From Blackwell's *The Tower of Babel* he took the passage which describes the moment that the tower fell, and the different languages shot like particles of dust from some volcanic explosion and took root in men. From the same author's later novel, *Unit 6*, he took the encounter of the hero and the heroine after the latter's long imprisonment in the isolation hospital. He took only one extract from Amsijar—the celebrated passage in *The Man who was a Machine* where the Bibliothèque Nationale is invaded by Ferhomme and his supporters. He produced sufficient copies for each student to have perhaps a dozen pages of material to himself.

THE DAYS went by, and Johnson busied himself with manipulations. His class met at the appointed time, and he outlined what was to happen. First a brief outline of what they would find on the Omnilit modern novel programme. Then what was omitted, and Omnilit's rationale. He covered this quickly, in spite of some restiveness, and himself read aloud the first of the Blackwell passages, rather movingly, as he thought. He came to the end. "What do you think?" he asked. "What do you think?" To his dismay, there was no response. "Come on", said Johnson, encouragingly. "Let's talk about it. What do you think?" The politer students looked distantly, and with evident embarrassment, out of the classroom window. The whirr of electric currents on the static screens was distinctly audible. Rothwell asserted himself.

"Frankly, BJ", he said, "I don't see anything in that. Nothing at all." There were murmurs of agreement from McLean and Webb. "A waste of time", said Webb. He addressed himself to his keyboard. "If they're not on the programmes", said McLean, "they can't be that much cop, can they?" The other students shuffled.

"All right", said Johnson. "Here's what we'll do. At least give them a chance. Have a look at the other sheets." There was again silence, broken by the hum of the resting screens. Gradually, papers were picked up. Rothwell, Webb, and McLean displayed their displeasure by lurching, shuffling, and dropping things on the carpet. Johnson buried himself in the texts.

Time passed very slowly. Johnson noticed that even Linda Bright had not progressed beyond the opening paragraph, and he asked her what was the matter.

"It's this reading", she said. "We've never

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actually. . . ." Her voice tailed off.

"All right", said Johnson, swallowing his surprise. "Is this thing general?" He found that it was, so he began reading aloud the extract from Amsijar.

His reading was interrupted by DS39, who did not on this occasion make use of the telephone, but appeared in the doorway, and called Johnson out. "Get on with your programmes", he called in to the students. They bent to their screens, relieved that things were once again normal. "I don't know what you think you're doing", he said heatedly to Johnson. "But you're clearly disrupting the pattern of programming. Telexing Omnilit, wasting people's time, holding your own *paltry preferences up on view. I shall report* the whole matter to the Principal, and I've no doubt there'll be a disciplinary hearing."

AND INDEED THERE WAS. The Principal's immediate decision was to suspend Johnson on full pay pending the tribunal, which followed within the week. At the hearing, the neutrals listened carefully to the evidence submitted by both parties, and Johnson, though he chose not to be accompanied by a friend, put up a good case for himself. But the outcome was never in doubt. P8 came down on the side of a policy that was a proven success, and the management of the section's work had been delegated to DS39, in whose judgment he had every confidence. When he delivered the panel's decision, his voice was unexpectedly kind and humane.

"In this outfit", he reminded Johnson, "the future arrives last year. Probation works both ways—you've given us a try, and we've given you a try, but it hasn't worked." He paused. "There's a transfer on offer to *the school up the road where they have* more . . ." he pronounced the word with distaste ". . . traditional methods. I advise you to take it." There were no alternatives.

Johnson did so, to the satisfaction not only of DS39, but also of the A-level students, who were able to resume their ordered and accustomed modes of study without further discomfiture. And Johnson, at his new post, found in a short time that he had the makings of a very good teacher.

Mr Cowper's Sunday Driving

He was driving home, his head haemorrhaging
with images of the hypochondriac's
delicious nightmare—the surgeon's
sheathed fingers rummaging in the slack
shopping-bag of the opened stomach,
the enquiring blade, its lenient incisions—

when, flushed from the elate hoardings
of the hedgerow, a superfluous sparrow
dipped like an aimed thing into the bonnet,
fleeing the engine's impending terror.
Its wing signalled in the mirror
until the ministering next tyres saw to it.

Now, a known hymn bores its dusty way
through a thin partition wall;
the dying sun sheds its parting ray
down the length of the same wall,
and he sits there thinking nothing,
nothing, nothing, nothing at all. . . .

Simon Rae

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Michael Charlton

On the Origins of the Cold War

The Eagle & the Small Birds

1. The Spectre of Yalta

IN FEBRUARY 1945, a huge delegation of more than 600 British and American officials set out for Yalta in the Crimea. Roosevelt and Churchill were to sit down with Stalin and write the peace to follow the Second World War. "Ursus Major", as Churchill called Stalin in letters to his wife Clementine, had refused to leave home. The leaders of the West therefore had to go to him.

Of Yalta itself Churchill lamented to Roosevelt before the conference, "We could not have found a worse place for a meeting if we had spent ten years in looking for it!" Now, 40 years on, in the enlarged perspective of the present day, with new horizons out among the stars, it is easy to overlook what formidable, outlandish journeys the crucial conferences of the War entailed.

Among those who were centrally involved in the Yalta Conference was Gladwyn Jebb of the Foreign Office, now Lord Gladwyn.

GLADWYN: "The most vivid thing about it was getting there. We were divided into two groups and we were all going to Malta on the way to Yalta. My group went in one old-fashioned York aeroplane, the second group of us in another. This other one did not get to Malta but crashed at Lampedusa, in the Pelagian Islands in the Mediterranean. Everybody on it was killed, including the admirable Peter Loxley of the Foreign Office and many other friends. A terrible thing. However, we got to Naples, then went on and on—gradually over the Aegean (there were supposed to be German fighters off Samothrace but we avoided them), and so over the Black Sea, and, after a very long and tiring journey, got to Simferopol. First of all we were told that our friends had been killed—and that was not very encouraging—then we were borne off to a sort of local cocktail party by some Cossacks. We were given an enormous amount of vodka and general jollification of a very Russian kind. Then, when we were quite exhausted, we got into cars and went south, over a mountain range to Yalta. That was another eight or nine hours, a very tiring, very winding, curving trip. Every ten yards there was a Russian soldier. Then we got down finally, absolutely exhausted, to the coast."

A CENTURY BEFORE, in these parts, Imperial Britain had waged war against Imperial Russia. Britain had lost the Light Brigade at Balaclava but won the contest for influence in Europe. Blocked to the West, Russia had begun an advance on a different axis—into Central Asia, to accompany that of the British in India. Absorbing the great Khanates of Islam as she went, the lands of the Turkmen and Kazakhs, it was an advance which by the last decades of the last century had carried her down to the northern frontiers of Afghanistan, once more to contest influence with Britain in the outcome of the two Afghan wars.

By the time of Yalta in 1945, the whole balance of power in the world had been overthrown by the consequences of Hitler's war. In Europe the prospect was that nations newly liberated by the Soviet Union were about to exchange one totalitarian captivity for another—among them Poland, Britain's first ally after the fall of France in the War against Hitler. Stalin's armies were poised to control an unknown extent of Europe. The Russians were not yet masters in what is now their famous glacis, but at Yalta they were masterful from the first day, in matters great and small.

GLADWYN: "There was said to be a bath. 'Where is the bath?' It was on the other side of the courtyard. When we all arrived there, it was a Russian bath. We said 'What do we do?' 'Well, you take your clothes off and go into the steam!'

So we took our clothes off and then we were

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assaulted by an enormous Russian woman who scrubbed us with a scrubbing brush. We arrived even more exhausted after this for dinner and had an enormous meal. Then they said, 'What about breakfast?' I said I'd like a boiled egg. So we arrived at breakfast—this was already fairly early in the morning—and they brought in first of all an enormous sturgeon which was served around, and then a sucking-pig and lots of vodka and Russian champagne, and finally at the end of all this was proudly brought in one boiled egg! We survived all that and then went up to the Livadia Palace, and the conference started. That was my initial experience of Yalta."

—Finding yourself in this part of the Crimea, how conscious would you say you all were . . . the British and, one imagines, the Russians . . . about the flux of history? After all, it was the outcome of the Crimean War which had denied Russia under the Czars movement or expansion westward into Europe and down to the Mediterranean.

GLADWYN: "Well, I am not sure if we thought very much about that. I suppose that the Russians did. '*The Rusks would cry, with gleaming eye, Sebastopol, and groan. . . .*' The Russian with his 'gleaming eye'—I think he thought deeply about it in his subconscious, but I am not sure that the Bolsheviks were very conscious of it, at that moment."

—How conscious were the British from the outset that there was a great reversal in the tides of history, and that the boot was now very much on the other foot as far as the Russians were concerned?

GLADWYN: "I think we knew, you see, by the time we got to Yalta that the Russians were just getting into Poland, and it was pretty clear that they were going to go deep into Germany. Nobody knew quite how deep even then, but we had to reckon with the fact that they would be occupying most of Eastern Europe and that it was absolutely inevitable. It was quite evident that the War was very quickly going to come to an end."

(Chicago Tribune)

IT WAS AFTER DINNER on 4 February 1945, at the end of the first day, that following a toast by Winston Churchill to "the Proletariat Masses of the World" the minutes disclose there was a considerable discussion about the rights of people to govern themselves in relation to their leaders. When Stalin said that he would never agree to having any action of a great power submitted to the judgment of the small powers, Churchill answered him in these words:

> "The eagle should permit the small birds to sing, and care not wherefore they sang."

In his generous allegory Churchill was acknowledging that the Soviet Union had unassailable security interests, but he was also disputing Stalin's concept of that security, so soon to be made manifest, as being indivisible from dictatorship by the Communist Party over occupied territory, and the imposition there of an alien ideology. That issue divided Europe. It divides it still. Almost 40 years later, the hopes that the situation in Eastern Europe, which Yalta so ambiguously endorsed, would come to be accepted as the only available prescription for peace are being refuted in the recurring upheavals and resistance to Soviet domination. There is now a pattern discernible in these events. Each time they occur they pose a sharper and a more comprehensive challenge to the Russians. This pattern is matched by a progressive collapse in the appeal of Communist ideology as being innately possessed of an historical inevitability. A third warning has now come from Poland—to be set beside the earlier warnings from Hungary in 1956, and Czechoslovakia in 1968—that the degree and nature of Soviet control in Eastern Europe is unacceptable to the peoples concerned. World peace is still determined by what happens at the heart of Europe. The failure to comprehend that adequately led to two World Wars.

Today there is a crisis developing in the Soviet Empire. Inevitably, the spectre of Yalta has been revived. The charge against the outcome of that famous conference in the Crimea is in essence that a pragmatic—but ultimately disastrous—disregard for Stalin's underlying ideological and strategic ambitions allowed him, at Yalta, to secure the Soviet Union's advantage with impunity.

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GLADWYN: "The suggestion that Europe was carved up at Yalta is an illusion. It wasn't carved up at Yalta, it was carved up by the advance of the Soviet Armies into Eastern Europe—that's what carved Europe up. At Yalta efforts were made to make the situation less intolerable, as far as we could, for the Poles and other nationalities. We didn't succeed. But I don't think you can criticise Yalta for having carved Europe up. I think that is really in itself an illusion.

A FIERCELY ARGUED controversy took place recently in the pages of ENCOUNTER,[1] where Lord Gladwyn's pragmatic view was challenged by the Editor of *Survey*, Leo Labedz, who for many years has published authoritative commentaries on Eastern Europe.

LABEDZ: "The events in Poland revived Yalta, because after all, Poland was the beginning of the Cold War. And now, after *Solidarity*, when the Polish population made it quite clear what its attitudes are, there is very little room for any kind of doubt about the outcome of Yalta. The fact is that Yalta gave the opportunity for the Soviet Union to swallow Eastern Europe. Now, 37 years later, it is perfectly clear that they have been able to swallow but are not able to digest it. And that is why the present discussion in the West must touch on the question of Yalta, because the illusion of Yalta about Eastern Europe has now become part of the overall discussion about East-West relations. Some of these illusions were resuscitated during the period of *détente*. The results of Yalta now are clear, not only *vis-à-vis* Eastern Europe but *vis-à-vis* the possibilities in Western Europe. The same policy, and the same attitude behind the policy, may result in the eventual loss of Western Europe in the same way that Eastern Europe was lost. I am not, of course, comparing the situation in the sense that there is going to be occupation by military means, in the same way as the Red Army occupied the East. There are some basic differences in this situation. But within the framework of the policy there are some points of comparison, as far as the attitudes of some Western politicians are concerned."

—You say that Yalta gave the opportunity to the Soviet Union under Stalin to swallow Eastern Europe, but what do you say to the argument that says it was not diplomacy but the march of events, the march of armies, which determined the division of Europe?

LABEDZ: "Well, I would say several things. One is that at the time the discussion started, from the word go, there were differing attitudes between those who had both the experience and the historical perspective of Soviet foreign policy and those who did not. The prospective victims knew much better what was going to happen to them than those who assured them that everything would be fine because Stalin had signed the Declaration on Liberated Europe.

Of course, you can say that it was not the diplomacy which was decisive, but the march of armies, and of course it is obvious that this is the case. But it does not detract from the fact that this diplomacy helped; and that those who were pursuing the Yalta policy were full of illusions, illusions for which there is no longer any room."

THERE HAS BEEN an enduring challenge to the "realistic" thesis from the Poles. *Solidarity* in 1980 was seeking what Poland was promised in 1945 at Yalta—"free elections." Roosevelt had said to Stalin that "They should be, like Caesar's wife, 'above suspicion'. . . ." But in the end the promise was hedged about with ambiguity.

The realistic view is held to overlook that there was a climate of public opinion in the West, largely due to governmental propaganda which kindled the image of "Uncle Joe" and of the Soviet Union ruled by him as a benign state; that this very fact obscured the difference in the use of words like "Democracy" and "Freedom", which had opposite meanings on either side of what became the Iron Curtain; and, further, that this had important consequences in decisions and agreements which had no real chance of being implemented. Poland was the key issue: seventeen hours and thousands of words of discussion were devoted to it at Yalta. It was, as Churchill said, the first of the great causes which led, at the War's end, to the disintegration of the alliance against Hitler.

A courier from Warsaw, from the Underground Army (fighting there during the War against the Germans) to the Polish Government-in-Exile in London, was Jan Novak.

NOVAK: "Yalta came as a terrible shock. I would say the perception of Yalta among the Poles in England was slightly different from the one in Poland itself. In Poland it was a shock because the faith and trust in the Allies was so strong that, even up to the last moment, nobody expected that the United States and Great Britain could become accomplices, could share responsibility for the subjugation and partition of Poland with the Soviets. And people could not really understand why. The Poles in England had no illusions what-

[1] See, in ENCOUNTER, the following exchanges: Leopold Labedz, "The Spectre of Yalta", December 1981, and in the Letters columns, "Lord Gladwyn Replies", March 1982, p. 93; Leopold Labedz, "The Ghost of Yalta", March 1982, p. 94; Lord Gladwyn and Leopold Labedz, "Last Words about Yalta", June–July 1982, p. 110.

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soever. They knew that an agreement where both sides put entirely different interpretations on the words is worthless.

A few days after Yalta, I visited one of the Polish squadrons in England. The shock of Yalta among these pilots was terrible. They had lost so many of their colleagues and suddenly they could see that all was in vain, that all was lost. On that very evening the order came for an all-out effort to bomb Chemnitz (in East Germany), to help the advance of the Red Army. And they refused. They said, 'We are not going to go . . . we will refuse. Because, after all, why should we put our lives in danger when Poland is lost. Our fight is in vain.' Just before the critical hour, the letter from the President of the Polish Republic, Raczkiewicz, arrived persuading them, in a quiet way, that if they refused the order, then all their sacrifices would be really destroyed, eliminated, if at the last moment they showed a lack of discipline.

And they all went. There were some losses.

I thought that was probably the greatest act of heroism of my countrymen that I saw in the last war."

IT CAN HAVE BEEN only one among many reasons why Churchill said memorably to Stalin at Yalta that, for Britain, "Poland was a matter of honour. It was for Poland that Britain had drawn the sword against Hitler." But it was well before Yalta, following the German invasion of Russia, that it became British policy to urge the Poles to make legally defined concessions of their Eastern territory to Stalin, and make them in time (rather than, later on, be faced with unwelcome new facts created by the Red Army). Notwithstanding the recent British experience with such an appeasing attitude in dealing with Hitler, the Foreign Office considered such legally defined concessions the only practical basis for conducting policy with a now indispensable ally, Stalin. It was urged upon the Poles as offering the only prospect of salvaging, if not Poland's territorial integrity, then Polish independence.

But the savagery and desolation in Poland brought about by the pact, only recently discarded, which Stalin had made with Hitler and the decision they took together to invade and destroy the Polish nation, made insurmountable demands upon Polish pragmatism. The Foreign Minister of the Polish Government then in exile in London (who is now in his ninety-first year) was Edward Raczynski.

RACZYNSKI: "My feeling is that maybe, in this country, people did not realise the way the Russians acted. First of all, their cruelty was totally inhuman. People did not realise that it was not only Katyn (which was not known at the time) but that millions of people had been taken by the Russians from the Eastern provinces and sent to Siberia and so on. The total number was never fully ascertained, but it was nearly two million people who were removed from those Eastern provinces, and sent in fact to their death.

Russian behaviour, Russian rule, in the parts of Poland which were in their hands before Hitler attacked Russia in 1941, was cold-blooded cruelty. So the Polish nation itself had a very good proof and a very good taste of what would be in store for her should she become a subject or part of the Soviet Union."

—It is the British passion, I think—the conventional historical wisdom—that it was Polish "intransigence" (of the Polish Government-in-Exile in London) on this frontier question that prevented Churchill and Eden and Roosevelt getting any very clear idea at an early stage of what Stalin's ultimate intentions over Poland really were.

RACZYNSKI: "Maybe. But I do not think they understood the Russian mentality. I do not think they understood that the Soviet Russian mentality was one of more-or-less permanent conquest. It was first, as you know, during the Czarist period that the Czarist government was always proclaiming the defence of the Orthodox faith in the union of all the Russian tribes. In other words, they considered the Ukrainians and the others should all come under Russian domination. In the time of the Soviets this was extended, not only to all the Slav countries but to all the countries which were to accept the Communist creed. The expansionist nature of the Soviet Union was not understood at the time. Not fully understood."

—By Churchill? Eden? Roosevelt?

RACZYNSKI: "Churchill understood them better than others. Eden was more the diplomat. I do not think, you know, that Eden had very strong views himself. Roosevelt was very weak—not determined enough. But at the same time he was more of a politician than Churchill. When he received us in Washington he was full of sweet words as regards our situation. Towards the end he conceded the town of Lwow to the Russians, but at the same time he would not say it to us. He was shifty as regards Polish questions."

IT WAS ONLY in 1948 that the "secret protocols" in the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939 became known, when the captured German archives were published at the start of the Cold War. They make the explanation of this remarkable alliance—as one "forced upon the Russians" by the Western democracies' appeasement of Hitler at Munich—something less than complete. They show that it

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was only Hitler who met Stalin's exacting demands —the Baltic states, half of Poland, Bessarabia, and an agreed sphere of expansion south and east.

In the two words which Hitler telephoned to Moscow in August 1939—"*Yes, Agreed.*"—he gave to Stalin half of Eastern Europe. It was in collusion with Hitler that Stalin formulated his design for Eastern Europe and forged the means of its attainment. The much-vaunted "Non-Aggression Pact" between Hitler and Stalin was, of course, an aggression pact embodying the partition and destruction of the Polish state.

Robert Conquest is one of the authoritative historians of this period in Stalin's Russia—a time when a far-reaching agreement contained elements of intimate collaboration in phrases more typical of treaties of alliance or friendship. Both Stalin and Hitler had learned much from each other, both used the same methods against enemies real and imagined. Soviet and Nazi propaganda were strikingly similar.

CONQUEST: "Perhaps it's best expressed by Molotov in a speech to the Supreme Soviet in October 1939, after the invasion, when he said, 'One blow from the German Army and another from the Soviet Army put an end to this ugly product of Versailles'—Poland. This was traditional; there was always a pro-German policy from the Rapallo Treaty on, and from the earliest days, when both Germany and Russia were the outcast states after World War I—and that was strongly felt in one section, at least, of the Soviet foreign policy establishment. We know more about it now than we did, because there have been books by Russians like Gnedin, who was a prominent figure in the Soviet Foreign Ministry up to his arrest in 1939, and a lot more is known about the negotiations."

—But Western public opinion is, I think, quite accustomed to the idea that Hitler certainly thought that nations were expendable. What is the evidence that the Marxists (in this case Stalin) also thought that nations were expendable?

CONQUEST: "Well, it goes back to Lenin, the notion that there are nations which are 'reactionary' and would disappear. Stalin showed it in his deportation of all these Caucasian nations

Clifford Berryman: in A. Rhodes, PROPAGANDA, *(1976)*

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in 1943–44, when entire nations were sent to the Far East and Siberia, and it was clearly intended that they should die out. But this is certainly, I think, quite different from the Nazi attitude—because the 'blood theory' means you can't assimilate them. Stalin was more old-fashioned, in fact rather like Pobedonostsev under the Czars, who looked forward to getting rid of the Jews in Russia by killing a third of them, letting a third emigrate, and assimilating a third. I'm sure Stalin would quite have approved of that."

—What were the common points of agreement between Hitler and Stalin in addressing the issue of the Polish nation and its partition?

CONQUEST: "There is, of course, a difference in the sense that the Nazis officially regarded the Poles as 'sub-men' and this was certainly not so in the case of Stalin and the Communist Party. On the other hand, he'd dissolved the Polish Communist Party, and shot all its members of both factions in the Soviet Union as 'agents of the Polish fascist police', so there's a certain anti-Polish tone to his general attitudes. And then, Stalin was a great believer in destroying groups and classes which would prevent him taking over a nation. He had a lot of Polish prisoners-of-war; he winnowed out the intellectual and other leadership cadres and of course shot them at Katyn and Starobielsk in the north."

ALMOST 40 YEARS after Yalta, the political landscape in Eastern Europe, and in Poland in particular, is like some exposed beach following storm and high tide. Issues and events which were either submerged or lost sight of in the huge scale and savagery of the Second World War and the fighting in the East—the knowledge of which was repressed in the West in terms of conducting the alliance with Stalin in a war for joint survival—lie today like tidal rocks in the way of hope for improved relations between Poland and the Soviet Union as nations.

The realities of the Hitler-Stalin Pact and its brutal aftermath, as with the fate of the Warsaw Uprising, are still successfully confined by Soviet policy to an Orwellian memory-hole where they are neither discussable nor acknowledged. Above all there is the stupendous crime of Katyn.

Professor Stanislaw Swaniewicz (who now lives in London) was the last man to see alive some 5,000 of his Polish fellow officers; their bodies were found subsequently in graves covered by small conifers in the Katyn Forest, near Smolensk in Russia, in 1943.

After the joint Nazi-Soviet invasion and partition of Poland in 1939, 250,000 officers and men of the Polish Army—which had been resisting Hitler's invasion of Poland—were rounded up and sent into camps in the Soviet Union. There were 15,000 officers in all. They were separated from the rest into three camps, and were guarded as prisioners-of-war, not by the Red Army, but by detachments of the *NKVD* (the initials of the secret police, as it was then known, after *GPU* and before *MVD* and *KGB*).

After April 1940 the 5,000 from his own camp, as well as the other 10,000, were never seen alive again. Swaniewicz survived the final journey apparently because, at the very last moment, the Russians discovered that he was the author of an economic study of the German *Reich* which was of interest to Soviet Intelligence. He was taken off the train for further interrogation . . . and so survived.

SWANIEWICZ: "In 1939 I had been called up to my old regiment in which I had been a volunteer in 1919. This was a few days before the beginning of the War, and so at the very beginning of the War I was already in the western part of Poland. We fought against the Germans, and my divisional commander was taken prisoner. But some remnants managed to get across the Vistula, to the East, and we fought against the Germans again near the River Bug. There, ultimately, we learned that the Soviet Union had joined the German attack against Poland and then we tried to reach the Hungarian border. This was just a remnant of my unit."

—You were taken prisoner by Russian cavalry, not very far from the Hungarian frontier—and then what happened?

SWANIEWICZ: "Ultimately all the officers in Soviet hands were concentrated in three camps. It was cold, early November 1939. One camp was Kozielsk, and I was there. It's a very famous place in Russia—if you know *The Brothers Karamazov*. There was a famous monastery and one of Dostoyevsky's main characters lived there as a hermit, near the monastery. Anyway, I was kept there together with more than 4,000 officers, and also civilians—mainly judges and doctors. Getting on for 5,000 people. There we stayed until April 1940. We were not treated badly—there was enough food to survive. Probably we felt hungry, but it was not so bad. There were very thorough investigations. They asked everybody about his past, his family, everything. Everybody was in those files. By the end of March we were told by the Soviet personnel of the camp that some major decision concerning our fate had been taken. Generally (you've probably noticed) Poles are very optimistic, and I don't remember anybody who had any gloomy expectations. The worst thing we expected was that we would be handed

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over to the Germans. No one expected execution."

—But, when you asked, "What is going to happen to us?" what did the Russians say to you?

SWANIEWICZ: "They did not know—and certainly it was a sincere answer, because the Soviet system is of very considerable secrecy. Perhaps there were some—a few people among the personnel of the camp—who knew, but very few. I remember very well the date: the 3rd of April. The first group was taken in an unknown direction, about 300 people. And then every few days they took another 300—generally in the morning. On the previous day already the transport was prepared for them, and the Russian workers in the camp told us."

—What did they say?

SWANIEWICZ: "Oh, they said there will be new transport and the cars are ready for you. They had a special kind of car, you see, called 'Stolypin cars.' They were for prisoners and were introduced in the old time of Prime Minister Stolypin. There were prison compartments inside the cars, with iron bars. There were always six cars prepared for a group of prisoners to be taken."

—Didn't that make you all rather apprehensive?

SWANIEWICZ: "I would not say so. People were rather happy that something was happening. Something is changing! It was spring and beautiful sun, and this certainly had some influence on our state of mind. The general feeling was of a certain excitement. The most optimistic ones expected that we would be handed over somewhere outside the Soviet Union, maybe into the hands of the Allies. The less optimistic ones thought that we would be sent home to the place where we lived before the War. Others expected that we might be handed over to the Germans, because there was the German-Russian alliance. We just said goodbye, and sometimes there was an expression of various feelings. But nobody really suspected it meant execution.

My own turn came rather late, on 29 April 1940. I was taken together with about 300 others to lorries which took us to the railway station. The cars were waiting for us, not in the station but in the siding; and we were put in those cars. Usually we travelled in ordinary cattle-trucks but this time we were put in these particular prison-cars. There was very little room in the compartment, usually for eight people, now with thirteen or fourteen.

We travelled throughout the night. In the morning, just as the sun was rising—we had no windows in our compartment but one could see something through the side-windows in the corridor where our guards were—I recognised that we were in Smolensk. Smolensk was a place I knew from 1914–18, because I spent most of the First World War in Russia. It was a very great surprise to all of us, because we did not expect to be sent at once to the west, and Smolensk is about 200 miles to the west from Kozielsk. So there was an assumption that they were bringing us to be handed over to the Germans.

We stayed in Smolensk for a very short time, probably only a quarter-of-an-hour. Then the train started again in the direction of the west. This we could determine from the position of the sun. To our very great surprise the train stopped very soon after that and the unloading of the train started. At a certain moment the Soviet Colonel—which is a very high rank in the *NKVD*—came into our car and called out my name, and I was told 'We are separating you from your comrades—take your belongings!' He brought me to another car, put me in an empty compartment, placed a guard on my door, and asked 'Would you like some tea?' I cannot explain it, but in Russian it was a very friendly way of approach. The guard had no tea, but he brought me plenty of hot water; and I also got something to eat, a herring and a bit of bread. Then I heard the other cars being unloaded. I managed to get up on the luggage-rack of my car, and there was a small opening on the side through which I could see what happened. There was a bus—not very large, for about 30 or 40 persons, no more. There was an open space in front of it—very heavily guarded by guards with fixed bayonets. This made an impression on me because, you know, bayonets are very seldom exhibited except on ceremonial occasions. So I saw my comrades being loaded into that bus. It left, and came back after about half-an-hour, and so on, making these trips."

—And we know now that the bus was going into the Katyn Forest?

SWANIEWICZ: "It appears now that it did. At that time I did not know. There were trees and a bit of forest, so I did not see directly where the bus was going. But the question which interested me was why—this place was obviously quite near—they did not ask us simply to go on foot, and yet there was a convoy. The day was really beautiful, a spring day. There was still a bit of snow on the fields. Another particular feature of this bus was that the windows were painted."

—Blacked out?

SWANIEWICZ: "Blacked out. It was obviously for the reason that the local population could not see who was inside the bus."

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—You are the last man to have seen alive those who were executed in the Katyn Forest?

SWANIEWICZ: "Yes."

—When you saw your brother officers, the last of them, loaded into this bus, what impression did they make on you? Were they uneasy? Were they beginning to put up some kind of resistance?

SWANIEWICZ: "My impression was that this was something very bad for *me*—that *I* had been separated! I expected that the fate of my comrades would be better than mine. I could not speak to them. I had a feeling that something bad would happen to me, that I might ultimately be shot, because I realised they knew about me in the Soviet Union. But not concerning my comrades—for them I had no impression that anybody would suspect something of what was about to happen. The general attitude was rather optimistic. This is what I remember of those last moments with my comrades."

—The Russians seem to have been successful in keeping what happened quite remarkably secret. Did you have any inkling of what had happened until the bodies were found by the Germans?

SWANIEWICZ: "You see, my case was very special. I was released from the Soviet camp in April 1942. The agreement between Poland and Russia had been signed in August 1941. But they did not release me. When I was released and sent to the Polish Embassy (then in Kuibyshev), I submitted my report. The Polish Army authorities were then looking for some evidence about these 15,000 who had disappeared—and they had one name, my name, and that I was in some camp in the north of Russia. So they expected me to have some kind of information.

In this report I described everything which I have told to you about the direction, about Smolensk, about the unloading in Smolensk, and so on. It was a very great surprise to everybody, because the Polish authorities, General Anders and his staff, were looking somewhere in the *east* of Russia. Now my report was that the direction was to the *west*, that it was there—a few miles to the west of Smolensk—that we were unloaded. This came as a very great surprise. The surprise was also because they had asked the Soviet authorities, 'Tell us please, what was the direction of transport from the camps of Kozielsk, Starobielsk, and Ostashkov.' And do you know what the answer was? 'They were released—we have released them!'

Now, according to my evidence, they kept the files on everybody in Moscow, and the extremely important thing is that the lists of people who went on a given date from the camps were dictated by telephone from Moscow. So files on everybody were in the central *NKVD* offices in Moscow. We knew that. We knew it very simply because, when there was transport—on the day when transport was expected—they gave the orders from Moscow who to take, personally. We could hear it. People who worked in the office of the camp heard it. We could hear it because it was a fine spring day and windows were open. This was a very complicated operation, the giving of so many foreign names over the telephone from Moscow, and they had to repeat them. So we knew, usually a few hours in advance, who would be sent on this date. Everything was regulated from Moscow. I described all these things in my report to the Military Attaché. I did not suspect Katyn then."

(German poster proclaiming Russian atrocities)

KATYN, WHERE THE Polish officers were shot in the back of the neck in 1940, was a massacre carried out in secrecy as a routine administrative measure in what was then peace-time in the East—between the crushing of Poland in 1939 and Hitler's invasion of the USSR in 1941. Efforts by the Russians at the Nuremberg Trials to blame the Germans for the murders were mysteriously dropped; and Katyn remains the only "German war crime on Soviet territory" which the Russians no longer ever mention.

Airey Neave (who served on the International War Crimes Tribunal, assisting the judges who tried the German war criminals) has written that the evidence before the Court demonstrated quite clearly that it was the Russians who were responsible. In the end, as Churchill put it in his Memoirs, "It was decided that the issue should be avoided."

The revelation of what had happened at Katyn came when the fortunes of war (after the Soviet Union's decisive victory at Stalingrad) had been

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reversed. It seemed clearer that Hitler would now be beaten. The Allied leaders were looking more intently to the future design of Europe. Katyn presented itself as a startling prism through which the nature of the Soviet state and the chances of cooperation with Stalin had to be assessed—not just by the Polish government in exile in London, led by General Sikorski, but also by Churchill and Roosevelt.

Advice on Polish and Soviet questions to the British Cabinet came from the Central Department of the Foreign Office whose Acting Head at the time was Sir Frank Roberts.

ROBERTS: "Katyn suddenly blew up, I think it was in 1943, wasn't it? And that was a major disaster, obviously. Because the Poles at once jumped to the conclusion (I think myself the right conclusion) that it was the Russians who had done it. But the Russians were our War-time allies. We had not chosen them but, after all, there they were! One of the main reasons for the Polish assumption that it was the Russians, was that they had been making enquiries of the Russians about these officers, and they could never get any satisfactory kind of answer. But still, in London we had to assume that the Poles would think the worst of the Russians in any circumstances. There was an advantage at that time, I think, in trying to keep the Alliance going, trying to keep the possibility of General Sikorski and the Russians reaching an eventual agreement.

After all, this horrible thing had been done (as I think it was certainly believed it *had* been done) by the Russians *before* the resumption of relations between Poland and Russia. So it really knocked the bottom, as it were, out of what to us was the sole hope of getting a Polish agreement with Russia and therefore an independent Poland after the War."

—I think it must be on almost the same day that the Foreign Office records indicate this was being discussed among you all—18 June 1943—that Sir Alexander Cadogan, the head of the Foreign Office, wrote in his diary about "an extremely well done despatch by Sir Owen O'Malley at the Foreign Office. . . ."

ROBERTS: "Owen was absolutely convinced, rightly I think, that it was the doing of the Russians" . . .

—. . . "an extremely well done despatch by O'Malley making the case against the Russians for the Katyn murders and drawing the inference that it was terrible to be on friendly terms with a government which can do such things."

ROBERTS: "And I would agree wholeheartedly. But, after all, it was at the beginning of 1941, wasn't it, that Churchill said 'I will sup with the devil if I have to', or words to that effect?"

—Yes, Churchill (I have it here) said at the time that if Hitler invaded Hell he would feel that he would have to make at least one favourable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons.

ROBERTS: "We were allied to an unpleasant dictator in Stalin. But I think on this particular issue it was not the idea of 'don't let's be beastly to the Russians.' It was very much more that we felt it might knock the bottom out of any hopes of getting a viable independent Poland after the War."

—Why was it that Churchill sought, as we know he did, the special guidance of the Foreign Office on this issue, "merely" as he said, "to ascertain the facts, because we should none of us speak a word about it?" The point is, it was never made public.

ROBERTS: "Well, because of the War-time alliance, undoubtedly. We felt, and as it happened we rightly felt, that it was going to ruin—well, the Russians broke off relations with the Poles over Katyn. And from then on there were no relationships. We were trying hard to recreate them. And then of course we had the subsequent disaster (it was in the same year) of Sikorski's death. From then on, the chances of doing a deal between the Poles and the Russians were minimal, in my view, but we had to go on trying."

—Yes, I suppose the charge might be, in historical terms, whether you put Katyn out of your minds, rather than more deeply reflecting upon the lessons of it?

ROBERTS: "No, I don't think so. We certainly reflected on the lessons. But, you see, we were fighting a war at that time, and were not able to do anything in Eastern Europe. The only people who could do anything in Eastern Europe were the Russians, who were engaging, after all, two-thirds or more of the German Army."

—It has no place at all, this whole affair, in Eden's memoirs, and has been consistently played down—not just during the War; it is played down even today. It is still, more or less, a taboo subject, it seems. Why is that?

ROBERTS: "I'd no idea it was. I mean to me it's not a taboo subject, but I didn't really. . . . I mean, I'm not trying to cover up, but I didn't realise it was. At that time, I entirely agree with you—I mean Churchill and Eden said, really, 'For God's sake, don't let us talk too much about this'."

IT HAD BEEN British policy to encourage reconciliation between the Poles and the Russians, and avoid having to make choices between the two. Katyn dictated the necessity for choice. It had sent an awesome signal that an agreement over

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frontiers was not (as the British had hoped and supposed) at the root of disagreement between Stalin's Russia and Poland. But, "*Clearly we must try and plaster it over*", Sir Alexander Cadogan confided to his diary, at the time. There can be no doubt that Churchill accepted at the outset the probability of Soviet guilt for Katyn. Edward Raczynski, who was in personal touch with him, recalls Churchill's first reactions to Katyn.

RACZYNSKI: "My feeling was that he understood it fully, as we did. It was obvious that it was of Russian doing. There was not the slightest possibility of explaining it otherwise. So that when we met soon after the first news was released, Churchill said to us, 'Oh, the Soviets can be very cruel.' He knew very well. Sikorski explained at length the reason why we were fully convinced who the culprit was. He kind of listened carefully to what we had to say, and I think he never tried to pose the other view. I think he understood it fully. I am personally well-informed because I remember a telephone call from him (whether it was from Chequers or from London, I don't know) and Churchill was in a state of great excitement because he knew that Stalin had broken relations with Poland."

—It's a crucial moment this, isn't it? The British are urging you to forget Katyn, publicly at least, in the interests of not giving Stalin the excuse to break off relations with the Government-in-Exile in London?

RACZYNSKI: "Which to a Polish government was practically impossible—to forget about it, to leave it alone. The Katyn massacre was such . . . the bad face of the Soviets. The whole dishonourable thing was such a blow that even today, after so many years, it is very difficult for the Polish nation to forget and it is still very difficult for the Russians to confess to their deed. It was a catastrophic affair."

STALIN BROKE OFF relations with the Polish government in London over Katyn. Eden had told the Poles that Stalin would agree not to do so if they blamed the Germans for the massacre. Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister, refused. In the closest secrecy the official British report on Katyn, drawn up by Sir Owen O'Malley of the Foreign Office, was sent by Churchill to Roosevelt. It has never been published. But it was seen at the time, in unusual circumstances, by Edward Raczynski.

RACZYNSKI: "O'Malley once invited me to his private apartment. We sat on the bed, and he read out to me his report to the British Cabinet in which he gave all his arguments, and finished by saying that we should not allow this crime to pass unpunished, forgotten like the poor officers now under trees planted on their graves."

—Under the conifers?

RACZYNSKI: "Yes. And the whole report of O'Malley was that there was not the slightest doubt that it was Russian work."

—What were your reactions, then, when Eden spoke in the House of Commons and said that the United Kingdom—I think I'm quoting him accurately—"had no wish to attribute this crime other than to the common enemy." He didn't say "the Germans", but the implication was clear.

RACZYNSKI: "Yes. We were very critical. We considered that to be shifty. . . . It was all as clear and as obvious as it could be."

KATYN HAS BEEN CALLED the most puzzling and atrocious of Stalin's crimes. The coercive instrument he wielded was a "state within the state"—the *NKVD*, the secret police, led at the time by Beria—and it carried out the Katyn murders. A classic analysis of the objectives of Stalin's uses of terror has been recorded by Robert Conquest.

CONQUEST: "I would certainly view it as decapitating the Polish nation because in a different sense, when Stalin occupied Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, they deported about 20% of the population—a broader spread than the mere 15,000 Poles he shot, but the categories which are listed include all former politicians and intellectuals . . . anything resembling a cultural or political or national leadership. And Stalin is quoted once as saying, curiously enough of the Poles and of the Hungarians, that they're 'strong nations' because they had an aristocracy—it was a very general sort of expression, but there is the implication if you kill off the officer class it's easier to run them."

—There are surviving scraps of evidence, aren't there, of what the NKVD *hierarchy—the Berias and Merkulovs and the Reichmans who were actually responsible, so it is thought, for this operation—is alleged to have said on one or two occasions: that "it was a great mistake." Was there an element of caprice about Stalin's decisions . . . ?*

CONQUEST: "I think there was, very much; and they can say afterwards, 'We made a mistake', when policy changes, when they are trying to build up a Polish army. But more striking to me is, when the Poles were trying to find out, the lies they were told, the complicated but childish lies—'Perhaps they fled across the Manchurian border', stuff like that."

—Stalin himself said that to the Polish ambassador.

CONQUEST: "Yes, and the Poles were allowed to go

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and ask, but they were told all sorts of foolish possible tales, whereas the officials knew perfectly well what had happened. They'd been involved in it."

AS THE ULTIMATE PHASE of the War advanced, Katyn had raised—long before Yalta—the probability that Stalin wanted in Poland not just a friendly government, as he constantly maintained—and which Roosevelt and Churchill readily conceded was the Soviet Union's rightful expectation—but one which would support him in suppressing the knowledge of what had happened. Katyn was an affair which could not be redeemed by any respectable excuse, and ever since, it has been the Achilles heel of Polish Communist governments.

Today we know that despite the heat and burden of the daily conduct of war on a global dimension, the episode of Katyn weighed heavily with Winston Churchill. Martin Gilbert is Churchill's official biographer, with privileged access to the former Prime Minister's papers and correspondence.

GILBERT: "I don't think he ever put it out of his mind. I think as an image in his mind it remained very strong, a rather horrific image, and he does come back to it again and again, always curious to know what new facts are coming to light, what sort of inquiries are being made. So on the personal side I think it had an effect. When one looks at his discussions with Stalin subsequently, and his discussions with the Poles, I think one would be right to see Churchill feeling and rather fearing this thing. Of course, he had a very long history of knowing and having spoken against and denounced Soviet behaviour, and before that Bolshevik behaviour. There is this aspect of Churchill—the lack of any illusions about Soviet behaviour—which underpins everything. But then there is the other side of the coin. The realisation that without an intimate working relationship with the Soviets at every level—geographic, territorial, and military—the Allies were in trouble. That somehow a relationship *had* to be found with Stalin. That there *had* to be a chink.

I think in his psychology—because he was a forceful personality, because he had many years of experience of succeeding (whether it was the Irish Nationalists, the terrorists of the 1920s, whether it was with the Arabs and the Jews in the 1930s), because he had dealt with very tricky situations and people, and had secured compromises—he felt, now, was it possible that Stalin and his people *alone* were incapable of being persuaded? Of being perhaps forced into a position where they would commit themselves to something not entirely, not 100%, in their interests? One of the things which most intrigued me—after the War Churchill set down various musings about this period which were intended to guide him when he was writing his Memoirs. And he writes of the Polish imbroglio—that is, the period of, say, Katyn to Yalta—was there really *no* way that we could somehow get through? Surely this man Stalin was capable of budging? As you know, at Yalta he felt momentarily that he had succeeded and after Yalta asked many of his close advisers whether they thought when Stalin got back to Moscow his people had forced him to renege on what he had agreed. Surely the whole thing could not have been 100% deception? In other words even he, in his mind created a Stalin who had other pressures on him, not merely his own decisions.

At the time of Katyn Churchill did say, and this has been repeated by a number of people in their memoirs (Macmillan, I think deals with it), but he said it on many occasions, that it began to obsess him. I found it in a telegram to Smuts, who monitored the Soviet situation very carefully and was very suspicious of what Katyn implied for the post-War world. Churchill said, 'Will it be said of me that I was so obsessed with the destruction of Hitlerism that I neglected to see the real enemy rising in the East? Will this somehow be my epitaph on everything that I have done, from the Blitz, Battle of Britain, and so on?' . . ."

(New York Sun)

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BUT CHURCHILL'S SOMBRE self-questioning was overlaid with those more demanding priorities and considerations before which the rights and interests of the small states began to retreat.

A paper of seminal importance for the understanding of British foreign policy during the Second World War was drawn up by the Northern Department of the Foreign Office (by C. A. Warner and Sir Orme Sargent for Anthony Eden) and went to the Cabinet for its approval in January 1942.

It included this, as part of an examination by Eden of "the foundations on which cooperation between Great Britain and the USSR can be built during the post-War period":

> "On the assumption that Germany is defeated, and German military strength is destroyed, and that France remains, for a long time at least, a weak power, there will be no counterweight to Russia in Europe. But it may yet be necessary to maintain cooperation with Russia ***(a)*** because she might otherwise be tempted to collaborate with Germany in view of the historical tendency to, and economic urge for, these two Powers to work together; ***(b)*** in order to recreate in our own interest the balance of power in Europe against the possibility of a revived Germany, which balance has been destroyed by the collapse of France; ***(c)*** in order that, militarily speaking Germany may be encircled . . . common prudence requires that we should lay our plans on the assumption that if we want Russia's collaboration after the War we shall have to be prepared to make such a policy advantageous to her. Moreover the application of this policy is going to be a lengthy process. If we are to adopt it, we must therefore start on it now and not wait until the War is over."

Eden's memorandum also included this:

> "Soviet policy is amoral; United States policy is exaggeratedly moral, at least where non-American interests are concerned . . . as United States opinion however becomes more realistically minded under the stress of war this feeling may be gradually modified, especially as Russian assistance would be invaluable to the United States of America in preventing a revival of Japanese militarism in the Far East."

Following upon the muted murmurs of the discovery in the Katyn Forest in 1943, there now came the victories of the Red Army in the East. The consequences of those victories were being pulled more sharply into focus. With Hitler's presumed defeat, the Soviet Union led by Stalin would soon become the only military and political force on the continent of Europe, which would be reduced to military and political impotence.

SIR FRANK ROBERTS: "We and the Americans were thinking basically in terms of—well, to put it rather flippantly, if you could only treat Stalin like a member of the club, he will behave possibly one day like a member of the club, and we'll get him into the United Nations, and we'll somehow get this Russia as a responsible part of the post-War structure. This was the overriding thing. But Stalin didn't want to be a member of that kind of club. He much preferred to be the Director-General of *his* club, which was a quite different club, which he wouldn't have had us in either. And this is where I think we were wrong. Churchill, I think, saw that he was wrong earlier than Roosevelt."

IT WAS TO FORESTALL the possibility of a different kind of club—which carried of course the implication of a divided Europe, that Churchill and his advisers decided—as one of the crucial conferences of the War approached, the one at Teheran in November 1943—that some of Stalin's demands over Poland should be accommodated. The attitudes which governed the Prime Minister's thinking about Poland at this juncture are recalled by Martin Gilbert.

GILBERT: "Poland in his mind was, I think, always slightly beyond the pale. It was not one of the countries to which he was emotionally drawn—although once Hitler came to power, he then saw it, as it were, in reverse, that now Poland represented not a bulwark against Communism, but one of the non-Nazi, non-totalitarian states. And therefore he did begin to open contacts with Poles and tried to find out what made them tick, how strong they were. He remained suspicious of this Eastern Poland, with these massive minorities, these millions of people who weren't Poles and towards whom Russia would always hold ambitions. He regarded this whole Polish concern with their Eastern front as an obsession born of something unnatural in 1921. This was a geopolitical approach, it was an historical approach he had held very seriously. In the West he'd always, of course, supported Poland, the Polish Corridor, and Poland's position between the Wars. And he was often asked, of course, to subscribe to statements of defence of the borders of Poland. This he wouldn't do, and curiously, in this, had a sort of link with Neville Chamberlain. Chamberlain, when he gave his guarantee to Poland in 1939 made it clear privately (and Churchill supported this) that it was a guarantee to maintain the independence of Poland. But 'independence' did not mean territorial integrity, so that Poland, yes, mustn't be crushed—it must still have some sort of government in which there would be all the things which Yalta apparently

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promised, free elections, and yet no sympathy for the exaggerated Polish view."

TAKING THE "exaggerated Polish view" with him as a bargaining concession, Churchill proposed to Stalin at Teheran, in November 1943, that Poland as a state should be moved bodily westwards—in the hope, it was clear, that the further west her frontiers were drawn, the less Stalin would insist on dominating Poland as a buffer state. Churchill and Roosevelt were now having to grope their way towards an understanding with one of the world's most powerful but least-known leaders. As the American diplomat George Kennan reported from Moscow, "Stalin was someone to whom the give-and-take of Anglo-Saxon politics was wholly alien." He had shown himself to be pitilessly realistic.

The British minutes of the Teheran Conference distil, in a few cryptic exchanges, how the Prime Minister probed Stalin's attitudes over Poland. Stalin asked if Churchill thought Stalin was going to "swallow Poland up." Anthony Eden replied that he didn't know how much the Russians were going to eat—how much would they leave undigested? Stalin answered that the Russians did not want anything belonging to other people. Eden said that what Poland lost in the East she might gain in the West. Possibly they might, said Stalin, but he did not know. The Prime Minister demonstrated, with the help of three matches, his idea of moving Poland westwards—which, the official record goes on, "pleased Marshal Stalin."

SIR FRANK ROBERTS: "This was the way Churchill did conduct those kind of talks, and it was what was being done. I mean, the Poles were being asked to be realistic. Well, you can't keep that territory because after all it's the Russian armies that are all-powerful in that part of the world, and we will try and compensate you by putting the matches over there."

—But would you agree that we did rather seem during this period to grasp at the hope and the possibility that by giving back to Stalin these Eastern territories, with a large non-Polish population, that he would somehow be deterred from intervening (as we now know, with hindsight, he wished and was determined to do) in the internal life of Poland?

ROBERTS: "But could I just take issue with the words 'giving back to Stalin'? We didn't have them to give back. Stalin actually was either in occupation of them or about to take them—I mean, not from us, but with the Red Army. The problem was whether we, in treaty form, accepted the situation. The only choice we had, at that time, was either to make the best deal we could, and I'm going on to Yalta now, or to say, 'No, we won't make a deal.' Then you say, 'Why was the deal made?' Well, partly because, on the purely Polish front, we did honestly think it was the best deal that could be made."

—And yet it is in this year of 1943, with episodes like this very fresh in your own memory (Katyn in particular), that you apparently, as the record shows, took up personally with Eden the Polish issue. In the context of Teheran, and of Churchill's signal to Stalin, we were to agree to the Curzon Line. After Katyn, you talk about the "de facto *abandonment of the Poles." And you get this reply from Eden—"Assuredly", he says to you, "I don't want to throw the poor Poles to the Russian wolves." It seems, obviously, to suggest that you thought that's what British policy* ***was*** *doing.*

ROBERTS: "Well, memory is fallible and I don't remember that particular exchange. But I think our Ministers, after Sikorski had gone, found the Polish government more traditionally nationalistic, less inclined to try and do a deal with the Russians, and therefore a more difficult partner or client. They used to get rather irritated with what they regarded as the unrealism of the London Poles' policies. On the other hand, we—Churchill more than anyone—were very conscious of the bravery of Polish airmen (who'd fought in the Battle of Britain), of the Anders Army (who'd after all contributed enormously to the victory at Cassino), and don't let's forget it, they had a jolly good Navy, too, which they'd built up. So there were these two conflicting views. I mean, these splendid Poles who were fighting with us, to whom

LAYING THE TABLE FOR THE NEXT CONFERENCE. . . .
(Kladderadatsch, Berlin)

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we owe a lot—and, to put it a little bit unfairly, this damn silly Government-in-Exile who don't see the facts of life. Obviously, I was in the middle of this. And you had sort of specific issues. . . ."

—Katyn, you mean?

ROBERTS: "No, no, I'm talking about this particular exchange when I appeared to be thinking we were 'throwing the Poles to the wolves'. . . ."

—December 1943 . . . Boxing Day.

ROBERTS: "Yes, that's right. And all the time, you see, the Russian Armies were advancing. The Russian military position was getting stronger, and therefore, naturally, Churchill was saying it is getting increasingly difficult to argue the Polish case effectively with the Russians, so let's for God's sake get settled on something now, because it'll be worse later on. And of course he was right."

CHURCHILL HAD ASKED, in return for this concesssion, that Poland should be free to choose its own form of government. However, he had the ground shot from beneath his feet at Teheran by Roosevelt. The record shows that the American President made no real effort to get anything in return for the Poles. Stalin was undoubtedly free to draw the inference that the Americans had no serious interest in the Balkans or Eastern Europe. Furthermore, it was at Teheran that Churchill's long-argued preference for an Anglo-American invasion into the Balkans, into "the soft underbelly of Europe", was finally dismissed by the US Chiefs of Staff in favour of the "Second Front" in Normandy. With it went a favourite topic of armchair strategists, namely the chance for the West to play a greater role in Eastern Europe.

Stalin had seen also that the British were forced to back down. The issue of territorial concessions broke the ranks of the Polish Government in London; some of them believed that such a device would destroy, not preserve, the unity of the Polish nation; they could not agree. Unable to align themselves with the imperatives of either Anglo-American or Soviet policy, the relevance of the Polish Government in London was quickly fading.

JAN NOVAK: "What they asked Poland to do could not save Poland. And every Pole knew about this, that concessions would not save Poland. It was quite understandable that when the War was in progress, neither Britain nor the United States could risk an open conflict with the Soviet Union over the Polish issue because it would weaken the War effort. That is understandable. But what I saw was that Britain and the United States helped the Soviet Union.

The Poles were asking, 'If you cannot do anything for us, please do not do anything against us; do not weaken our position. At least do not say openly that there will be no resistance, no conflict over Poland.'

I read the document where Bierut, the Polish Communist leader, asked Stalin, 'Will there be any conflict over Poland with the West?', and Stalin says there will be no conflict whatsoever. He just dismissed the idea. You know, this is what the Anglo-Saxons did. They removed the element of doubt. They really offered, in advance, an assurance that there will be no resistance over the Polish issue!"

BY THE BEGINNING of 1944 Anthony Eden was minuting to Churchill: "The truth is that in the present atmosphere of overwhelming Russian victories there is a public impatience with the Poles. This may not be just but it is the truth."

The issue of territorial concessions broke the ranks of the Polish Government in London irretrievably. With some believing that this would destroy, not preserve, the chance of unity for the nation, they could not agree to give way to the pressure Churchill and Roosevelt applied to win their consent. But it was in that refusal, and at that moment, that we must look for the deeply rooted origins of the contemporary upheavals in Poland.

NOVAK: "I feel they were right that they did not do it. The problem was (and this was said—as I remember—by Raczynski to Eden) that if we really accept the kind of concession you try to impose on us, the unity of the Polish nation will be ruined. This *'Union Sacrée'* (he used this word) will be destroyed. All right, the cause was lost, the war was lost—but we have to think in terms of the future and the preservation of unity. And this unity was preserved. I think that *Solidarity* was really in existence in a latent form since the last War. It was forged in the Polish resistance movement and in the fact that, to the end, thanks to what you call the 'intransigence' of the Poles, it was preserved. Because we would not have *Solidarity* today. The government and the system imposed from outside were legitimised in Yalta and Teheran and Potsdam. But Poles never legalised this government. They have never forgotten that the birth-certificate of this government is not Polish. It was born in Moscow, not in Warsaw. This government never represented a Polish continuity. It was imposed, from outside. And now, until this day, it is a common expression in Poland: 'We and They.' They, the Ruling Group; We, the

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Society. That is the remnant of the last War.

THE ARCHIVES YIELD a remarkable glimpse of Churchill at this time. Early in 1944 he was writing to Eden:

> "Undoubtedly, my own views have changed in the years that have passed. The tremendous victories of the Russian armies, the great changes which have taken place in the character of the Russian state and government and the new confidence which has grown in our hearts towards Stalin, these have all had their effect."

This uncharacteristic optimism from Churchill, contrasted with his more usual wary pessimism, was confronted within five months of going to Yalta by one of the most tragic episodes of the War. The Polish Underground Army rose in Warsaw, as the advancing Russians arrived. Stalin kept the Soviet Armies in malign inactivity on the other side of the Vistula. Two retreating German *SS* divisions returned to Warsaw and in six weeks of savage fighting wiped out the Polish Resistance. Stalin's decision was compounded by his refusal to allow British and American aircraft the use of Soviet airfields for dropping supplies to Warsaw. Churchill had wanted to present Stalin with a *fait accompli* and fly Allied aircraft there anyway, but Roosevelt, in Churchill's words, "could not bring himself to make a decision." More than Katyn in 1943, the fate of the Warsaw Uprising in 1944 brought the West face to face with the reality of Stalin's design for Poland. He had made it clear that those Poles who were not prepared to accept Communist authority he considered no better than the German enemy.

Throughout this vital year of 1944, preoccupied with the Presidential Election in November, determined to leave the political settlement until the Peace Conference at the end of the War, no clear signals were sent by Roosevelt to Stalin on the limits of American tolerance. Churchill had said on his return from Teheran in 1943 that it was there he realised for the first time what a small nation Britain had become, and he fretted impatiently that the Red Army was "not waiting for the outcome of the American Election."

It was, therefore, in the absence of a solid understanding between the British and Americans —a consciousness of British military impotence and of American indifference—that Churchill and Roosevelt went to Yalta to meet Stalin in February 1945. Often portrayed as a sell-out of Eastern Europe to the Soviet Union, it was in fact an attempt to re-open issues which had already been decided or were being decided by the advance of the Red Army.

With Churchill at Yalta was one of his senior advisers, the Military Secretary to the War Cabinet, Sir Ian Jacob.

—Is it possible to recall accurately, do you think, in what frame of mind Churchill and Roosevelt went to Yalta?

JACOB: "I think Roosevelt wanted to have further talks with Stalin and wanted to ensure that Stalin was coming into the War against Japan quickly, and would make the necessary arrangements in the Far East for American aeroplanes and all that sort of thing. I think that what Churchill wanted to do, with the Russians gradually advancing over Europe and taking control of it, was to try and arrive at some sensible arrangements for Europe. And I have no doubt that Roosevelt was pleased to have a further talk with Stalin because he thought that, after the War, he and Stalin would have been the key figures."

—But would you say they went there, did Churchill go there, with a feeling that a crisis was imminent?

JACOB: "No, I do not think so. You see, Churchill had had what he thought were very successful talks in Moscow in October 1944, where Stalin was much more accommodating than usual and appeared to agree a good deal with some of the things Churchill was saying—although I do not for a moment think that Churchill thought afterwards that added up to anything very much. But still, I think he probably felt that if he and Roosevelt put the pressure on, then Stalin would be more careful about what he did in Eastern Europe. There were the famous 'percentages' he drew up in October with Stalin, and Stalin said he agreed with. That was when we had a very difficult period with the Communists in Greece—their irregular forces had been a great danger to everybody—and he knew that Tito was a Communist and that Russia would get into Hungary, Bulgaria, and of course Austria before we would. So he wanted to ensure that the thoroughgoing Russian domination of these countries would be limited. He thought that if Stalin agreed to having a fifty-fifty influence, as he put it down for example in Yugoslavia, there would then be legitimate grounds for us holding the Russians to sensible courses and pretty well keeping them out of any idea of controlling Greece. That, Churchill was very keen on."

—While we are for the moment digressing, that percentages agreement is one of the most famous documents of the Second World War and has been much criticised since. I think the view is that it was a curious kind of diplomacy. Can you say why it took the form it did?

JACOB: "Because, I think, curiously enough, Churchill was a practical man in the sense that he thought if he could demonstrate that sort of thing

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in simple terms it would be more effective than any other means of doing so. Now it does not mean, of course, any exact figure. But it does mean you recognise that the influence of the Russians in those countries would, to that extent, be limited. People who criticise these things, I suppose, criticise any idea of spheres of influence. You see, that is all rot. Spheres of influence exist, and always will exist, and it is no good imagining that they won't exist. So if you can limit them in some way—the ones you do not like—so much the better. Establish the fact that you are entitled to a full share of your interest in Greece, for example."

—But had Churchill already made up his mind, do you feel, that what happened at Yalta, a few months later—the "Declaraion on Liberated Europe" with its provision for free elections—was not really capable of enforcement? He later agrees, does he not, that the percentages agreement had hampered British protest over what Stalin proposed to do in Poland. One wonders whether Churchill had already made up his mind that Poland had gone by then?

JACOB: "I think he had. After all, one has to remember the one big fact at that time was that there was the Russian Army rolling forward in these countries and nothing, nothing you could do, other than starting a war against Russia, would stop them."

—Can I put two Churchill statements to you and ask whether you think Churchill was consistent—or, rather, erratic—in your view, in his attitude to what it was possible to achieve with the Russians?

After Yalta, he says in the House of Commons:

E. H. Shepard, PUNCH (London)

"the impression I brought back is that, so far as Stalin is concerned, I am quite sure that he means to do well to the world and to Poland and I feel no doubt whatsoever in saying that Stalin has been sincere."

Now that is just after Yalta. Yet only a few months before, in the middle of 1944, he says this to Eden in a minute from Prime Minister to Foreign Secretary:

"Although I have tried in every way to put myself in sympathy with these Communist leaders, I cannot feel the slightest trust or confidence in them. Force and facts are the only realities they understand, and every effort should now be concentrated on close relations with the United States of America."

JACOB: "Well, I cannot help feeling that he was using what I can only describe as romantic language in the House of Commons. I do not believe for one minute that he felt that."

—Did he take that view because, in your opinion, a break with the Russians was unthinkable, in terms of public opinion, on the eve of victory?

JACOB: "Not only public opinion. There was absolutely nothing you could do. Even if you were signing things—things that you knew in your heart the Russians would never carry out, as we would understand 'carrying out'—you signed them because there was nothing else you could sign. I was in no doubt that Churchill saw through the Russians at a very early date. He knew perfectly well that they were implacable, Communist imperialists. When he first saw the proposals for the occupation of Germany, and the zones, he was absolutely horrified. He said, 'Are we going to let these barbarians right into the heart of Europe?' and he wanted to avoid that if he possibly could. Oh no, he was under no illusions about Stalin. . . ."

—But, "barbarians"?

JACOB: "Barbarians. Yes. But my overall impression of Yalta is this. That sort of conference is very good for deciding the strategy, the conduct, of the War for the next three months or six months. They are admirable for that. But when you come on to these important diplomatic questions which require settlement, they are most *un*suitable. You see, the thing right from the beginning was wrong, because the President arrived and said he must leave on Saturday. Well, the moment he'd said that, the game was in the Russian hands. Stalin knew something had got to be signed, there'd have to be some agreement—and if the President was going to leave on a certain date, they'd have to sign before that and this was only a week, I think."

—Yes . . . six days.

JACOB: "Well, that's no length of time for drawing

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up these frightfully important documents and getting them examined, and so on."

—As Churchill said, even the Almighty took seven.

JACOB: "Well, that's right. You see, it was a ludicrous way of doing high diplomatic matters. A great deal of discussion was going on all that time too, about the shape of the United Nations Organisation and so on—the veto and all those questions were coming up—so that it seemed to me to be a perfectly futile way of conducting foreign policy."

—There's a much quoted and authentic exchange between Stalin and Milovan Djilas, the Yugoslav leader. In 1945, immediately after Yalta, Stalin said to Djilas that this war was not like wars in the past; for whoever occupies a territory in **this** *war also imposes his own system as far as his army can reach. Do you think Churchill or Roosevelt perceived that?*

JACOB: "Roosevelt I don't think minded anyway. He wasn't interested in the Poles in the least. He had his mind fixed on the idea that he wasn't going to annoy Stalin, and he wasn't going to gang up with Churchill. At the end of the War the two great powers would have to decide things between them and therefore he wanted to be quite free for that, and he really wasn't terribly interested in the internal affairs of Europe. Added to that, of course, Roosevelt was a dying man. I got a terrible shock when I saw him—his neck was sunken in, and when he finally initialled the last report of the conference his little squiggle didn't mean anything. Terrible."

THERE WAS another aspect of the conduct of the conference which has had critical attention ever since. Early in the War, Roosevelt wrote to Churchill and told the Prime Minister, "Stalin hates the guts of all your top people but I think I can get along with him." The President made this hope and expectation his guiding star. Roosevelt had adopted what quickly came to rankle with the British as a deplorable negotiating technique. This was to exaggerate in Stalin's presence the differences between the British and the Americans. "You'll find us ganging up with the Russians", Roosevelt's aide, Harry Hopkins, had said to the British at Teheran. Now, at Yalta, as Stalin was about to swallow up half of Europe, Roosevelt—with all his formidable charm and genial personality reaching out for understanding with Stalin—dwelt on the issues of "colonialism" and "imperialism" at Britain's expense. Lord Gladwyn was a first-hand witness at Yalta.

LORD GLADWYN: "I had a most deplorable impression of Roosevelt. His one idea was to play up to Stalin, and oil up to him as much as he possibly could. He did everything he could to appease the Russian dictator—'Uncle Joe' and all that. It was hotted up particularly by Harry Hopkins, a charming man, you know, couldn't be nicer, and the inspirer of the New Deal and a social reformer of great merit. But on foreign policy really Harry Hopkins was the champion appeaser of the Russians and I think he was always, behind the scenes, hotting up Roosevelt in that direction."

ROOSEVELT OPENED the conference at Yalta by volunteering that while he would like the Russians to make concessions, he would not insist on any. He also reiterated what he had said at Teheran: that the Americans would withdraw their forces from continental Europe within 18 months of the end of the War. The only obstacle which could be presumed to Soviet domination in the East was thus removed. And so, whether an exhausted Eastern Europe would prove a constituency from which the objectives of Stalin alone could be moulded now depended on harmless exhortation, embodied in the high-sounding manifesto which emerged from Yalta.

GLADWYN: "I was partly responsible for negotiating a thing called the 'Declaration on Liberated Europe.' We and the Americans—some of the Americans, anyhow—thought it was a very good thing to get the Russians to sign a document whereby they would, in effect, say that when they reoccupied, or as they called it, 'liberated' (well, we all 'liberated') these lands occupied by the Nazis, a reasonable form of democracy would be installed. There would be suitably democratic elections. This was all agreed. The exiled governments would in principle return—all that was put in a document. And we had difficulty with Harry Hopkins. I remember going and seeing him when he was in bed (and he was always ill) in the Livadia Palace at Yalta, and 'Chip' Bohlen and I and one or two others went there and argued with him. He wanted to water it all down so that it was practically nothing. But we resisted that; and the document on liberated Europe as such—what it says—is quite a good document. It did get the Russians to agree to do all these things. The only trouble was of course when they got there, into Poland and then into Romania, it was evident that they were tearing up the Declaration on Liberated Europe.

I never thought the Russians would necessarily abide by it, but I did think it was very useful to have it as a sort of card to play, if nothing else."

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BUT THAT IS NOT THE WAY the Declaration on Liberated Europe, which was greeted with considerable popular hopes and enthusiasm, was presented or argued in the forums of the Western democracies. From the outset, it appears to have been disingenuous.

In addition to Harry Hopkins, ill in bed in the Livadia Palace, there was another crucially important aide on the American side at Yalta. He had helped to draft the Declaration on Liberated Europe in the State Department. Subsequently he became a famous symbol of the breakdown in East-West relations as the War-time Alliance fell to pieces in the aftermath of Yalta. Alger Hiss was accused at his trials in the 1950s of having been a member of a Communist spy ring passing secret information to the Russians, was convicted of perjury, and in the end was sent to prison.[2]

Alger Hiss was assistant to the American Secretary of State, Edward Stettinius, who is commonly thought to have been among the least experienced and weakest of appointments to that office. Hiss formed the bridge of contact between Hopkins, ill in bed at Yalta, and Stettinius at the conference table. He is one of the two senior surviving Americans (Averell Harriman is the other) of the Yalta Conference.

ALGER HISS: "As you know, there was in the State Department a division of views between what have been called 'the Yalta group' and 'the Riga group.' The 'Riga group' felt very strongly that all sorts of attempts must be made to prevent any extension of Soviet interests.

The 'Yalta group', which was really the United Nations group (where I was most concerned), took a quite definite position that if Stalin was to come into the United Nations, he would have to be assured of something very close to a sphere of influence in Eastern Europe; that the *Entente Cordiale*, which had followed Versailles, was a *bête noire* with the Soviets; and that if there was to be any kind of, let us say, goodwill, on which the United Nations would be dependent, this would have to be accepted.

I have never known just what Roosevelt's personal view was, as between the two groups. Certainly Truman opted hard, after Roosevelt's death, for the Riga group. The Riga group got its name, as you know, from the place where our Foreign Service officers being trained for Russian work—like 'Chip' Bohlen and George Kennan—had their first experience with the Russian language, along the borders of Russia, in Riga, which was then part of independent Latvia."

—When one comes to the Declaration on Liberated Europe, what were your perceptions of likely Soviet behaviour—in the light of what you have just said—in Eastern Europe, when the thing was being drawn up?

HISS: "I would rather speak of that as it appeared at Yalta. The drawing-up beforehand was, let us say, our maximum position. At Yalta the emphasis changed. Far more important was the situation in Japan. Our own Joint Chiefs of Staff were constantly telling us in the State Department that unless the Soviets agreed to come into the War in the Far East against Japan we—the Americans alone—would have to count on a million casualties. The bitterness with which the Japanese had resisted each American advance up until then was assumed as a given—and that it would be even more vigorous and more suicidal on the home islands.

When we left Yalta, I happened to be standing with Mr Stettinius, waiting for our car, and General Marshall (Chief-of-Staff of the United States in those days), who was quite close to Stettinius personally, was waiting for his car. They were chatting casually, and Stettinius said, 'General, you must be very eager to get back to your desk. You've been away for ten days to two weeks.' And Marshall said, very seriously and with

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[2] See, in ENCOUNTER, Sidney Hook, "The Case of Alger Hiss" (August 1978) and "Arguments (New & Old) about the Hiss Case" (March 1979); Melvin J. Lasky, "End of the Line" (August 1982).

The latest (and perhaps final) round in Alger Hiss's long campaign to rehabilitate himself in the US courts was reported in the *Washington Times* (18 February 1983, p.4):

> NEW YORK (AP)—A Federal Appeals court has upheld the 1950 perjury conviction of former State Department official Alger Hiss, who was accused of lying to a grand jury when he denied he was a spy for the Soviet Union. "We find the appeal to be completely without merit", the 2nd US Circuit Court of Appeal said Wednesday (16 February 1983).
>
> US District Judge Richard Owen last July rejected Hiss' petition to vacate the conviction on grounds that his trial had been unfair.
>
> Hiss, now 78, had served as an adviser to President Franklin D. Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference in 1945 when it was agreed that the Soviets would enter the war against Japan.
>
> Hiss was convicted of lying to a grand jury when he denied that he gave microfilmed classified government documents to the late Whittaker Chambers in 1938 for relay to the Soviet Union. He spent 44 months in prison.
>
> Victor Rabinowitz, Hiss' attorney, argued before the three-judge appeals court panel that documents obtained from FBI files under the Freedom of Information Act in 1978 showed that the government withheld evidence at his trial that could have favoured the defence.
>
> Specifically, Rabinowitz claimed that among the facts withheld was that Chambers admitted to the FBI that he was a "practising homosexual." The attorney argued that such a disclosure was critical in order for the trial jury to determine Chambers' credibility. Assistant US Attorney Mary Daly told the appeals judges that the Hiss defence at his trial was aware of Chambers' homosexual background.

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that composure he usually had, 'Ed, for what we have gained here I would gladly have stayed a whole month.' I've not seen that in the history books, incidentally. Now obviously he was talking about the military agreement which was reached: that the Russians would attack the Japanese 90 days after the end of the War in Europe. That meant that it was a political—I was going to use a strong word like 'impossibility'—it was a political necessity that we agree (I was going to say an impossibility that we disagree).

The three major powers *had* to be in basic agreement when we left the Crimea. That meant that some of the language was rubber language; it was stretchable. All diplomats deal in uncertainties, ambiguities. The fact that the language was stretchable and could mean something to one side that it did not quite mean to the other was hardly a novelty in diplomacy. That was clearly so especially with respect to Poland and, I think, the Eastern bloc, but particularly Poland.

The impression I got, and that Admiral Leahy got, was that the Russians assumed that we were accepting very close to—tantamount to—suzerainty on their part over Eastern Europe other than Poland. Now, it did not work out that way. In fact 'the Riga group' never intended that the Russians be given that kind of a free hand."

—Which brings me to what George Kennan said, writing to Bohlen on the eve of Yalta from Moscow, referring to the Declaration on Liberated Europe and calling it a "shabby equivocation." Was that a view you held yourself?

Hiss: "I never had as strong a position as Kennan on issues of that sort. As a young man he was not an enthusiastic 'New Dealer' as I had been. I thought that the Declaration on Liberated Europe was as far as we could hope to go, and that it was an important statement of principle. The language which seemed to represent our point of view we thought they would be likely to object to. We made it, we thought, strong not shabby, because we realised what they had been through."

—But you took part in the working parties which drafted it and, as you have said before, the draft was very close to what was finally accepted. To what extent did you address yourself to the question of Communist ideology and how it would interpret an agreement like this?

Hiss: "That is a very hard question for me to recall with specificity. Certainly we—after all, Mr Harriman had been reporting regularly on Soviet ideology—we had no 'blinders' from that point of view."

—Is it one of those cases where as you are working on this document—I mean, after all, you are a sophisticated diplomat and you know how Communist ideology works—when you worked on the draft, did you work on it in the knowledge that if you ***did*** *try to make it specific, agreement would be impossible?*

Hiss: "Yes. It was a political necessity that we agree."

—When you all met, i.e. when you with Stettinius met Eden at Malta (immediately before the Yalta Conference), the evidence, I think, from the British side is that Eden was trying to get this declaration of principles toughened up. What is your recollection of that?

Hiss: "I think that is true. But I think our position was that this was as far as was reasonable to think we could get agreement. I have to emphasise again that we paid far more attention to the Pacific."

—But Eden was trying to prevent, it seems clear, the relegation of the Polish question to a lesser priority than that of Roosevelt's ideal of the world body, the United Nations, with which work you were closely connected. Now, to what extent was he successful in trying to get Stettinius to concentrate on the Polish question at Malta, before the Yalta agreement?

Hiss: "Not successful. In the first place, Stettinius' great interest was the United Nations. He thought of that as his great contribution as a public servant, and it was also terribly important to Roosevelt."

LIQUIDATION SALE: "AND THE NEXT ITEM IS SOME MORE LITTLE STATES: ROMANIA, BULGARIA, FINLAND. NO BIDS? THEN I'LL TAKE THEM MYSELF. . . ."
(Olaf Gulbransson, SIMPLICISSIMUS, *Munich)*

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BUT, AS EDEN SAID AT YALTA, without a satisfactory agreement on Poland, the proposed world body would not be worth much. In the American archives there is that revealing exchange between George Kennan (the American adviser in Moscow) and 'Chip' Bohlen (the principal Foreign Policy adviser in the State Department to Roosevelt). It shows Kennan declaring in his plea to Bohlen that unless the USA was prepared "to go the whole hog and oppose with all physical resources at American disposal the domination of Eastern Europe by a single power . . . we should write it off, frankly acknowledge the division of Europe into spheres of influence, and have nothing to do with the Declaration on Liberated Europe", which Kennan believed to be "the shabbiest sort of equivocation."

Bohlen's reply was this: "Either our pals intend to limit themselves or they do not. I submit, as the British say, the answer is not yet clear. What *is* clear is that the Soviet Union is here to stay as one of the major factors in the world. Quarrel? Yes, but we can always come to that."

What *was* clear was that doubts were submerged in the hope that Yalta would freeze the territorial stability of Europe.

SIR IAN JACOB: "I think what happened overall is this. Clearly we wanted a close relationship with the Russians, who were our allies in the War and were having a hell of a time, and if they could survive would be of vital importance in helping to win the War. Therefore every step that could be taken to help them, or to reach some kind of accommodation with them on this or that, would be worth doing. The extent to which we thought that this could be effective varied from time to time, I think.

Occasionally we seemed to have had some successful result with the Russians, but generally speaking we did not. I suppose this is all very much coloured by what I thought at that time. But it did seem to me that we were 'trying to make friends with a python', which is what I said in my diary in the entry in August 1942. It is impossible. A python does not speak your language, you know. It wants to strangle you in the end."

—What stays in your mind as the most convincing evidence of Roosevelt's view of the old nation-states in Eastern Europe and what might happen to them?

JACOB: "Well, the worst thing of all—and the thing which always stuck in my mind—was his refusal to take any serious action over Poland, and particularly over the Warsaw affair."

—The uprising by the Home Army?

JACOB: "Yes, and the Russians sitting there a few miles away and doing absolutely nothing. I thought to myself, this is a really marvellous illustration of something said by an American staff officer (who wrote a book just after the War): that the American attitude to war is that it is like a game of football. You think out a lot of plays, and you win the game, and go home and put your feet up or have a bath. With that you are not creating a political situation! The other thing that indicated this very clearly was that President Roosevelt refused ever to give any instructions to General Eisenhower to bring about any kind of result in Europe which would be important from a political point of view. He could not see any point in occupying Berlin, or Prague, or any of these things. He simply was not interested in that: now we have got to win the War and go home."

—It was rather stronger than that, was it not? I mean the orders were that American military operations were ***not*** *to be conducted to bring about political results. . . .*

JACOB: "Well, that's right. What is the point of a war? . . . That seemed to me to be an extraordinarily short-sighted view of the Americans."

BOTH SIDES were treading on egg-shells at Yalta, working for a settlement with one another rather than against each other—and clearly it was intended to make the relationship between East and West, however tense, a manageable one. An analysis of the agreement shows how, in the amendments put forward by the Soviet Union, the Russians sought to make sure that they would not be liable technically for any violations of the agreements once they began to translate their intentions for Eastern Europe into practice. Stalin repeatedly made it obvious that he baulked at "free elections." He and his Foreign Minister, Molotov, spent a good deal of time reformulating the term "fascist" so that it could be stretched to justify the limitations he intended to enforce on freedom of choice for the Poles.

ALGER HISS: "The tension over Poland was palpable. It did not result in a feeling of crisis, but this was the sticking point. This was the rocky road that somehow had to be smoothed if there was to be eventual agreement, And that, in my opinion, is where the rubber language was used—much more than in the Declaration on Liberated Europe, which was not as specific."

—Yes, it's interesting going back through those exchanges: Stettinius giving in over the final sentence of the Polish formula and Eden disagreeing with it. But Stettinius later tells us that Roosevelt "was so anxious to

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reach agreement that he was willing to make this concession." Can you elaborate on that? There's an obvious moment where if there was going to be a sticking point about Poland, if we were going to dig our heels in against Stalin, that must have been it."

HISS: "I have been asked substantially the same question, not with quite such subtle understanding of the situation as you have shown, the way you phrase it. I've been asked, Why the hell didn't we just say: You can't have Poland, because pretty clearly this meant Russian control. And my answer has always been that we were quite aware that the only way to disagree over Poland was to shatter the Alliance, that we certainly could not fight the Russians militarily at that stage, and they already possessed half, maybe two-thirds of Poland militarily. So that the question asked in retrospect now is very different from the question then. What we were doing was arguing largely for phrases, and the particular phrase you're referring to did not seem too different from other phrases."

—This is the pledge to "free and unfettered elections"...

HISS: "Yes. At Teheran, Roosevelt had said to Stalin that some of his fellow citizens, particularly of Baltic descent, were very disturbed over the incorporation of Lithuania, Estonia, Latvia. Couldn't Stalin have a plebiscite to make this more regular? Stalin was supposed to have said very casually, 'You want a plebiscite? Of course!' So that the emphasis on 'free elections', where some of the language (we later insisted) was being violated, I'm sure to Stalin was like a 'plebiscite' over Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. And again I emphasise that from his point of view, not necessarily from ours, that seemed rubbery."

STALIN COULD THEREFORE leave Yalta with the conclusion that he had more freedom of action in Eastern Europe than, in the event, the West was willing to concede. Stalin's insistence that all states in Eastern Europe must have governments friendly to the Soviet Union was enshrined at Yalta in a hazy formula which was taken to mean "governments which could never again provide facilities for German aggression" but quickly came to mean "governments which would be reliably hostile to the West." Given Roosevelt's generosity of spirit towards the Soviet Union, and America's rooted disinclination to adopt or even threaten the pressure of a strong diplomacy against an ally which was still engaged in war, the outcome of "Liberation" for Eastern Europe was inevitable.

LORD GLADWYN: "If there hadn't been any Yalta Conference at all, the result would have been much the same. I think history would have fulfilled itself, Yalta or no Yalta."

—Should we see Yalta as a stage in Soviet Imperial expansion, as some claim it was?

FREE AND OPEN ELECTIONS
GERMANY, KOREA & ELSEWHERE
VOTE HERE FOR
COMMUNISM
X
"But don't you offer any alternative?
"What, and risk losing the election? Are you kidding?"

David Low

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GLADWYN: "If you like, yes; you can put it that way. But as I say, I think it would have happened anyhow. It was an inevitable result of the Hitler war."

—Do you agree that those who influenced our policy (and perhaps yourself included) were on the whole too optimistic?

GLADWYN: "Possibly, yes. But I think in view of public opinion, particularly in America but also in England, it was difficult to be anything else. If you'd given the impression that you were not trying to come to some kind of agreement of a reasonable nature with the Russians, there'd have been a revolt in the House of Commons and in the nation generally, certainly in the Army."

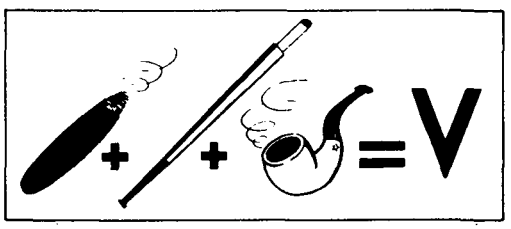
—Why do you say that? . . . "Certainly in the Army?"

GLADWYN: "Well, the Army, after all, was very Left-wing on the whole, as shown by the elections in 1945. I think they thought that we were fighting for 'democracy', and they had certain illusions about the Russians—'the gallant ally'. . . ."

—But surely those illusions were fostered by those who influenced our policy with the constant suppression or covering-up of information which might have led public opinion to a different conclusion?

GLADWYN: "It may have been. But, on the other hand, if we hadn't done something to foster the idea of the gallant ally some people would have said that the Russians might have made a separate deal with Hitler. You see, that was the idea."

YALTA, THEN, WAS NOT a conspiracy to divide Europe. No such agreement was made. The modern indictment of Yalta is that nothing happened there which would deter Stalin from going ahead with what by that time he had clearly shown he wished to do—establish puppet governments throughout Eastern Europe. Roosevelt and Churchill clung to the hope that Stalin would find it in his interest not to do in Poland what he had so often shown he would.



MARTIN GILBERT: "After the War Churchill kept looking back, and there was some sort of, perhaps you could say fatal flaw in his relationship with Stalin over Poland—that he did believe that there was an area where he could make progress. Now here is, if I could just read from one of these documents, a little jotting of his:

> **'I've been thinking about how I was on Poland and how we fought for Poland at Yalta and reached agreement and how these agreements were broken in succeeding months. This possibility was due not to bad faith on the part of *Stalin and Molotov*, *but that when they got home* they were held up by their colleagues. Is this possible?'**

Was there a possibility, in other words, that he, Churchill, hadn't been totally naive in accepting the Yalta Agreement, the Yalta protocol?"

CHURCHILL'S TROUBLED RELUCTANCE to believe that Stalin alone, of all the men he had dealt with in a long political life, was incapable of being persuaded was dispelled before the ink was dry on the Yalta agreements. The West was not able to secure for Poland the promise of a government of their choice and free elections. Ever since, not just the Poles at intervals but Hungarians and Czechs have tried to take steps to secure this for themselves.

Yalta did not break down because of any Western action. It broke down because Stalin began imposing governments on the peoples concerned, against their wishes. Given the kind of political system Stalin had established in the Soviet Union, it was difficult (if not impossible) for him to exercise the kind of control he felt he had to have with any kind of tolerance or moderation. The shock of his actions in Eastern Europe after Yalta, culminating in the arrests, purges, trials and executions of the 1940s and 1950s, was the crucible in which naive idealism dissolved and fatal resentments were created.

(A second article by MICHAEL CHARLTON *will be published in the next number of* ENCOUNTER.*)*

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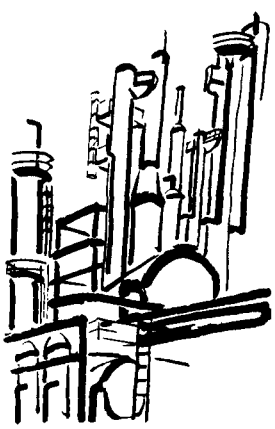
Paris, Zurich, Milan

European Diary

By Francois Bondy

Mosques in the Factory

Paris



IT WAS only a matter of some 165 Moroccan workers on strike and of a shut-down involving a thousand, but the popular-press phrase has it that "Never have so few strikers reduced so many eager workers to complete inactivity . . .". That may indeed be the way many in France would like to see the latest outbreak of so-called "industrial action" at the Renault Works. For almost a year now there has been trouble in Flins, and in the nearby factories; as a result of the difficulties with the *immigrés* the loss of production has amounted to 150,000 automobiles. During the long-running conflict at Citroen the Government intervened and criticised, rightly, the role of management. This was not quite on when it came to related recalcitrance at the government-owned Renault establishments. After all, the most powerful man here—and easily more powerful than the four Cabinet Ministers which his Party has placed in the Mitterrand cabinet—is Henri Krasucki, the Communist President of the CGT trade union. He rejected out of hand the proposal to appoint a mediator, or arbitrator, on the grounds of rather special French logic, namely, the government couldn't appoint anybody to be above the government . . . *L'état* in France is always something of a monolithic force.

In any event the CGT has played a leading role in the other strikes: Citroen, Peugeot, Talbot. In Renault it was overtaken on the left by a rival trade-union group, the CFDT. But it is not the "jurisdictional competitiveness" which has been prolonging the industrial action, but the so-called "basis", the "masses" themselves, in person. And this caused the Socialist Prime Minister, Pierre Mauroy—after all, the elected representative of the masses—to flare up. These immigrants, he exploded, have simply no "feeling for French social reality . . . ." They were being incited by extreme religious groups. Gaston Deferre, the Minister of the Interior, spoke of "integralists", even of "Shiites" . . . although the Muslims involved, from North Africa, Mali and Senegal, were Sunnis. Have the Ayatollahs, then, taken over the workers and are exercising real proletarian power in the factories?

The Moroccans involved—and they are far fewer than the Algerians—did not emigrate from the urban centres but from the "*bleds*" in the South which have been relatively free from Westernising influences. It was often the case that large families came to France, with whole hierarchies being part of the emigration, inclusive of *Imams*. Small wonder that a constant demand in the plants has been for places for prayer, a mosque in every factory. The *immigrés* were trained to attend to the assembly line in about three weeks' time, and very few indeed (unlike their French colleagues) ever rise to more qualified jobs. Where, then, should the special insight into "French social reality" come from? Had somebody like Giscard made the crack, it would have been put down to his usual arrogance and cynicism.

WE HAVE HEARD MUCH about the West German problems with the four millions or so of *Gastarbeiter* (mainly from Turkey), but France in relation to its population actually has more foreign workers. The European among them—mostly Portuguese, but also Italians, Spaniards, and Yugoslavs—are considerably easier to "assimilate" than the Muslims out of Africa and Turkey. Nevertheless, it must be recorded that from all we know about popular feelings as registered in public opinion polling, most of the strangers in the land do not say that they have been subjected to what the Germans call *Fremdenhass*, "hatred of the foreigner." All the more reason why even the most populistic of politicians need not go in for "racialistic" overtones. The Communist Party tried it a few

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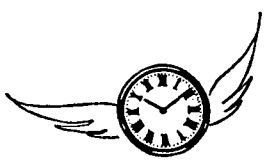
years ago,[1] and in the notorious case of "People's Justice" against an alleged Moroccan drug-dealer lost much face and workers' support; the Party line was quickly changed. After all, it is not a "handful" that one is dealing with: roughly 80% of the unqualified workers in and around Paris are Africans. There are 7000 in Billancourt and in Flins, 4000 in Aulnoy. And it can be said that on their shoulders the French workers were able to step up into the better-paid areas of more specialised employment. As for the Moroccans who are at work down the French mines, there appears to be very little envy indeed even among the two million French unemployed. True, one can hear mumbling and grumbling, and one Paris lady told me that "all the troubles of France are due to the Arabs in the country . . .". But my impression is that these are only small, unrepresentative voices.

Still, the unrest goes on and on; and I suspect that even the most "primitive" workers in France know the technological score, namely that automation is still on the march everywhere, and soon the robots will be in place, making their work on the assembly lines totally superfluous. There is a fear of imminent redundancy which has made the pressure for becoming "more qualified" a desperate industrial factor. What is at work here is not an alleged ignorance of "French social realities", but on the contrary a sensitive alertness to what is happening in an increasingly high-tech economy. One doesn't really even have to genuflect five times a day to Mecca to understand that.

"1983"

Zurich



EVER SINCE the onset of the New Year we have been going through some kind of special numerological breakthrough in so-called "cultural consciousness". There is nothing obviously peculiar or magical about "1983", but it has provided us with no end of centenaries, bicentenaries and other jubilees. The Protestants are immersed in Luther (*b.* 1483), and music-lovers in Wagner (*d.* 1883); the French are honouring Stendhal (*b.* 1783) and Colbert (*d.* 1683); the Left everywhere is busy with the memory of Marx (*d.* 1883); and there are a few other celebrations of giants: Schumpeter (*b.* 1883), Keynes (*b.* 1883), Kafka (*b.* 1883).

Uncanny as ever, it would seem to be Kafka who is the most topical or relevant, for there is something grotesquely mysterious about Europe's wholesale wallowing in the bygone relationships of "yesterday's men" and the crises and madnesses which have since overtaken the contemporary world. Hitler came to power just 50 years ago in the Berlin *Reichstag*. Did Wagner imply Auschwitz? How radical or how conservative was the great Protestant reformer who broke up the unity of the Catholic Church, now seeking to piece itself together? Orwell's "1984" may be throwing its shadows in advance, but why should there be an international conference on Franz Kafka in (of all places) Caracas?

I am surely not alone in hoping for a little light comic relief, perhaps a Molière jubilee, or a Nestroy anniversary, or some reason to celebrate Rabelais who after all left us with the wisdom that "*rire est le propre de l'homme.*" But there is little to laugh about in the year in which the great tyrants of modern dictatorship are being remembered. Not long after the fiftieth anniversary of Hitler's *Machtergreifung* in 1933 comes the hundredth birthday of Benito Mussolini which one Italian publisher is marking with a new edition of his *La Mia Vita*, first published in 1910.

Alas, but there is much that is grievous to think about here, reflecting upon the nature of one-man rule and one-party domination in our time. Or can't they be so easily subsumed? What despotic elements belong together, which fundamental "systemic" differences have to be underlined? No doubt about it, Lenin created a one-party state and Stalin consolidated it; but should the Bolshevik-based concept of "Totalitarianism" embrace also the German and the Italian dictatorships? The Nazi rule was not quite so "total" and far more devoted to the mindless cult of war and violence. The Italian Fascists—and they alone earned the name, which shouldn't be a catch-call propagandistic epithet—were neither total nor murderous (except for the Abyssinian adventure and the occasional isolated political hit-job).

WADING THROUGH the hundreds of "special articles" on the subject which have been flooding all the newspapers and magazines, I have the feeling that the European intelligentsia has come to grips with the phenomenon of Fascism more effectively than with that of the Third Reich. I am reminded of the incisive literature from Ignazio Silone's *School for Dictators*, written during the War in his Zurich exile, to Denis Mack Smith's recent Mussolini biography (published in Milan by Rizzoli who are also bringing out Mussolini's *My Autobiography*, 1926, which has never before been published in Italy!). The central historical point is surely that it was possible, within the authoritarian framework of the national institutions, to get rid of

[1] See European Diary, "Incident in Vitry", ENCOUNTER, April 1981.

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Il Duce, and to end his régime; not unlike the demise of Franco's régime in Spain. Nothing like it is conceivable in the totalitarian cases of Bolshevik Russia or Nazi Germany. The campaign against Italy's Jews which was initiated in the last phase of Mussolini's fascism was a result of *Il Duce*'s being a vassal of *der Führer*; it was not a product of some home-grown anti-Semitic fanaticism as in Germany, which doesn't of course excuse it but suggests an important historical distinction.

But are such distinctions only the concern of historians and scholars? One wonders whether in all the anniversary effusions the European mind in general is confronting its tragic past and, conceivably, drawing appropriate political lessons. I note that in France two great trials will be taking place—of Klaus Barbie, the recaptured *Gestapo* chief of Lyon, and another of a Vichy prefect, a man who later became a Minister, was involved in deportations, but also subsequently rendered services to the French resistance. One has already been condemned to death, although in the meantime capital punishment has been abolished. But such complications are as nothing compared to the complex issues—and the still unhealed wounds—which are about to be ripped open when all the details of the Nazi occupation of France and Marshal Pétain's Vichy government, of the immorality of collaboration and inconsistencies of resistance, descend on a battered public opinion. It is, to be sure, all unavoidable; inevitable, in fact. But, on the one hand, it is the routine mechanisms of legality and justice which are at work; and on the other hand some vague, if deep, feeling that it might all be serving some higher purpose of enlightenment, of "mastering the past", of burning some vital lessons of politics and sociology into our hearts and minds. One wonders about this whole cycle of crime and punishment. The criminals will be put away, but not really out of society's fear that it needs to be "protected" against them (which of the surviving villains of those days were likely to become "repeaters"?)—nor out of an impassioned ethical awareness that all political murderers need to be given their ultimate "just deserts", in the spiritual expectation of some atonement or expiation.

THE MEMORIES, in any case, are all too topical. Whatever lessons are drawn from the past tend to be narrowly purposeful, tied closely to some current political crisis or psychological impasse, as in the Western Germany of today where one tends to remember only that which it is "useful" to know to keep a post-Hitler democratic half-nation on an even keel. Whole chunks of history are neglected, and quick superficial analogies run wild. After a nasty West German demonstration recently there were police raids and a number of quick arrests in Nuremberg . . . following which there were hysterical editorials about new "Dreyfus Affairs." The knowledge of a little history can be put to very silly uses; the past may be "prelude", but not necessarily to profundity. I can't help thinking that an historical awareness which becomes a function of instrumental manipulation is worse than none at all. "1983" is not yet in a sinister league with "1984", but the increasingly total conscription and mobilisation of "all our yesterdays" is neither instructive nor helpful.

News of the Day

Milan

NOT UNLIKE London, or Paris, or New York, one finds journalists and editors here mourning the passing of the great newspapers of yesterday. One sometimes wonders whether all those distinguished "thunderers" in Fleet Street, or in Manhattan, or on the Seine, were ever what they are now, in obvious nostalgia, held to have been. Nevertheless, Italian tradition has it that the *Corriere della Sera* was, until only recently, the formidable national newspaper which had to be quoted, for it was the journal which formed opinions. Little catastrophes like world wars sometimes make a difference, and such institutions get dented, get bent, but somehow in one form or another live on to fight another day.

In France *Le Temps*, sadly compromised under the Vichy régime, emerged as *Le Monde*, with Hubert Beuve-Méry giving it a new lease of life on the left of centre. In Germany, out of the no less compromised *Frankfurter Zeitung*, once the pride of Weimar culture, came the new *Frankfurter Allgemeine* as the stalwart of enlightened conservatism in the Bonn Republic. As for the *Corriere*, the Italian penchant for non-conformist conformity somehow contrived the steady continuation of the famous daily from fascism to post-fascism under its old name, and indeed under Mario Borso to cam-

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paign in the new scene for old liberal values; there wasn't even a change of ownership.

One Milanese aspect is unusual. In contrast to the dailies for "top people" elsewhere, the prestigeous *Corriere* was at the same time the largest-circulation paper in the country. The explanation is that in Italy there are proportionally fewer readers of newspapers than in other Western democracies, and there is something very "élitarian" about newspaper-reading.

Still, the sad story I want to relate could be easily read on the faces of *Corriere* subscribers as well as editors and journalists, and I have run into its far-flung correspondents in recent years on several continents, all with worried looks about the course and the future of the paper. A certain traditional pride has disappeared and almost definitively so since the exposure of some of the *Corriere*'s links to the mafia-like freemasonry known as "*P-2*." So much has been exposed that all that remains to be known is who will take over from the Rizzoli publishing house and move in what conceivable direction.

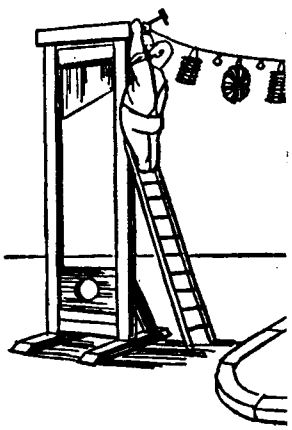
The serious difficulties are not really new, and have roots in the confusions of the 1960s. I have been reminded of this by reading the new book by Enzo Bettiza, *Via Solferino*, which is sub-titled *La Vita del' Corriere della Sera' dal 1964 al 1974*, and is rich in anecdotal memoirs and perceptive analyses. Bettiza, along with Indro Montanelli, led a major defection from the *Corriere* after secret preparations to start another and rival paper: which they did, *Il Giornale Nuovo*. It has proved to be, somewhat to the right of centre, a formidable and impressive rival to the *Corriere*; and on the left-of-centre in Rome the new *Repubblica* also gained ground. It appears to me, as I buy my Italian papers at the local kiosk, that these two journals are the Italian papers with the sharpest profile, with figures like Raymond Aron writing a column in the former and Alberto Ronchey transferring his commentaries from the *Corriere* to the latter. I would say that the *Repubblica* is these days, due to its literary and cultural features, rather stronger in the *feuilleton*; while the Montanelli-Bettiza *Giornale* is more cosmopolitan in its world-wide political reporting.

I note that the crisis has become serious enough for the *Corriere* to close down its evening edition, and the shadows over the morning daily grow longer. My friends here tell me that the *Corriere*'s difficulties lay in a "double bind." Above, on an ownership level, there was a compromising irresponsibility, as the proprietor moved from flirtation to flirtation with almost all the trends on the radical left; she was a very impressionable hostess in her famous "salon", and thought of the newspaper as its chic daily extension. From below there were the grievous pressures arising out of the so-called "Syndicalisation", which on one level interfered to censor news and comment and on another inflated the paper's hired staff beyond all manageable budgetary proportions.

It is something in the nature of a "novel" that Bettiza has written, not because he has made up anything but because he wanted to tell the story so well. He happens to be the author of two real novels; and as a Dalmatian, who knows many Eastern and Western languages, he also has a special distance from the Italian scene which only sharpens his perceptions. I would not want to give the impression that his book is utterly objective, nor that it is the "last word" on the life and possible death of one of Europe's great newspapers. It is rather the "first word", and other historians will have to carry on from there.

Wadja's Danton

Paris



I FOUND even the early afternoon performances in the five cinemas crowded and quite sold out. For weeks and months now *Danton* has been packing them in, some finding in it a work of art, others a manifesto, with a few critics underlining its allegorical or scandalous political intentions, and more than one its heterodox approach to orthodox history.

One almost senses that we are already living in the shadow of the bicentennial of the French Revolution; and for all the dutiful devotion which President Mitterrand is showing in the preparations for 1989, it is probable that it will be another who will be making the grand opening. The shadows gather—every criticism, according to the last works of Albert Soboul, of the so-called "Terror" is reactionary and impermissibly "anti-national." And I found that even among those who are fans of Andrzej Wajda, and especially his latest film, there is the lurking worry: "It may well help the enemies of the Revolution. . . " (who also seem to be lurking, somewhere, ever since 1789). In France the past is always too much with us, late and soon.

Historical "costume films", to be sure, are obviously more difficult to make, whether *Ben Hur* or *Danton*; on celluloid more realism is required

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than on the stage. Unlike in his Walesan *Man of Iron*, Wajda does not lose himself in the movement of the masses, but keeps the people at a distance, standing in queues before bakeries, listening, visibly moved, to the accused Danton's eloquent words, watching the execution. The action is mostly in the Convention, that self-purging parliament, and in the committees zealously devoted to "the public", its happiness and its security.

THIS, I SHOULD NOTE, is not Georg Büchner's text, but a play which Wajda had produced on the stage some seven years ago. At the time, Stanislawa Przybyszewkaj's drama seemed to be somewhat "Robespierrean." And in the film, which doesn't quite take Danton's side, there is a focus on victims and executioners alike, especially when they are embodied (and later disembodied) in one person, heroes and monsters at once. Wajda had his scenario, written by Jean-Claude Carrière, ready three years ago, and waited happily for Gérard Depardieu to be able to play the leading role. Danton is here understated, his power and natural strength subdued, and his famous voice almost hoarse and inaudible when we most expect the stentorian Girondin outbursts. He is not at the centre of the tension, no star. On the other hand the Robespierre figure (played by Woyciech Pszoniak) has rather more vitality than we have been used to. A skilful Parliamentary manoeuverer, he even wants to save Danton and, especially, his friend Camille Desmoulins. (The latter is played by Patrice Chereau, of Bayreuth-Wagner production fame, and the prosecutor Fouquier-Tinville by the director Roger Planchon, two very subtle performances which almost suggest they helped Wajda create his masterpiece.)

Desmoulins, on the verge of collapse, doesn't allow (in a foolhardy rather than courageous gesture) "the Incorruptible" into his room; Danton gets drunk during his talk with Robespierre and begins to snore. Even if one is impressed by his self-discipline and indeed his superiority, Robespierre remains the despot—and when a revolutionary has fallen from grace he orders the painter David to paint the unfortunate citizen out of the picture (Stalin would have liked that). Perhaps not quite a total despot, since he is also a man of some personal scepticism and self-doubt, and he senses that it will be only a matter of time, a few months possibly, hardly more, before the executioner follows his victims to the scaffold. This bit I found to be no more than a contrived element of retrospective wisdom, and I also regretted the traditional famous "last words" ("Show the people my head—it's worth it. . . .") when we really know that he spoke at the end only of his newly-wed wife.

Still, this Danton wants to be heard by "the People", and not by the court of the Revolution which he helped to establish in power, and whose violence he now would want to end. One is reminded a little of the Russian intensity and eloquence of Leon Trotsky who, on the verge of being pushed aside, declined to fight for power. Danton resigns from the Committee of Public Safety. He knew too well the toll of the guillotine which he first sees in the mist as a black-draped "widow." In the end it would also be his blood that flowed. Indeed it is almost as if the leading figure in the film was Dr G's insatiable instrument of revolutionary bloodthirstiness. A small child appears to give a small recital before Robespierre; the text is taken from the Declaration of the Rights of Man; the words are mumbled and murmured meaninglessly. How could we help wondering whether the violent course of events had negated the text, or whether the words when one day spoken clearly would again recover clarity. For the time being, the truth is simply that the rulers have all power, and between the conception and the reality have fallen dark shadows. One has become sick unto death of virtue and terror.

WAJDA'S COLOURS are pale, for all the redness of the killings. Street scenes are not invariably convincing, and the women come only as masks, and anecdotes. The whole of this revolutionary world has become a stage—the convention, the club, the 18th-century Paris houses, the tumbrils, the prisons, the gallows. I suspect that only Danton was intended to be real, with his tragic fate pointing to the real ironies of other times, other places.

I found unforgettable the scene in which the printing presses are destroyed—and Desmoulins wrote in his *Cordelier* (which the Revolution censored and then burned): ". . . Give Moscow the freedom of the press, and tomorrow Russia is a republic!" One doesn't have to guess very hard about the thoughts of the cinema public in Warsaw to which Wajda recently exhibited his *Danton*.

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Carol Rumens

The Little Daughters of Allah

1

A waste tip, talcumed with dust.
A tile-blue sky, the great mosque-lamp alight
as if nothing could extinguish it,
any more than these almond-skinned children.

They swarm in their pointed slippers through ash and orange-
peel, kicking a bottle that never held djinns
in its dented plastic; boys and girls together
—though the girls are modestly sleeved to wrist and ankle.
They fly, but already their hems are tugged by Fate.

The bravest, laughing, thrusts her palm at me,
pink as a tongue. What I'd choose to give her
instead of these miserable centimes would take years;
it would weigh like a lump of brass in her apron pocket,
and, when she got it home, her mother would die.

But I am only a short-lived Western djinn;
the bottle that brought me here with a fire-tailed scream
will speed me away soon. Be glad, little daughter,
that they are not in my power, those gifts of pain.

2

The children are at the loom of another world.
Their braids are oiled and black, their dresses bright.
Their assorted heights would make a melodious chime.

They watch their flickering knots like television.
As the garden of Islam grows, the bench will be raised.
Then they will lace the dark-rose veins of the tree-tops.

The carpet will travel in the merchant's truck.
It will be spread by the servants of the mosque.
Deep and soft, it will give when heaped with prayer.

The children are hard at work in the school of days.
From their fingers the colours of all-that-will-be fly
and freeze into the frame of all-that-was.

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Peter Redgrove

The Big Store

I.
The butterfly is feeding on the snapdragons,
The butterflies that feed on sheep-dung,
Oily sheep-dung, and spread more gorgeous rainbows
Across their backs, more gorgeous velvets,

Being as they are full of rain
And flour of flowers. There is
The flint cracked into blue and white
Like sky underground, butterfly-wing blue,

There is the flint-mine full of sealed firmaments,
And the blue thistle bursting out of the sealed mine,
In its tight collar like a fountain of sky; and there are also

The bright butterflies that live on oil
Of ships' lanterns and spread their
Gorgeous lighted costumes across their backs,
Trajes de luces; who buy and sell their bodies

On the floors of the meadows, in the basements
Of the lake, the moving stairways of the currents
Of air and water in multi-levelled emporia,
The woods a city of the Big Store

A city where all the shop windows are left open,
Or a pub with the coloured alcohols circulating,
Juices of infinite electricity, the cells of the trees
All stacked like old smugglers' bottles
Square so they won't roll and give the game away,
Honeycombs of whisky and Irish cream;
The springwater rushes into the well rolling the flints,
But insects are the scattered body of the world uniting
They have the freedom of that carcass like Midsummer Sales,
Like shoppers returning home with stouted bread-baskets,

Soft goods and all the groceries of blood.

II.
The cedar-smelling water from the well
Under the cedars, I am solitary
As black mud, yet visit its depth like a lighted shop

All the millions of candles lighted under the soil;
I shop in the wet wood and the little stream,
The assistants unroll the streams to let me see
The fabric and clothe myself in it, unroll
The little brook like a counter of silk,

Unroll the fabric of the forest-tasting water
So in the presence of dreams I may write my thoughts
As in the shade of trees, the rock tree underground
Fruiting with flints moving its boughs slowly,

Overhead streaming with the heavenly blue juice of flints.

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HERE'S A QUIZ for early summer. What do the following writers have in common? Molière and Anthony Burgess? Maxim Gor'ky and Ignazio Silone? Katherine Mansfield and Gérard de Nerval? Francis Carco and Frank O'Connor? Paul Eluard and Nathanael West?

Second question: What are the following authors' best-known works? Wilhelm de Kostrowitzky? Paul Antschel? Frédéric Sauser? A.-F. Thibault? L. M. Julien Viaud? Alberto Pincherle? Louis Farigoule? A.-A.-L. Dupin? Netty Radvanyi? François de Montcorbier?

By now, a clue must have surfaced. The name of the game is *pseudonyms*. "Molière" was born Jean-Baptiste Poquelin; "Anthony Burgess" John Burgess Wilson. "Gor'ky" was Aleksey Mikhaylovich Peshkov; "Silone" began life as Secondo Tranquilli. "Katherine Mansfield" was Kathleen Beauchamp; "Gérard de Nerval" was Gérard Labrunie. "Francis Carco" was the pen-name of François Carcopino; "Frank O'Connor" that of Michael O'Donovan. "Eluard" was really Eugène Grindel; "Nathanael West", Nathan Wallenstein Weinstein.

The answers to the second question follow suit: *Alcools* ("Guillaume Apollinaire"); *Die Niemandsrose* ("Paul Celan"); *L'or* ("Blaise Cendrars"); *La révolte des anges* ("Anatole France"); *Pêcheur d'Islande* ("Pierre Loti"); *La Romana* ("Alberto Moravia"); *Knock* ("Jules Romains"); *La petite Fadette* ("George Sand"); *Das siebte Kreuz* ("Anna Seghers"); and *La ballade des pendus* ("François Villon").

Chance, and an effort to make things easier, has led to an emphasis on France. Equally, to avoid giving the game away too soon, I've omitted the one Frenchman whom the subject of pseudonyms automatically calls to mind: Henri Beyle, a.k.a. "Stendhal", alias "Banti", "Dominique", "Henry Brulard", etc. This year, besides being Karl Marx's centenary, is the two hundredth anniversary of Beyle or Stendhal; and it's that fact which set me thinking about the whole subject of pen-names and what they imply.

French critics in particular have speculated on Stendhal's reasons for never writing under his own name: the trauma of his mother's death when he was seven—the tension between 18th-century rationalism and the passions of the Romantic movement—the stance of detached observer contradicted by the impact of his presence on what he observed. Irony and pseudonymity, it's suggested, were tools for handling loves and hatreds which otherwise might have burned him. As it was, he died of apoplexy. It's hot work staying cool.

But if France provides the supreme example of the *nom de plume*, this is hardly typical. There was a time, undoubtedly, when French writers with odd, undistinguished, or insufficiently Gallic names looked for suitable substitutes. A head-count, however, shows far more instances amid the perils of Eastern Europe. There, as Virgil so nearly wrote, *timor addidit alias*. Ireland is another rich source—not so much of pen-names as of ethnic orthography: John MacHale becomes Seán Mac Eil, Peter O'Leary Peadar Ó Laoghaire. Britain offers many examples, of which more later; but the clearest fact which emerges from a survey of the field is that Europe has produced many times more literary pseudonyms than the United States.

I SAY "LITERARY" advisedly. The pop music scene, in America as in Europe, abounds in make-believe nomenclature; and Hollywood has always been a name factory as well as manufacturing dreams. Does anyone remember Lucile Langhanke? "Mary Astor" may still ring a distant bell. Julius Ullman and Gladys Smith? "Douglas Fairbanks" and "Mary Pickford." Yssur Danilovitch Demsky? "Kirk Douglas." Sean O'Feeny? "John Ford." The aim, it seems, was to produce a reassuring label, easily pronounced by clumsy tongues, and redolent of American virtues. When Samuel Goldfish formed a film company with the Selwyn brothers, they shrewdly called it "Goldwyn" not "Selfish": as one commentator observed, the strudel turned into apple pie. In those days it was important to be a WASP—so Margarita Cansino became "Rita Hayworth" and Michael Igor Peschkowsky turned into "Mike Nichols." Only quite recently have stars and directors begun to settle for surnames like Hoffman, Bogdanovich, or Friedkin; and even in today's much franker movie world, an actor as assured as "Michael Caine" seldom revives his original name of Maurice Micklewhite. In an art still appealing mainly to non-sophisticates, such care is understandable. As a friend once remarked, "When you come to think of it, "Shakespeare" is a funny name." So is its French counterpart, "Root."

OUTSIDE the studios, pseudonyms are rare in the United States. Mystery writers still use them,

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following the tradition of Willard Huntington Wright, better known as "S. S. Van Dine", and the two cousins, Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee, who together made up "Ellery Queen." In the 19th century, pen-names were popular with humorists like "Josh Billings" (Henry Wheeler Shaw), "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby" (David Ross Locke), and "Artemus Ward" (Charles Farrar Brown)—not to mention the greatest of them, Samuel Langhorne Clemens or "Mark Twain." William Sidney Porter's *nom de plume* "O. Henry" was a pen-name in two senses: he adopted it while in the penitentiary on an embezzlement charge. In this century, Leo Rosten has used the permeable alias of "Leonard Q. Ross", and the playwright "John Patrick" has discarded his surname of Goggan. But most American writers seem to feel that there's something underhand or even un-American about concealing one's name. Their openness goes with the national body-language: the firm handshake, the steady eye-contact, the friendly grin. Even very devious critics, poets, and novelists put on a show of candour. An alias would smack of shady company and show business. Stand up and be named.

IN EUROPE, it's altogether different—not just because Europeans are more shamelessly wily, but partly because many writers begin by moonlighting. As staid civil servants, diplomats, or businessmen, they're not expected to be artists or entertainers: for that gypsy role, they need a disguise. So David Cornwell at the Foreign Office becomes "John le Carré"; Richard Clayton at the Board of Trade becomes "William Haggard"; Harry Hoff at the Civil Service Commission becomes "William Cooper." At the Quai d'Orsay, Alexis Léger wrote his poems as "Saint-John Perse"; in business, Henry Yorke wrote novels as "Henry Green." Few are fooled, but appearances and official regulations are saved.

Akin to moonlighting, for serious writers, is concocting detective stories. Some go boldly about it. Graham Greene labelled his thrillers "entertainments" and suppressed two feeble examples; but he put his name to them, and later elided the distinction between them and his novels. Others are circumspect—few more so than the Italianate American who now calls himself "Evan Hunter" and uses "Ed McBain" for his mysteries. "Sax Rohmer", creator of Dr Fu Manchu, remained so enigmatic that his real name has been variously spelled as "Ward", "Warde", and "Wade." It took many years to track down "B. Traven." And even open secrets can remain half-closed for years. How long was it before you identified "Michael Innes" as the scholarly J. I. M. Stewart?

Moonlighting, in some cases, means producing more of much the same. The writer of sea-stories Douglas Reeman makes no bones about doubling as "Alexander Kent." In his own name he offers contemporary tales; as "Kent", historical yarns. For grateful readers, it's simply a packaging device. John Dickson Carr ("Carter Dickson") likewise ladled out two different detectives, according to brand-name and taste. And some prolific story-tellers adopt pseudonyms simply to conceal the extent of their output. Frank Richards, of "Greyfriars" fame, grew quite indignant when George Orwell mistook him for a syndicate. John Creasey diversified his stream of books with a plethora of by-lines; and some kind of record must surely be held by Eleanor Hibbert, who used no fewer than six names for her spate of romances: "Jean Plaidy", "Eleanor Burford", "Ellalice Tate", "Elbur Ford", "Kathleen Kellow", and "Victoria Holt." Several non-Plaidy books were later republished over the "Jean Plaidy" imprint. It all recalls Bernard Shaw's retort to the lady who said: "Sometimes, Mr Shaw, you seem to me to be two people." "Really? Why only two?"

But there can be deeper reasons for taking on a pseudonym. The Brontës and "George Eliot" felt the need to pose as men; and even now the element of posing need not be despised. "Rebecca West" (the writer, not the character in *Rosmersholm*) not unnaturally felt that Cicily Fairfield was too fluffy a name for her. "George Orwell" sounded plainer and more solid than the baptismal Eric Blair. In each case, the new name fitted the true persona: if it amounted to packaging, it was less a matter of image than of honesty, like labelling tobacco "full strength."

IN SUCH CASES, the pseudonym helps the writer to live up to himself. He may be famous already, as Romain Gary was: his public and his publishers may have fixed expectations: his life itself may be in a mess. What more natural, then, than to take on a new identity? Not by leaving one's clothes on some deserted beach and turning up in Australia with a beard and impenetrable dark glasses—but by sitting down, as Gary did, to write four further novels under another name, "Emile Ajar." Instead of confiding in his publisher, Gary hoaxed him. He persuaded a relative to deliver the manuscripts and play the part. The upshot was that "Ajar" won the 1975 Goncourt Prize, which Gary had won nineteen years earlier. So the Goncourt Academy broke their own rules by giving the prize to the same author twice.

When the story broke two years ago, amusement was overshadowed by memories of how

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Gary and his ex-wife Jean Seberg had both committed suicide. But Paris critics, seldom sentimental, were intrigued by the way in which the new pen-name—"Gary" itself was a contraction from "Kacewgary"—had liberated new powers. The mechanism works, too, for scribes more modest than prize-winning novelists. Subjectively, it's a little like foreign travel, or switching to another language, or wearing different clothes. For the time being, you can throw off some of the things that bore or depress you, get out of your accustomed rut. At first, no one need know your ordinary name: you can seek in yourself those neglected talents that lie rusting for want of use. No need to fear predetermined reactions; no need to worry about superficial consistency with anything else you've written; no need to feel limited. The world is again your oyster, and you have a new sharp knife.

I SPEAK with feeling, obviously. Pseudonymous writing resembles ghost-writing—except that the client is oneself. In the past, for *ex officio* reasons, I've ghosted two books for well-known people. I enjoyed the challenge of thinking my way into another mind, finding the right idiom, achieving pastiche without a touch of parody. But there remained a barrier; partly linguistic, since we spoke different native languages, but partly also because working within what one knew of another person's thoughts made it hazardous to think actively oneself. One might skate right off the rink. Hence, I suspect, most ghost-written books are finally dull, because unduly timid.

And many writers, after a certain point, are in danger of ghosting their own books. There are always requests to repeat any successful formula. "Write a sequel!" is the publisher's unspoken injunction. "I know I'm good at *this* sort of thing" is the writer's way of conniving with habit. Only sharp effort and energy can break out.

Well, then, try a pseudonym: it changes the client. He's no longer your past self, your established persona. He's you, now. And although the air feels full of tang and promise and danger, you know this fellow well enough to bustle about with confidence, trying things this way and that. "O my America! my new-found-land!" Donne was thinking of his mistress. A lesser man might be thinking of his *nom de plume*.

Of course, there are pen-names and pen-names. Some—"Joseph Conrad", "Voltaire", "Curzio Malaparte", "Mark Rutherford", "Céline"—must once have seemed liberators, capacious enough for anything their users wanted. With time and repetition, they shrank. But others—"Lewis Carroll", "James Bridie", "Hugh MacDiarmid"—must surely always have been so determinate as to limit the writer's freedom. Could Dodgson, writing as "Carroll", have treated politics directly? Could Mavor or Grieve, as "Bridie" or "MacDiarmid", have transcended the Scottish scene? How did they react to using their own names?

If some pseudonyms, finally, are cramping, what of those which became, or are always, an open secret? A few generations ago, there was a vogue for pen-names which were almost nicknames: "Saki", "Ouida", "Q", "A. E." They had their counterparts outside Britain: "Alain", "Jean Paul", "H. D." In one sense, their use was an index of intimacy, like a family joke. In another, it confirmed the Romantic view of the writer as a special being—perhaps a kind of uncle, like "G. K. C." (Chesterton) or "H. G." (Wells); perhaps a sprite; perhaps a feline visitant from childhood, as sexless and dangerous as Peter Pan. By removing forename and surname, these pseudonyms drew a circle round them thrice, invoking unwarranted magic, midway between a wizard and a music-hall conjuror.

"Stendhal", somehow, has never given me that impression. Fed on honeydew? Drunk with the milk of paradise? There was nothing cosy or fey about his one-word pen-name. His implacable eye was as sobering as a touch of steel at your throat. Above all, there was no conniving—with habit, with expected response, with a clientele. He remained his own man, and he kept his secrets: including his true identity. That, like his writing, was reserved for the happy few.

M

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NOTES & TOPICS

Stirring Up Apathy

On Media Blindness—By EDWARD PEARCE

AN ABIDING source of warm comfortable rage on the Left is the media. They are universally proclaimed to be Right-wing, biased, and in need of being offset by balancing statements. This means in practice a sales-reducing blast from a convenor of shop-stewards. And if you really wanted to smash a newspaper industry which is more nearly bust since I last wrote on the topic ["Unfreedom of the Press", ENCOUNTER, December 1982], no better mechanism could be devised.

But what of the allegation: is it even true? For anyone with an eye and an ear for the English language the London *Standard*'s headline reporting M. Mitterrand's expulsion of Soviet agents from France which put the word "SPIES" into inverted commas, hardly looked like the work of the hard unbending Right. As Alun Chalfont pointed out in these pages last month, certain words are nowadays used precisely as Left-wing propagandists wish them to be used. If a private from Norfolk is shot in the back on Army patrol in Ulster his relatives are likely to learn not only from the television but from the "Right-wing" press that he has been *executed*!

This sort of odious insolent usage may simply be the product of the sound working ignorance with which many sub-editors are equipped, and for which Mr Crosland's comprehensive schools seem chiefly to have been designed. It may just be an extension of the illiteracy which has bloomed even in the value-free, politically motiveless territory of the apostrophe—"Mr Brooks' opinion", or the militant vandalism of The *Standard*'s Diarist who has forbidden the definite article at the start of any paragraph: "Diary Editor Keith Wheatley demands. . . ."

Of course there is a lot of simple inarticulacy around in journalism; and the fears of Hunter Diack, who invented the Vocabulary Quotient at Nottingham University in the early 1970s, finds expression through junior zombies of no ill-will but diminished verbal equipment.

Equally, it is quite true that on certain subjects the press (or most of it) is very committed indeed and will duff up any going Left-wing cause like some Victorian citizen using his life preserver on a footpad. The press *is* as biased "against the Trade Unions" as Mr Benn says, and for one overwhelming reason. It knows about them. The regular victim of the most coercive and expensive union organisations in Western Europe, the Fleet Street chapels (about which it must not write), the press (including journalists who happen to think the world of Fidel Castro) knows its enemy. Read the *Daily Mail* regularly and a faint (if only very faint) compensating sympathy for the unions may develop.

A SIMILAR RELENTLESSNESS applies to the treatment of Royalty, which has political connotation. Queen-coverage, royalty-coverage generally, even Princess-coverage—despite the tedious quarrel between the great ones and Mr Murdoch's *Sun*—is as glutinous as a vat full of cherry-flavoured monosodium glutamate. "DI STUNNED THE AUSSIES" in front-page blow-ups, in the tiny patter of the running footmen accompanying the tour, and in editorials of intestine-twirling sycophancy. A great part of the popular press and the very limited men who work for it can be relied upon to reproduce attitudes of devotion to the Royal House which would have been broadly in order at the Habsburg Court of Franz Josef.

The press is also biased to the Right on the simple question of the two political parties. It is beginning to show a bobby-soxish devotion to Mrs Thatcher which those who rather admire her find embarrassing. And it can of course bring its specialised writers of intelligent reasoned articles (a very narrow specialisation) into play for straightforward party-political ends.

The Unions, Royalty, and the Tories! That is a

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short and limited list. But it almost exhausts the range of Right-wing bias.

IN OTHER WORDS, so long as we stick to issues which have immediate application to this country, the Press—but hardly the Broadcasting media—aggressively prefers the private to the public and the ceremonial to the drab. They were noisily patriotic over the Falklands, a drum-and-trumpet affair whose merits and necessity were almost lost in the coarse nationalism with which it was attended. But can the press show a decent liberality or sustain interest when issues of foreign affairs are concerned? Like Neville Chamberlain it is not easily nor for long moved by issues which concern "a far-away country of which we know *little*."

If one looks at inside columns in the more serious papers something, not very much, emerges of the charge that aid to Ethiopia has gone astray; so far astray that it has been spent on weaponry for the better battering of a rebel province. The matter was taken up and details filled in by readers in the classic and admirable way of *The Times* when it and its readers are on form. But the coverage, not just of diverted Aid, but of the war in that country and the quite horrific régime presided over by Colonel Menghistu Haile Meriam has been a matter of parenthetic passive notice.

One seems to recall having read that when Mussolini invaded what was Abyssinia and is now Ethiopia, it was a topic not permitted rest by the opponents of the Fascist powers. Ethiopia, which is of some strategic importance, has been under effective Soviet control since the mid-1970s. And a succession of cruel wars with rebel provinces have received negligible attention. The dead bury their dead and we do not hear about them.

It is quite otherwise with El Salvador, a country not less obscure or more deserving of compassionate interest than Ethiopia, but one which, at a steady and sustained level, receives it. El Salvador is governed by a régime of the Spanish Colonial peasant-shooting caste. It is nasty indeed but not nastier than Ethiopia where the oppositional outs have been culled with a ferocity which stretches from Addis Ababa cabinet table to the Somalian border. But while Mr Jonathan Dimbleby has been to Central America and been shocked, the Broadcasting services have made no equivalent coverage of sub-Saharan Africa, nor has the Press reported it with remotely equivalent detail or commitment.

The Observer—a newspaper with a strange cocktail of contributors over the years: from the most honourable humanity (Astor, Cranksaw, O'Brien), by way of some oddly official-minded reports out of Eastern Europe, all the way to the one-time employment of a Mr H. A. R. Philby—showed a cartoon in early April to illustrate developments in what journalists would call "neighbouring Nicaragua." Three evil-featured and nightmarish pigs wre devouring the edges of Nicaragua. They were marked "CIA", and President Reagan looked benignly on. An equivalent cartoon—a bestial metaphor and the crude scrawl of "KGB"—would have been unthinkable, or more precisely of insufficient interest, in the context of Ethiopia or Benin, or Angola or South Yemen or any country outside Europe in which the Soviets have seized direct or indirect control.

WHEN IT COMES TO reporting from distant countries, the Left make the running. They beat a drum and we all appear to respond to it. The unengaging John Pilger makes his film about the evacuation of South Viet Nam, and one TV critic (speaking of the preview he had seen) was able to write about the panic and distress *of US collaborators*, a term which was *not* put into inverted commas, unlike Soviet "spies" in that London *Standard* headline. Of course, the American withdrawal was discreditable and dishonourable—it was also in total accord not only with the desires of the John Pilgers but with a broad consensus of the Western media. The war ended where the most absolute pessimists, who were thus those most committed to a military stand, had predicted—in death, totalitarian victory, and all those other miseries which were hardly reported.

In the same fashion, the Viet Cong, generally accepted in the West as an autonomous, popular, spontaneously erupting force, has now been revealed for what "hard-liners", "reactionaries", and "ultras" (I too keep a set of inverted commas) had always claimed—a section of the North Vietnamese Army, acting on the orders of General Giap! We know this to be true for, eight years after the last great Campus Teach-in, General Giap has told us so.

And when one says that the Left makes the running in the reports from distant battlefields, that means that the most bigotedly anti-American element is out in front. El Salvador and Nicaragua are big news because they reflect dubious American actions, real or alleged. The cruelty of an African or Asian régime with Soviet connections is not attended to or blazoned as what it is, for reasons which are subtly negative. I am not broadly alleging pro-Soviet loyalties among foreign-news tasters; that peculiar preference does exist, but it takes the dull, discreet form of

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treating such violently unpopular régimes as states of normality to be amended only by changes of personality here and there. Such pro-Soviet feeling as exists is soft-spoken and uncontroversial, concerned only with the Party's perfect official legitimacy. Hence the empathy which a certain kind of authoritarian Tory often finds beyond the Elbe.

WHAT IS MORE IMMEDIATELY interesting is a passion to score off the Americans, to point up the innate evil of any sort of American action. In case this seems a little narrow-focused, let it be added that a sturdy anti-British feeling also flourishes. It is *not* an accident that a certain kind of TV man wants to interview IRA gangboys without caring a brass button for the British soldier who last night in Belfast had his life extinguished on the say-so, maybe at the very hands, of these interesting and relevant contributors to the dialogue.

Yet the same news programme, or one cognate with it, will have its cameras dwell lovingly and lingeringly on the horrific burns of soldiers and sailors injured in the Falklands battle. The British Army in Ulster has suffered a great deal by death and mutilation in its successful attempt to prevent a North Atlantic Lebanon from breaking out. Perhaps I omit something; but I recollect no caressing shots of hurt or injury equivalent to those of the young soldier Simon Weston shown at painstaking length in early April. Of course Simon Weston is an unimaginably brave and unlucky young man who is owed everything his country can do for him. But the context of his injuries suggests the argument—British re-taking wrong . . . not worth the price in human suffering.[1] Pictures of an IRA victim in Belfast would only suggest the straightforward barbarity of the enemy.

THE BIAS of the press is, then, narrow and domestic. The Tory press is like Cromwell's russet-coated captain. "It knows what it fights for and loves what it knows." But how breathtakingly little does it know!

. . . "King Arthur" Scargill . . . "*Union Militants Told, 'Go back!' say Angry Mums*" . . . the various pieces of drollery served up by the newsworthy and newsfeeding Greater London Council of "Red Ken" Livingstone . . . Michael Foot Bad thing, Margaret Thatcher Good thing . . . *Di is Wonderful!* . . .

Aneurin Bevan was wrong. We are not the most prostituted press in the world but sometimes we are a good candidate for the stupidest, and certainly we must be among the most narrowly parochial.

Part of the reason is economic. Newspapers struggle along, pay their protection money in the form of Directors' Salaries to hundreds of men working machines which should have been sold for old iron twenty years ago; and make their Fleet Street economies where they could actually do a useful journalistic job. The number of foreign correspondents has dropped until they have become precious to ecologists trying to save rare birds. We fail to report awfulness in Africa because, give-or-take a man in Johannesburg, we fail to report Africa. South-east Asia is an extravagance beyond our news-fetching means. It is the agencies or nothing. As for the quality of expert interpretation which goes into those foreign tapes, suffice to say that too much of it is elderly, half-pensioned, tired, acquiescent and indifferent.

The Left understands the need to exploit, to cynically play long and hard any issue which can damage the West, and they have their quota of "useful idiots" to do it for them on our screens. We make no corresponding attempt, not to *exploit*, but to give full, even-handed coverage to an issue injurious to the Soviets unless it positively stands up and announces itself on the tannoy. It could be argued that Poland has been a partial exception, "the Tory press giving credence to such religion-ridden regressions as *Solidarity*", as one gentle commentator put it in *Marxism Today*. Indeed there has been some distinguished reporting out of Poland. But how much attention did we give in 1970 or 1976? The shootings in the Baltic ports were known but not attended to. Only when Poland made herself an inescapable issue did we begin to devote plenty of space and quality reports. The *Daily Telegraph* has good reason to be proud of Robin Gedye, and there is the admirable Timothy Garton-Ash. But they can always be offset by the proprietor of a major newspaper who believes that General Jaruzelski is a patriot and that he is attempting "to build a bridge between orthodox Communism and something better." And there are elderly Tory personages in the press so hostile to trade unions or labour movements, or perhaps to what they would call "the lower orders", that they privately declare themselves out of all sympathy with these tiresome people, the Polish workers. An ignorant, complacent incuriosity plays a great part in Fleet Street's numb response to the world. There *are* specialists and eye-witnesses who care, but they have a struggle on their hands as Malcolm

[1] A Labour MP, Mr George Foulkes, provoked something of a political storm by his hostility (government propaganda!) to the visit in April of bereaved relatives to the Falkland Islands—". . . the relatives will be shaken at the reality of what their sons and brothers died for—the shanty town of Port Stanley, the scattered sheep farms and the barren islands. . . ."
Presumably if the battle was to liberate territories as pretty as a Swiss valley, or a sunny Spanish beach, then it would have been more truly worth while.

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Muggeridge discovered long ago, as a Moscow correspondent, when he made the first attempt to report mass murder by government-engineered famine in the Ukraine. They are up against a stupendous thick-headed indifference which, asked to explain itself, will become very Tory-philosophical and will talk about despair over "*the human condition*." By which self-flattering conceit is meant a cheerful acceptance of whatever cruelties may happen far away. Now by extension, this moral apathy—personal inadequacy erected into a neglectful philosophy—applies where the cruelties and the opression are enacted from the Right. The Left have El Salvador and the other abominable régimes of Central America to themselves because Flaccid Man, the Tory philosopher, has no response of any kind to make. It is all very stoically comforting.

Such indifference to foreign realities, to knowledge of the external world, makes possible the newspaper careers of Victor Louis, the well-known Soviet citizen and British correspondent, the atrocious Edward Carr who functioned as the Soviet Union's apologist on *The Times*, and those other, different figures, the Cowboy-Baiters, whose giggling purpose is to mock ourselves or our allies, not for any coherent political reason, but from a trifling spurious sophistication.

The whole quality of media coverage of international affairs requires urgent attention. Omissions and inadequacies sometimes stem from the apathy I have mentioned, sometimes from the influence of an occasional malign figure, most of the time out of ludicrously inadequate foreign news budgets, and increasingly from local censorship not combated.

But whatever the reasons, and when all the brave, honourable exceptions have been listed—a list which might properly be headed with the name of the BBC's Michael Charlton—the job is not done. And the job which is required on foreign news is neither propaganada nor selective emphasis of the kind which attends certain domestic news; it is a full and proper coverage, concerned only to tell the truth.

There is a certain point at which provincialism becomes unpardonable; for, to the narrow-minded and closed-spirited, nothing alien ever appears human. I am afraid there is no way round the words of Terence, "*Homo sum, humani nil a me alienum puto.*" Too much of what concerns humans, if it is a little distance off, has a way of ending on the spike, a form of crucifixion found these days in Fleet Street to be quite acceptable.

Letter from Paris

Are there any Liberals in France?

An Ideological Curiosity—By Jean-François Revel

In considering whether or not there is any such thing as a liberal philosophy or any body of "liberal" believers in France, you at once come up against the fact that the word "*libéral*" is one of the most nebulous in the whole political and economic lexicon. In the United States it is applied to the egalitarian-minded supporters of a massive redistribution of national income, together with heavy deficit spending and extensive central control of industrial life. In Western Europe that kind of "liberal" would usually be classified as a rather left-wing social democrat, practically a Marxist. On the other hand in France "*libéralisme*" is closely bound up with the idea of the market economy, if not with "unbridled competition" or "the capitalistic jungle"—for it is supposed to be an idea of *la droite*. This version has been fostered by a century of socialist ideology. Yet in the 19th century the liberals were precisely the opposite: under the Restoration they were those who followed Benjamin Constant in contesting the authoritarian monarchy, limited suffrage, and illiberal restrictions on the freedom of the press, as well as on trade and industry. In the 20th century there has never

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been any explicitly "liberal" party in France; there is a party which bears that name in Italy and in Britain, and one in Germany [1]—but not in France. There is an association of liberals in the European Parliament, but the group of French Euro-MPs which goes under that name, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's *UDF (Union pour la démocratie française)*, relinquishes the name of liberal when it returns to the domestic political scene, not unlike those horses which go under different names at the racecourses in Belgium and in France.

It is characteristic that one of the greatest modern theorists of liberalism, Alexis de Tocqueville, who originally had immense influence on his own time, has been relatively little read in the 20th century. For the last 30 years there has been a Tocqueville "revival", but it has remained intellectually confined to professional sociologists and historians, and has not reached the general public. *Democracy in America* has certainly enjoyed far less currency among French students over the last twenty years than Professor Herbert Marcuse or Mao's *Little Red Book*.

COULD IT BE THAT French culture is especially refractory to the liberal spirit? Taking the threefold—economic, political and cultural—definition of liberalism, we can agree upon a minimal definition: namely that liberals are those who *(1)* advocate a bare modicum of state intervention in the operation of civil society, and *(2)* are in favour of leaving to the free choice of all those who make up civil society everything which does not need to be decided directly by the civil power. My aim here is not to draw conclusions about the validity of this doctrine, only to examine whether it is represented by appreciable, influential forces and trends in France, either political or cultural.

One glance at the history of France, both past and present, compels the answer no. Liberals have always played a marginal or short-lived role in French political life. The presidency of Giscard d'Estaing, whose "*libéralisme avancé*" actually stood for an unauthorised kind of social democracy, was an attempt to steer a different course, away from the Gaullist *droite* as well as the socialist and communist *gauche*. At the end of that seven-year term, the second Barre government, after the parliamentary elections of March 1978, tried to orient economic policy towards "*moins d'Etat*" and "*davantage de marché*" "less state, more market"—it adopted a liberal philosophy of industrial redeployment, and took measures to abolish price controls and to reduce loans and subventions for public enterprises. But apart from this one brief interlude, there is no denying that in France both the Left and the Right have exhibited the same tendency to keep on extending the role of the state in the administration of civil society. These parallels go back a long way, and in fact it was Tocqueville himself who, in *The Ancien Régime and the Revolution* (1856), showed that it was the Jacobins who completed the old monarchy's long-term evolution towards the bureaucratic centralised French state.

LOOKING BACK ON the last half-century, what emerges is the way the state has continually tightened its grasp on three basic sectors: the economy, education, and information. There have been lulls, a few minor setbacks, efforts towards diversification and any number of eloquent manifestos with no practical outcome; but the broad march of the French nation towards investing its powers of economic, cultural, and informational decision in the holders of political power has never been halted. Furthermore, it has rolled forward under Socialist governments, with or without the Communists, in just the same way as under Christian Democrat or Gaullist governments. The only development which has to some extent counterbalanced the growth of the French state has been an external factor: the creation of the Common Market. By joining an international free-trade community, France has been compelled into competition, into a market economy which could no longer be manipulated to order (or not altogether). But it is no secret to anybody that right now the dearest wish of the Communists and of one wing of the Socialists is to revert to a policy of pre-War protectionism, under the slogan of "reconquering the domestic market." Don't forget that some of the most centralising reforms of the Vichy régime were retained after the *Libération*, in particular the nationalisation of the means of audiovisual communication (1941) and the creation of professional commissions designed to enable each industrial branch to determine its production in agreement with the ministerial authorities.

As it happens, the most virulent attacks on liberalism have marked the tradition of the far Right as well as of the Left. Before the War—and this is too often overlooked today—the most notorious critique of liberalism derived from the theories of *Action française* and especially of Charles Maurras, which were echoed by Mussolini and Hitler in their respective Axis lands. This tradition survives nowadays in what has come to be known as the "*Nouvelle Droite*." For them, the main enemy remains the United States. The movement's periodical magazine, *Eléments*, has recently sprung to the defence of the Socialist Minister of Culture, Jack Lang, who had made a series of vehement attacks on American culture and civilisation and has generally earned himself a fairly hostile recep-

[1]. Except that its German title, *Freie Demokratische Partei (FDP)*, omits the word "liberal."

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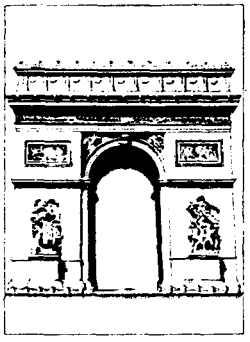
tion.[2] Of course the French New Right's membership is small, but the current of hostility towards liberalism is very much broader than the groupuscule itself, and extends to the centre-Right and to the centre itself.

If the present-day opposition in France finds itself devoid of a programme, it is because it does not dare to put forward the one programme which could provide a real alternative to the *étatisme* of state socialisation, namely a liberal policy and a liberal economy. And the reason why it does not dare to embrace such a policy is that in France the Right, whether "Gaullist" or "moderate", has a tradition almost as *dirigiste* as the Socialists'.

Letter from Paris

Mitterrand's Cultural Circus

By Wilfried Wiegand



THE SETTING was impressive: the great hall of the Sorbonne with its huge Puvis de Chavannes mural. Even more impressive was the list of over 300 names of those invited from all over the world by the French Ministry of Culture to take part in a "crash" conference lasting only a day-and-a-half. They included Graham Greene and Mary McCarthy, Susan Sontag and Luciano Berio, Umberto Eco and Giorgio Strehler, Léopold Sédar Senghor and Sophia Loren, Kate Millett and Volker Schlöndorff, Francis Ford Coppola and Gabriel García Márquez, Marina Vlady and Melina Mercouri, John Kenneth Galbraith, William Styron, and Norman Mailer—in short, a cross-section of the intelligentsia who play a part in present-day Western Culture. As was only to be expected, the current French government too was represented by a distinguished team, comprising President Mitterrand, his chief adviser Jacques Attali, and the Minister of Culture, Jack Lang.

The subject of the conference, announced in advance as *Crisis and Creativity*, on the day actually read *Creativity and Growth*. Actually, this made little difference: both phrases give vivid expression to one of the "key" ideas behind the new French cultural policy, namely that the only way to overcome the current worldwide economic crisis is by mobilising . . . artistic creativity. How exactly this is supposed to happen in detailed terms is not something most participants were able to tell us. There was no shortage of solemn exhortations; but I am afraid that little could be deduced from these beyond general declarations of good intent. "Speaking time" was severely restricted by the length of the speakers' list and the brevity of the proceedings; consequently the prevailing style was declamatory. Above all, there was too little time for genuine discussion, let alone for real controversy. As a result the most contradictory opinions were eloquently expressed one after another, and each was greeted with sedate applause. The point of the exercise? Clearly for most of those present it was the fact that they had been invited to Paris at all. . . .

THE ONLY TOPIC on which there was a broad measure of agreement (and, incidentally, the only one that saw at least the beginnings of some controversial discussion) was *Dallas*. The long-running American TV series came to symbolise in the eyes of the *conférenciers* all that *la culture* ought not to be. The illustrious figures from the arts and sciences—obviously *Dallas* connoisseurs—tirelessly inveighed against the "cultural imperialism" and "intellectual colonialism" of American television producers. The unidentified outsider who dared to suggest at a panel session that *Dallas* was not a grievous problem, since one could always switch off if one disliked it—that brave and lonely man received a further reprimand in the plenary session on the final day. It was true that all of us (i.e. artists and intellectuals) were in a privileged position, being free and able to switch off; but one must be sceptical in this regard as far as "other people" were concerned. Therefore we must see to it that all those other people are offered different (for which, I suppose, read "our") films to watch. The speaker I am quoting was, needless to say, a film director by trade.

The same kind of crass, conventional anti-Americanism characterised the contribution made by Susan Sontag, who complained bitterly that there was no such magnificent flowering of culture in America as, thanks to Minister Jack Lang (appropriate glances towards platform), France was currently enjoying. In America there were only "solo arts" (literature, painting), but no

[2] See *Eléments*, No. 43 (October-November 1982).

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Who is "Committed" (to What? and Why?)

THERE IS *something about the words "Writers' Conference" that makes the heart sink, and my heart duly sank, a week or two ago in New York, when I read a report of a literary gabfest, thus entitled, that was going on there [at the American-German Book Fair]. The theme was "commitment", and the argument was between those who believe that a writer has a duty to be a political activist in his writing and those who argue the contrary.*

LEAVING OUT **consideration of a writer in a totalitarian country who simply writes what he is told to, and who is no more a writer than a fountain pen is, where can a writer's commitment come from? Obviously, it can only come from some conviction he holds and wants to express. But then he *is* an activist by that fact alone, and no quantity of writers' conferences demanding activism from each other can affect his position; if he feels committed he is committed, and if he isn't committed he doesn't feel committed, and there is nothing to be conferred about.**

WHICH BRINGS ME *to another fallacy. There was useful guidance in New York from a German writer named Fritz Raddatz, who said:*

> **"It is the task of the writer to be not only radical on paper but fighting outside, far beyond what a book can do. If writers could carry out their fantasies and fears, politicians would not dare to do what they do to us. Politicians have no dreams."**

The important sentence is the first, though the second and third ought to be preserved beneath a glass dome, like a stuffed pheasant, as an example of the Higher Bosh in its purest form. The only thing politicians "do to" writers in countries like ours and Herr Raddatz's is to take them far more seriously than they have ever shown any sign of deserving, and to give them a substantial quantity of other people's money to enable them to insult both the politicians and the people more comfortably.

"It is the task of the writer to be not only radical on paper but fighting outside. . . ." Oh, is it indeed. I am not familiar with Herr Raddatz's writing, but sight unseen I am willing to wager that if that is his attitude the only use to which his books could be put by anyone who valued the printed word would be as a support for a billiard-table with one leg shorter than the other three. For his attitude, thus expressed, draws attention to the last of the fallacies in the New York *Syllabus Errorum*, the belief that "activism" means, and must mean, Left-wing activism, "Radical" is a word that does not in itself imply any political position. But it is invariably used by the kind of people who frequent writers' conferences to mean opposition to the political values of the only countries which give them the freedom to confer.

THE MOST URGENT *duty of any writer today is to insist, and to go on insisting, that writers have no urgent duties, as writers, to anything but writing. As citizens, taxpayers, parents, car-drivers, dog-owners, householders or members of the Association of Butter Blenders and Butter and Cheese Packers, writers have certain clear and definable duties. They also have the* right, *common to all in free countries, to be politically active in radical causes.*

But to claim, as does Herr Raddatz (with the obvious approval of many of the others at the conference), that a writer, because he is a writer, *must* be a political activist not only outside his work but inside it also, and moreover that his political activism must be of the "radical" persuasion, is to run the risk of reminding people like me that not so very long ago there were some frightfully committed writers in Herr Raddatz's country, as politically active as he could wish, and calls for more political activism than even he might have the stomach for.

I AM MYSELF *a writer of sorts, and few of my regular readers will suppose that I am without strong opinions. But it is not my writing that forms my opinions; it is my opinions that form my writing. The last word on the subject was said by Mary Renault, and I commend her view of the matter not only to Herr Raddatz but to any writer who is tempted to go to a writers' conference and there demand, or agree to the demands of others, that writers should assume a collective identity and propagate a collective cause:*

> **"I have yet to be persuaded that the word 'committed', if analysis is pressed home, will ever be found to mean anything which does not boil down to 'a state in which something else matters more than the truth.' There is nothing amusing about committal; the victims of that slaughter lie strewn around."**

Bernard Levin

in *The Times* (London)

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theatre in the European sense and also no "Pina Bausch." The fact that America, far from producing only "solo arts", also produces remarkable films, some of the very best architecture, and the world's leading avant-garde ballet, was mentioned neither by Ms Sontag nor by any of the following speakers. So enthusiastic was the applause for Susan Sontag, anyone would have thought she had been telling it like it is.

TIME RACED ON, the conference was drawing to a close, the hour had come for the final speeches. Mitterrand's chief ideologue, Jacques Attali, whom the Elysée Palace had taken the precaution of appointing "general *rapporteur*", took the floor and proceeded to tell one and all what in fact they ought to have been thinking. No one should succumb to the illusion that a pluralism of opinions had emerged at the conference; this was wrong; in fact the opposite was the case. For even if the majority had perhaps failed to notice it properly in the rush and crush, there had been total agreement on the principle that only the development of "creativity" could help to overcome the general crisis. Cultural achievements, he assured us, were on a par with economic products. The one, like the other, must (particularly with the help of the electronic media) be disseminated throughout the world. Occasionally the one must even "take the place" of the other.

Attali had done his little job of keynoting François Mitterrand's closing address. The French *Président*, however, had yet to appear in the hall. Léopold Sédar Senghor, chairing the proceedings from the platform, urged us all to wait in our seats (otherwise, he pointed out, we might not find them again). After a few minutes, escorted by a magnificently tail-coated page-boy complete with swinging chain of office and gleaming sword, Mitterrand entered the auditorium. Without (so far as I know) having been invited to do so, the plenum rose to its feet in its collectivity and gave him a standing ovation. When all were seated once more, a uniformed, much-decorated military adjutant appeared on the platform and handed President Mitterrand the typescript of his speech in a rich leather case. Senghor then declared that Mitterrand was a man of the arts "and a writer of talent", and two further speakers delivered themselves of—principally—votes of thanks to Mitterrand, to Jack Lang, and to France. Only then did Mitterrand open his leather case.

WHAT HE THEN SAID was in essence what his adviser Attali had already prepared us to believe: the fact that France had been increasing its cultural activity was "no accident." France was investing in culture because this was an investment in the future. The future of mankind would be characterised by an enormous cultural explosion. The leisure necessary for cultural production was already available; so were the new media; all that was required was for mankind to step up its level of cultural activity . . . whereupon, we were told, we should at last see the creation of all those good jobs whose non-existence was such a feature of the current crisis. After the speech everyone stood up again. The celebrities on the platform, whom Mitterrand now shook by the hand, bowed their heads to him in what used somewhat condescendingly (but in the old royal sense of the word) to be called a reverence. Embarrassed participants made a beeline for the exit—were they beginning to suspect that they had been attending not a colloquium but a publicity stunt staged for the benefit of the newly established French cultural policy?

This, as we are meanwhile beginning to hear throughout the rest of Europe, is "a model worth emulating." But is it? What is undeniable is that the French government is spending extraordinarily large sums on culture. But it is all too easily forgotten that—unlike in, say, West Germany—State-supported culture in France is also expected to fulfil political and (as emerged from this conference) economic policy functions. Thus, one important object of the promotion of cultural life in France is to commit intellectuals and artists to the new régime—in plain terms, to silence intellectual opposition or dissent by "buying it off." As Minister of Culture Jack Lang said, "If all who can identify with this government—and I am thinking particularly of artists, creative people, intellectuals—earnestly cooperate, the Left will be in power for a long time to come. . . ." Given such objectives, it was understandable that one or two intellectuals—even of the Left—should have made a point of dissociating themselves from the new government (the best-known example is Bernard-Henri Lévy).

THERE IS ANOTHER STRATAGEM involved. They like to suggest that by, promoting culture on the principle of doing a little something for everyone, the grand promise of "decentralisation" is actually being put into practice. In fact this can never be achieved as radically as has been suggested; it would mean dismantling the Paris/Ile-de-France conurbation. Accommodating almost a quarter of the population of France, this is not only the cultural and administrative centre of the country but also one of its principal economic regions. Such radical restructuring is something the country could not begin to afford financially (to say nothing of the political protest that would be

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voiced by the local residents). Finally, one begins more and more to suspect that France's cultural policy has the task of diverting attention from the country's catastrophic economic situation. The illusion being cultivated is that out of the accumulation of "unemployment and leisure" it only needs the divine creative spark to be struck—and once more there will be enough lovely jobs to go round.

I wonder. Is so much "creativity" lying fallow? And in the context of a deteriorating economy, wouldn't a precipitous increase in "cultural production" (assuming this were to come about) simply fail to find a market? Poor, struggling but talented artists may produce, but are the rest of the poor in a position to buy the product?

Such considerations are what Jean Candois, one of France's most respected industrial managers, was drawing attention to when in protest against the ideologisation of French economic policy he resigned the chairmanship of the nationalised chemical concern Rhône-Poulenc last autumn. Since then the firm—like ten more of the largest nationalised enterprises—has slid into the red; nor is there any prospect of these firms being rehabilitated financially. As for the "creative force" allegedly lying dormant, and needing only to be awakened and fed through the electronic media for things to be better again, why is there so little evidence yet of even the first signs of this cultural explosion? Plenty of TV channels are available, but nowhere have the programmes improved—least of all those of the state-owned ORTF—since the last change of government in France.

The ideologues of the French government, however, continue to insist that on the "creative fields of culture and the economy" the same battle is being fought, or so Jack Lang argued at the World Cultural Congress in Mexico. What do they have in mind? Expanding state-supported culture into a kind of alternative economy that will show better balances than the real economy, which is meanwhile heading for ruin as a result of state intervention? Can it be that France is backing culture not despite but because of the fact that the country is in a bad way?

At least a few came away from the Paris Conference with the impression that what looks like selfless promotion of culture is in reality largely a misuse of culture. Culture is more and more being made a handmaid of politics, and has now been appointed sick-nurse to an ailing economy. If anyone takes this generously state-subsidised culture as a new, hopeful French model, then the European intelligentsia is heading towards yet another round of illusions.

Letter from New York

Intellectual Controversy

By Peter Shaw

ARGUMENT in New York has always been known for its corrosively aggressive tone. But within the past year a new kind of bitterness has surfaced. The cause appears to be the split between Left and Right, which is something rather new in American intellectual life. Up until the late 1960s, it seemed, everyone was located somewhere on the Left. There was plenty of disagreement, and plenty of anger, so one could tell the story of the New York intellectuals in terms of factional splits and resentments. Until recently, however, the disputants could unite in at least one thing: contempt for day-to-day national politics. Agreement on this point was as firm during the innovative Roosevelt years as it had been in the intellectually sleepy era of Coolidge and Hoover. Not until the advent of John F. Kennedy in 1960 did intellectuals so much as come into national political life, and then only as anomalies who paid the price of exile from their true community.

Since 1980 one group of intellectuals has been associated, albeit qualifiedly, with the Reagan administration. Loose as this association may be, it has proved to be the one unforgivable sin—unlike, say, having been a supporter or "fellow-traveller" of Stalin. But what has given most offence is not so much support for Reagan's programmes, which has hardly been wholehearted, as association with the ungenerous attitude that Reagan is said to represent. That something other than opinions has been at stake became evident when an acidulous attack on the

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Grass Grows Greener

New York City

CHURCHILL *once remarked that the Germans are always either at your feet or at your throat. That may or may not be the case, but there is a third role which we Germans more often than not find ourselves playing—that of the* Besserwisser, *the man who knows better, the arrogant know-it-all who deals with the rest of the world in short-tempered schoolmasterly fashion. It leads to melancholy results, and we have been having no end of them in these recent days here, as the Americans have had to listen to German authorities of overweening self-confidence in matters military, diplomatic, economic, and last but not least literary. It is a curious turn of affairs, namely that from the one country which more than any other has been complaining of "victimisation by cliché" has come an unceasing stream of old-hat prejudices.*

The latest schoolmasterly lesson was administered to the Americans by Günter Grass, on the eve of his arrival in New York for the American-German Book Fair. The interviewer in the *New York Times Book Review* **asked him nicely how the American clichés about contemporary Germany and Germans could be overcome. This was pronounced to be, with wonted Teutonic earnestness, "a very important question" and was given a massive reply in the form of a very necessary "strict critique (***nur mit strenger Zensur***)." With almost military alacrity Grass took the offensive, and went mercilessly forward to expose American ignorance and naivety.**

I COUNTED *them all, and I don't think that one cliché was omitted from the anti-American compendium. Americans have no knowledge at all of the outside world, not of Germany or anywhere else, and don't care to learn, since they see themselves in their national destiny as saviours-of-the-world and as such feel free to attack in criminal fashion peoples with older cultures, as in Viet Nam and now in Latin America. Americans can only go on in their way by systematically refusing, "even among the educated classes", to take up the problems of other cultures. The Americans like to equate Germany with the Holocaust, but isn't it about time that they came to terms with their own susceptibility to fascism? He was convinced, Grass said, that "in the America of recent years strong fascist tendencies have become apparent. . . ." A country that practices racism, and under the Reagan administration is going in once again for early capitalist methods of exploitation, this land . . . has lost its right to point critically at others."*

But there were also literary themes. He was asked about the old West German literary group called Gruppe 47, *of which Grass and most other leading German writers and poets were regular members. He learned a lot from the group, Grass said. "I learned to listen, learned to be tolerant, to discuss—not just to say 'I like that', 'I don't like that'—learned to give reasons."*

Apparently the literary lessons did not carry over in the political field. Here the kind of self-indulgent clichés which the novelist and the poet would be loath to go in for become the order of the day. No one would want to deny that American misunderstandings of German affairs have been very irritating to us, and they have become a burden for international relations on both sides of the Atlantic—but German one-sided attitudes to the USA have now become even more grievous. It is not only foolish and arrogant but also dangerous to accommodate oneself to the simple-mindedness that holds that any position on the conservative right-of-centre is equivalent to "fascism."

To be a famous best-selling novelist does not automatically guarantee political insight, and aesthetic sensibilities do not prevent ideological heavy-handedness. In the face of an unreasoning argumentativeness, one can only regret that the literary penchant for tolerance and reasoned argument does not easily carry over.[1]

Sabina Lietzmann

in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*

[1] In the final Hotel Sheraton press conference (according to *Die Welt*, 7 March) Grass was questioned by over 200 journalists as if he were a foreign minister, but tried to reply in a conciliatory and even charming manner. He would be pleased if the Greens in the Bonn *Bundestag* continued to "defend important interests of the people." He was horrified by the "madness (*Wahnsinn*)" of the American military concepts now being transferred to Germany. He would refrain, if things went on as they were, from ever going abroad again as a cultural-political representative of the *Bundesrepublik*. Still, in the end, he became a little worried that politicians were more and more looking to advice from intellectuals and poets. He referred aptly to Goethe's Tasso and his relationship to the politician Antonio. Too much was becoming too much.

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intellectuals in question—the "neo-conservatives" as they have come to be known—was published in the form of a report by Alfred Kazin, in the 31 March issue of the *New York Review of Books*. The matter has proved sufficiently noteworthy to be reported on the gossip page of the local tabloid, *The New York Post*, under the headline, "Libs. vs. Ex-Libs: It's Open Warfare."

On 12–13 February, at New York's Plaza Hotel, the Committee for the Free World had sponsored a conference on *Our Country and Our Culture*. The title referred to an old *Partisan Review* symposium of 1951, which had marked a precedent-setting accommodation with American culture and power on the part of an earlier generation of American intellectuals. The Committee for the Free World had been formed in 1981—with this writer as a member—in much the same spirit. Like its predecessor of the 1950s, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, the new Committee is an international organisation dedicated to the intellectual defence of the Western democracies and their way of life. ("A straightforward rightist organisation", was Alfred Kazin's description.) "In full awareness", its founding statement announced, "of the derision to which the term 'the free world' has been subjected in recent years, we declare our conviction that this term signifies a living reality."

As if on cue, Kazin wrote at the outset of his report on the conference: "I confess that whenever I see a piece of print reading 'The Committee for the Free World, Midge Decter Executive Secretary,' I laugh." And he recalled the story in which Lyndon Johnson indignantly asked a young reporter: "How can you ask a chicken-shit question like that of the Head of the Free World?" It was not surprising that on its first day the tone of the Conference was one of dismay at the task of upholding artistic and scholarly values in the face of the ridicule that intellectuals can heap on the society that nurtures them. The panelists discussing "Politics and the Arts" described the novel, cinema, and other contemporary art as sustained largely by contempt for American culture—a contempt which was, in the main, identified with the politics of the Left. They did not expect this situation to change, and therefore were reduced, for the time being, to offering critical observations on the cultural state of affairs.

Those who discussed "The University and Its Discontents" lamented a similar debasement of values—this time those of scholarship—which were animated by the same politics. Here, too, there was said to be little prospect of improvement so long as the politicisation of scholarly subjects remained an accepted university practice.

On the second day, the panel on "The Responsibility of the Press" found similar biases among

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journalists. Recent studies by Stanley Rothman and S. Robert Lichter were cited as evidence of the Leftward bias of the media. Yet in this arena, at least, critics of the reigning attitude felt that they stood a good chance of bringing their critical influence to bear. Analyses of misreporting in the Falklands and Lebanese wars, for example, had not gone unnoticed by the networks and newspapers. The confident, combative tone of this session, the only one that Alfred Kazin attended, may have misled him into generalising it for the entire conference.

"I had no idea that the Left had retained so much power in the Reagan epoch", wrote Kazin ironically. He was commenting specifically on Hilton Kramer and *The New Criterion* magazine, where a similar account of the arts and journalism had been advanced. And in bringing the conference to a close Norman Podhoretz seemed to concur: he reminded the pessimists that much had changed since the '60s, and that the electoral triumph of Ronald Reagan was not unrelated to the anti-"countercultural" labours of those present. Alfred Kazin, it should be noted, could number himself among those who had rejected the "countercultural" debasement of values—partly in *Commentary* magazine, the journal whose continuing opposition to the same tendencies he now disapproved. Why had he apparently changed his mind?

WHEN THE PRESENT antagonists were united, in the 1960s, a potential breach between them had always lain in the nature of their opposition to the Countercultural Left. For those like Alfred Kazin and Irving Howe (whose recent volume of autobiography, *A Margin of Hope*, has become another point of reference for the two sides), the *aspirations* of the New Left were admirable, but its means and tone deplorable. In contrast, for those now known as neo-conservatives the entire thrust of the Left had been discredited by the excesses of this particular tendency. Subsequently, while Reaganism advanced to victory in national politics, the New Left of the '60s had undertaken the "long march through the institutions" recommended by the late Rudi Dutschke. The old aspirations were being carried out by workers in the environmental movement, in lawyers' "public action" committees, among Affirmative Action bureaucrats, and wherever else activists of the '60s had come to rest. These metamorphoses were deplored by the neo-conservatives—and applauded by liberals like Kazin.

The applause, though, continued to celebrate attitudes rather than any consideration of specifics. In this spirit, Kazin concentrated on the moral character of the Committee's members—which he rendered as selfish and hard-hearted—but did not take up any of the issues they raised. In fact in the course of the 1970s *The New York Review of Books*, at least, had gradually moderated its radical stand on many of the issues, going all the way from the famous Molotov Cocktail on its cover in 1968 to an article titled "The Missiles We Need" in 1983. Given the narrowing of substantive differences, it was not surprising that the debate should take a turn toward attitudes and personalities.

Alfred Kazin has had a long and distinguished career as a literary critic in the impressionist mode. In an age of academic hair-splitting, he has sailed above petty disagreements over the interpretation of literary texts. Writing in luminous prose, he has persevered in rendering his own subjective responses. He has in effect realised the literary-critical prescription to "raise one's personal impressions to the level of a general principle." Turning from literary criticism to the conference on *Our Country and Our Culture*, Kazin took from the whole proceedings one impression in particular: it lacked compassion.

In contrast, Kazin wrote, "our tradition" in America must always include "some ineradicable awareness that this buoyant and exciting society still rides cruelly over millions." He reported that the former editor of *The Washington Quarterly*, Michael Ledeen, "glowed with self-assurance" in his unconcern for the sufferings of South Americans (it called to Kazin's mind the self-assurance of the Bradford millionaire in *The Waste Land*). Kazin revealed that "a favorite thesis" of Professor Gertrude Himmelfarb "is that poverty, even in Victorian England (and despite the wealth of its documentation), was the delusion of upper-class types who were getting sensitive." Inasmuch as Professor Himmelfarb spoke about something else at the conference, and has never advanced such a thesis, it appears that Kazin had amalgamated his impressions of her personality with the title of her forthcoming book, *The Idea of Poverty*.

Midge Decter's views (unlike Kazin's) were always marked by "contemptuousness and ridicule." Kazin was also able to perceive that Jeane Kirkpatrick, the US representative to the United Nations (and a former *Commentary* contributor), "not only accommodated herself to 'authoritarian' states but came to like them." As for Norman Podhoretz, his ideas could be reduced to ambition, self-delusion, paranoia, and above all "heartlessness." Kazin could affirm that Podhoretz had no concern whatsoever for the "wretchedness on the streets of New York north and west of the Plaza."

If these impressions omitted any discussion of issues, they were not entirely without philosophical point. Since Kazin is known for moving

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easily in gracious surroundings, has been seen dining at the best restaurants, and relaxes at the Century Club, he can only be saying that his superiority to Podhoretz lies in taking these pleasures along with a sharper sense of inequity. This is a position attendant with a number of difficulties, of which two may be briefly mentioned. First, it would be difficult to certify that all liberals who agree with Kazin about the way the United States rides cruelly over millions feel the same compassion whenever they dine well. Second, it is a commonplace that the more compassionate physician is not always the one who benefits the patient most—especially when he denounces his rival instead of offering a diagnosis of his own.

WHILE IT IS NOT possible to certify the moral stature of those intellectuals whom Kazin measured and found wanting, it can be shown that the conference proceedings were not the orgy of self-satisfied mean-spiritedness evoked in his vivid but inaccurate account. Having attended only the last of the conference's three sessions, Kazin reported on what he "was told" about the first: that it flirted with the project of getting American novelists to write more conservatively. When the proposal came up, wrote Kazin, there were "no novelists, poets, critics, or philosophers at the conference to provide the media communicators present with elementary distinctions between the realms of art and 'American political power'." In fact, I rose to enforce precisely such a distinction. Whereupon Samuel Lipman (the concert pianist, music critic of *Commentary*, and publisher of *The New Criterion*) had replied: "I do want to make clear that I didn't mean that we should have conservative art, [or] that we should have art with a doctrinaire . . . point of view."

A transcript of the session that Kazin *did* attend shows that Irving Kristol, whom Kazin assured his readers he was quoting "word for word", never said that "the only journal in the English-speaking world worthy of respect is *The Economist*." Similarly a tape-recording, sensitive to sounds from the audience, reveals only silence where Kazin detected a "roar" of jingoistic pleasure during a presentation by John O'Sullivan, the editor of *Policy Review*. O'Sullivan did cite the *Sun* editorialist in Fleet Street who had called his opposite numbers on the *Daily Mirror* "traitors" after they opposed the Falklands war. But rather than evoking the audience's approval, O'Sullivan termed the writer "guilty of unprofessional conduct" as charged. (His point was that in England a super-patriotic violation of this sort is more likely to be punished than one stemming from socialist politics.) Impressionism, one is reminded, may yield rich harvests in literary

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discourse, yet not be precisely the best method for journalistic reportage.

In closing, Kazin touched on an issue that, unlike compassion, can and has been debated: the intellectual's responsibility to the truth. Invoking Orwell, Kazin upheld "neutrality and objective truth" as the highest ideals. His implication was that neo-conservatives, in their qualified support of "authoritarian" in preference to "totalitarian" régimes, and in their support of Israel, have sacrificed the truth.

As it happens, Midge Decter recently took up the issue of neutralism in a *Commentary* article on Irving Howe. In *A Margin of Hope*, Howe had acknowledged "the deep error" of not making his support for the Allies in the Second World War "explicit." Decter sternly insisted that Howe had failed to draw the proper lesson from his error. "Politics in the 20th century has a way of presenting people with stark choices. The pretence of commitment to a third alternative is itself always a choice—on the wrong side. . . ."

At the Conference, Norman Podhoretz extended the neutralism issue to include the "question of truth." He took for his example "the asymmetrical conflict" between the United States and the Soviet Union: one in which right rests preponderantly with one side. To treat the two sides "as though they were equal"—a stance that has become increasingly common—"is to do violence to the truth."

At the very least this position deserves a serious attempt at refutation. To write, as Kazin does, that truth is "dying out of our world" (partly) because of Norman Podhoretz is, like the accusation of lack of compassion, to accomplish no more than the introduction of a bitter new dimension into the American intellectual debates of the day. The life of the mind merits something better than this.

The meaning of Christmas

The meaning of Christmas
Is meant to prepare us

No newspapers
No letters
No public transport
No public houses

But lots of television
Old faces in new hats
To keep you off the streets
The streets are no fit place
And possibly no weather
Doors locked in any case

Television in plenty
A sweet-voiced actress
Famed for simulating sex
More real than real
Relates the story of Christmas

How there were no letters
No newspapers
No public transport
The streets were not safe
And doors were locked —

The meaning of Christmas
Meant to prepare us.

D. J. Enright

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The Mystery & The Music

On Mozart's Life—By PETER PORTER

ANY PANTHEON of the world's greatest artists is likely to be a personal one. Mine would be headed by (in post-classical Europe and moving forward in time) Piero della Francesca, Shakespeare, Bach and Mozart. Pretty orthodox, I suggest. Certainly, it would be difficult to imagine any such list on which Mozart's name did not stand very high. We are almost in danger of taking his supremacy for granted, as once we did Beethoven's. Wolfgang Hildesheimer[1] has great fun mocking the complacent and lachrymose adulation of Mozart indulged in by many Austrians and Germans, often for nationalist or commercial reasons. In the Anglo-Saxon world, too, Mozart is the occasion of sickly paeans of sentimentality by columnists and popularisers more accustomed to the adoration of handsome sopranos. There is an important contributing reason for this, and Hildesheimer's brilliant and original study (it is not a biography in any real sense and will not be understood by anyone who does not know Mozart's life, letters and compositions in depth already) makes plain what the reason is.

Of the four great artists grouped above, Mozart is the only one we think we can envisage as a person, not just as an artist. Shakespeare is beautifully invisible: the little documentary evidence we have about him is self-conflicting and teasing. S. Schoenbaum's *Shakespeare's Lives* uses a few pages to record the little real evidence of Shakespeare the man which survives; thereafter come almost a thousand pages of fantasy, showing what people have made of the legend of Shakespeare since his death. Shakespeare sometimes seems to hide from us wantonly and deliberately. No wonder adulators imagine that the great poet must have been very like themselves.

Bach is scarcely more in focus as a man. The documentary evidence of his life is dry and factual. Behind the façade of music, both superhuman and mechanically perfect, the character of the composer can only be guessed at. These two and Piero have gone through a great change which can be likened to substitution in chemistry: they have been replaced by their works. If we know anything about them today, our mode of knowing will be through their paintings, poetry and music—it will be modelled on their artistic legacy. If we did not feel we knew Shakespeare's character from his plays (it must have more than a little Hamlet in it, for instance), we wouldn't make such heavy weather of the Sonnets. Surely Bach too must have been as severe as *The Art of Fugue*? Yet, why not as jolly as the soprano/contralto duet in Cantata No. 78, *Jesu der du meine Seele*?

Mozart was born only six years after Bach's death, yet with him the case is very different. He seems a modern man, someone much closer to ourselves, a personality in sight and comprehensible to our temperament. There exists a considerable heritage—not just the correspondence of the Mozart family, but all the material listed in Otto Erich Deutsch's documentary biography. New material, even if not of great significance, continues to come to light. (One such piece, a Masonic group portrait, with a touchingly believable likeness of Mozart in it, is the subject of a monograph by H. C. Robbins Landon, which I will refer to later.) There is enough evidence to go on to induce a great sadness when we consider Mozart's life. It will not look like a triumph, it refuses to allow us to escape an uncomfortable if anachronistic sense of guilt; no arrangement of facts or twistings of fiction, from the sugary distortions of Sacha Guitry to the demeaning simplifications of Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus*, will fit Mozart out in the garments of vindication or apotheosis. He is so very unlike Beethoven, a titan of a very different sort.

There are two further causes of this unsettling discomfort when we picture Mozart the man. The first is the tendency for the facts of his life to be dwarfed by certain legends. He may be like us in his day-to-day failings, his comprehensible ordinariness, but he has his nimbus of happenings

[1] *Mozart*. By WOLFGANG HILDESHEIMER. Translated by MARION FABER. Dent, £10.95.

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which is strangely sinister. The boy genius, adored by the crowned heads of Europe, especially their women; the adolescent, writing coprophilic letters to his cousin which seem to have been composed especially for a textbook of infantile sexuality; the freelance rebel kicked out of the Archbishop of Salzburg's employment by a titled flunkey; the *echt*-Viennese composing music while playing billiards; finally, the doomed genius unable to finish a Requiem commissioned by a stranger in grey, given a pauper's funeral, and buried in an unmarked grave. Add to this a bundle of other oddities—traditional anecdotes of conversational exchanges with the Emperor and his fellow musicians; the legend of his being poisoned by Salieri; his marrying the sister of his first and most intense love (how close or how far from the emotional heart of *Cosi Fan Tutte*?): perhaps, one begins to reflect, Mozart's life is more archetypal than one had thought.

The second cause is the nature of his music. Admired in the 19th century as the very definition of classicism (Hildesheimer points, with justice, to the absurdity of Schumann's description of the big G Minor Symphony K.550 as "Grecian lightness and grace"), it seems to us tense with cross-currents of sadness, disquiet and even morbidity. It is not tragic, like Beethoven's, and seldom speaks of triumph. Rather it inhabits and exhibits an acceptance which is deeply disturbing. If one wants to hear real gaiety in music, one must listen to Haydn and Schubert. Mozart is never without sadness, even in his dozens of occasional light pieces, divertimenti, serenades, cassations, etc., or in the zestful finales of *Figaro* and *Cosi Fan Tutte*, and it is his music which leads us into the murky area of psychological speculation and Theophrastian character-building. Mozart could not be heroic, but perhaps he was divine, if by divine we mean that he reproduced the spiritual wholly naturally. If this is the case, he paid a high price for his powers.

IN GENERAL, Mozart has been fortunate in his serious commentators, which may go some way to atone for the special vulgarity of popular representation of him. *Amadeus* is only the latest travesty. The first "Lives" were careful and tended to hagiography, but from Niemtschek to Jahn and Abert at least his biographers got their emphases right. Alfred Einstein's mounumental study of Mozart the man and musician is still the best close-up of a great composer known to me. Wolfgang Hildesheimer seeks occasions to disagree with Einstein, usually over points he considers romantically exaggerated, but it is characteristic of the jealous love felt by Mozart's admirers that they will tend to see *their* affection as the only true sort, and pour scorn on other men's insights.

This tendency to propose oneself as the only person with proper understanding among a welter of adorers is most marked among present-day writers, and injures the discussion of Mozart by Brigid Brophy and Hans Keller, otherwise brilliantly sustained. Studies of the piano concertos by Girdlestone and Arthur Hutchings, and *The Mozart Companion*, edited by Donald Mitchell and H. C. Robbins Landon, show the high level of musical comment which our age has brought to Mozart's music. This goes further back, too, whatever the standard of musical performance of his work may have been in Victorian times (pretty grim if we follow Bernard Shaw into the London concert-rooms and opera houses of the '80s and '90s). The great thematic catalogue prepared by Ludwig von Köchel (helped, of course, by Mozart's own autograph catalogue of compositions entered as he finished them, from K.449 onwards) is a pioneer work of compilation and showed the way to those of other composers which followed. So, after Köchel numbers ("Some uncouth creature from the Bronx amaze/Park Avenue by knowing all the Ks"—W. H. Auden), we have had to learn Schmieders, Longos and Kirkpatricks, Pincherles and Ryoms, Gérards, Wotquennes, and even Whites (for Stravinsky). If only someone would set Haydn's house in order, by numbering the Hoboken catalogue consecutively.

What has been missing up till now, with the exception of the biographical sections of Einstein's book, has been any exposition in depth of Mozart's character, any attempt to relate to the music the mysterious personality suggested by surviving biographical material. The critic who attempts this must be soaked in Mozart's music, and must have sympathy but also scepticism for the legend built round the composer. He must, above all, be sensitive to the growing apprehension of despair which attends all who follow Mozart's life as fortune darkens round him. At the same time, he must not foist upon Mozart his own anger and frustration, or credit Mozart with iconoclastic tendencies or too much self-awareness.

In all these mattters, Hildesheimer is exemplary. His is the most convicing psychological portrait of Mozart I have encountered. It fits the facts, of which he is a scrupulous purveyor and even a startling discoverer, and it illuminates the music. The 360 pages of this book may be summed up in one excellent insight: Mozart was a disastrous handler of his own affairs, and as they became more impossible, and as his ability to cope with events (or to find some way to restore the confidence of the public and the aristocracy) declined, he retreated into work. Whenever the

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world became too much for him, he composed something. But, as Hildesheimer insists, this did not solve his problems at the time.

WHAT WAS NEEDED was nothing less than a character change. There are too many stories, including ones collected by the Novellos in Vienna 30 years after Mozart's death, which reinforce impressions of his unserious, improvident nature in circulation during his life for us to doubt that friends and critics alike thought that something was wrong with Mozart's character. We—his beneficiaries—are appalled that his contemporaries failed to understand his greatness. We also enjoy the unhistorical advantage of rejoicing in the music which Mozart wrote as his private way out of his personal troubles.

We are entitled to be hard on Vienna for its neglect of Mozart, and its priggish sense that his personality scarcely suited a great composer. Hildesheimer is especially stern with the Viennese, and not just in Mozart's own time. Yet we should consider the point made by Auden: that Mozart was never asked by his society to do anything but compose; he was never directed to the academy or to advertising; and even in poverty he had a servant to make his bed. Those of his contemporaries who found Mozart difficult, childish, or restless simply could not know that he was perhaps the greatest philanthropist the world had ever seen, that posthumously he would make it a better place for millions of people and, in some uncharted fashion, even justify the ways of God to man. Stravinsky's words about the origins of the composition of *Le Sacre du Printemps* fit Mozart exactly: "I was the vessel through which the music passed." Mozart was God's lightning-conductor. Small wonder then that this channel is not easy to understand; that, despite apparently being fully in view, Mozart eludes us when we try to picture him as a man. Total mastery of art is not much appreciated by those who encounter it. Difficult behaviour and a trying personality are much more noticeable.

FOR A FULL AND BALANCED discussion of all Mozart's music, it is still necessary to consult Einstein. Hildesheimer, though obviously well versed in the scores, is not an exhaustive commentator—he writes little about the symphonies, the concertos, and most of the chamber music. He is thorough with the operas, however, and he links the events of the life he chooses to examine to the scores Mozart was composing at the time. Hildesheimer subscribes to the theory, first promoted by H. C. Robbins Landon, that the decline in Mozart's fortunes dates from the first

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performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* in 1786. It seems that the aristocracy of Vienna was upset not so much by the revolutionary content of the opera as by Mozart's choice of a subject, which struck them as churlish and charmless rather than inflammatory, confirming their view that he was unreliable and feckless. To tame him they had only to withdraw their patronage—which they did, as Mozart's gloomy account of the fortunes of his concert subscription of 1789 bears out (only Baron van Swieten signed up). Throughout his Vienna years, Mozart was a freelance. He had not eaten below the salt since the day he was kicked out of the Archbishop of Salzburg's employ by Count Arco. He had a minor court appointment at a meagre salary, and was dependent on commissions which did not come often or fast enough. *Cosi Fan Tutte* was a success, but the Emperor Joseph II died soon after its first performance.

Yet there are many pecularities in the picture of his decline. In his successful years, he lived grandly. In 1785 he had a beautiful apartment on the Domgasse, to which he invited Haydn to hear a play-through of the quartets Mozart dedicated to him. Prague always welcomed him, commissioning *Don Giovanni* and even *La Clemenza di Tito*, despite the indifference of the Habsburg court. A letter inviting him to England was apparently never delivered. It is hard to imagine that the famous and pitiable letters asking for loans from his fellow-Mason, Michael Puchberg, can tell the whole story. Mozart must have repaid some of the money, since he was able to go on borrowing. His wife Constanze was a bad manager, as was the composer himself, yet Hildesheimer's conjectured picture of Mozart—increasingly depressed, even dishevelled in appearance, with dirty fingernails—may be more symbolical than factual.

Something happened after *Figaro* which hastened Mozart's decline. We shall probably never know what. Hildesheimer stresses that Mozart had few premonitions of death, that his personality was amazingly free of resentment in the face of disappointment and snubbing. Whenever he was refused preferment or was rejected by a woman (Aloysia Weber), Mozart consoled himself with work. His humour remained childlike and boisterous. The most likely explanation of his early death is that he was simply worn out. Halfway through the *Requiem*, he had had enough of life.

POSTERITY, HOWEVER, wants to blame someone. In *Amadeus* Salieri ends by accusing the audience of sharing his own envious resentment of Mozart's genius, and even suggests that God has some share in the blame. This is less unfair to God than to Salieri, a serious-minded musician who told Mozart that *Die Zauberflöte* was a true *operone* (grand opera). One of Hildesheimer's points of originality is his scepticism about the sublimity of *Die Zauberflöte*. With Pamina and Papageno he has no quarrel: it is the pompous anti-feminism of Sarastro and the would-be wisdom of Freemasonry that he rejects. His argument for the libretto being the work of two hands—Schikaneder for the jokey human part and Giesecke for the Masonic solemnity—is highly convincing. But he goes too far. The *Singspiel* may be an embarrassing form, but there is nothing forced in an audience's enjoyment of the scenes with the priests. "*Im diesen heilgen Hallen*" and "*O Isis und Osiris*" are not perhaps the finest moments in the score, but Sarastro's welcome to Pamina at the end of Act One is sublime music. With the misogynistic parts of the libretto, Mozart could do no more than hold his nose and go on composing. And he is not unfair to Monostatos, as Hildesheimer suggests. The little dance that the Moor performs round the sleeping Pamina, telling the moon to hide its eyes, is pure genius—and Freudian genius at that.

HILDESHEIMER'S APPROACH to Mozart's involvement with Freemasonry is decidedly sceptical. He is right if the musical outcome be considered. Other than *Die Zauberflöte*, there is only one great Masonic score, the *Masonic Funeral Music*, K.477. But then Mozart's masterpieces for the church are not abundant either, least of all the watery *Requiem*, in Hildesheimer's favourite key of D Minor. Here he and Robbins Landon coincide momentarily. *Mozart and the Masons*[2] was the 1982 Walter Neurath Memorial Lecture and in it Robbins Landon performs detective work on a newly cleaned painting showing a meeting of the Viennese lodge "Crowned Hope" in 1790. This was Mozart's lodge after the mergers forced on the Viennese Masons by the Emperor in 1786. Through Freemasonry Mozart could hobnob with the aristocracy, though he did much of that anyway, and meeting with the likes of the Esterhazys in Masonic ceremonies seems to have improved his fortunes very little. Only Puchberg among fellow-Masons came to his aid regularly.

This amateur painting depicts several ceremonies at once, and the viewer has little difficulty identifying Mozart as the especially animated figure on the extreme right. Most of Robbins Landon's text is devoted to identifying the rest of the figures, who, if he is correct, include Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy and Giesecke. Robbins

[2] *Mozart and the Masons: New Light on the Lodge "Crowned Hope."* By H. C. ROBBINS LANDON. Thames & Hudson. £4.50.

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Landon writes:

> "Our attention is, and was meant to be, drawn to Mozart, in a prominent place . . . he is deep in conversation with an elderly gentleman, who, with Brother Nicolaus Esterhazy, would seem to be the oldest of the whole group. Is it our imagination, or does Mozart's neighbour, whose left hand seems to be raised in protest, look faintly shocked by what the composer is saying? Do we not detect, too, in that fourth Brother of the column, a surprised and slightly amused (or shocked?) glance directed towards the chattering Mozart?"

Robbins Landon becomes cryptic at this point:

> "But we submit that there are certain overtones in the picture which suggest that the content and message are perhaps more obscure and involved than has hitherto been imagined."

Has Robbins Landon, out of respect for the Vienna he works in, decided not to press further his theory that Mozart's decline in fortune sprang from the offence he gave to the Viennese of his day, and has he left it to Hildesheimer to make the running? Was the picture intended, at least in part, as a rebuke to the unserious Mozart by brother-Masons? Was Mozart's fault only a tendency to chatter, or was there something more troubling to his contemporaries, some iconoclasm or rebellion they sensed and resented? The Bastille fell in 1789, but the French Revolution is not mentioned in Mozart's letters, so, unless he belonged to a secret society within a secret society, his offence is unlikely to have been political. His last letters to his wife are full of sexual innuendo and even directly expressed erotic longing, and posthumous reports speak of his keeping bad company, drinking and gambling. Is this what began to make him unrespectable in a city which has always been more prudish than fun-loving? Hildesheimer squashes effectively any notion that it was syphilis which killed Mozart. As we attempt to throw light on it, the mystery of Mozart's life only deepens.

HILDESHEIMER'S ORIGINALITY is nowhere more evident than in his use of Mozart's letters, especially those to his father. Mozart was a brilliant handler of words, almost a genius in this medium as well, though an untutored and undeliberate one. The protean force of Mozart's personality, says Hildesheimer, makes his letters not untrue but equally not evidence of fact. Mozart composed letters as he composed everything: he could not leave anything unshaped, except perhaps the intractable business of daily living. His letters are like so many scenas or

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concert arias; they relate to the events they record as a musical composition does to the notes from which it is made. When Hildesheimer analyses one of Mozart's begging letters to Puchberg, he presents it as a musical metaphor. Real emergency forces Mozart not into unvarnished truth but once more into art: a fashioned world, a manageable state of mind.

Then there comes a real coup on Hildesheimer's part. He asserts that the famous passage about death as friend to man, a vision constantly before his eyes, which Mozart included in a letter to his father, and which generations of commentators have made the key to their understanding of Mozart's seriousness, was copied by Mozart from a celebrated pietistic text of the day written by Moses Mendelssohn. Composing (one might might even say scoring) his letter to his father, Mozart had an unerring instinct for effectiveness, and appropriated Mendelssohn's words. It is useless to ask if he believed them. As well ask if he believed in the philosophy of Don Giovanni, or of Sarastro. The more one considers Mozart's letters (and they are splendidly lively documents), the less easy it is to draw a picture of their author. So Hildesheimer may be right when he chooses on no very firm grounds to believe that the late letter foreseeing his death, apparently addressed to Lorenzo Da Ponte and written in Italian, is authentic.

Considering page after page of evidence, one is thrown back on worn concepts such as "negative capability." A few days after learning of his father's death, Mozart wrote a doggerel threnody for his pet starling, which had also just died. And his first composition thereafter was the *Musical Joke*, K.522. While he was composing *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart wrote to his wife, then taking the waters at Baden, the spa outside Vienna, and made the cryptic reference, "*Tod und Verzweiflung war sein Lohn* (Death and despair were his fate)." It was probably a sexual nudge, and had nothing to do with his death a few weeks later. But the quotation comes from the libretto he was then setting, where it is put into the mouths of two priests warning Prince Tamino against the wiles of women. It is also the weakest musical moment in the score. What could Constanze have made of it, unless it was a private joke which Mozart asked the librettists to work into their text? Is this *schadenfreude* or silliness? When Mozart greets the Salzburg worthies in a long postscript to a letter home from his travels, he even approaches the mad litanies of Smart or Blake, or the interior monologues of Joyce. But the origin is different: he is "composing" again, this time approaching a form of doxology.

His dirty letters to the "Bäsle", his Augsburg cousin, have been made too much of already. They are high spirits shared out with sexual awakening. Like the amusing canons he wrote from time to time, they are centred round the sphincter, a much more important orifice than our present prudish age allows. To put them up against the slow movement of the *Wind Serenade* K.361, and wonder how so earthy a person could write such divine music, as Peter Shaffer does in *Amadeus*, is at best naive, and at worst impertinence.

HILDESHEIMER'S ACCOUNT of Mozart is plausible because he recognises that when something profound occurs in the music, there is no point in our seeking any external cause of it in Mozart's life. Rather it is Mozart talking to himself. All of an artist's annunciations, discoveries, changes and achievements come from this dialogue with himself. This is not solipsism, but the way the creative spirit works in the imagination. We have no scrap of evidence of Mozart's state of mind while composing some of his greatest scores—the *Wind Serenade* K.388, the *Sinfonia Concertante* K.364, to take two at random.

To enumerate the many fascinating discussions in this book would be to anticipate the reader's own pleasure of discovery. The text is assembled like a commonplace book, in about a hundred substantial entries on aspects of the life and music. I refer everybody to the strange passages in the letters, once rubbed out by Constanze and her second husband but now restored. Who is this NN? Some female involvement? Even Hildesheimer is forced back on to the only solid ground, except the music itself. "However much we search our imaginations", he writes, "for an image whereby Mozart becomes real to us, we find it, strangely enough, only in reports of his eccentricities."

While reading Hildesheimer's *Mozart*, I had frequent recourse to my record collection to check, via the music itself, his insights and judgments. There are two tiny errors I am surprised to find. He states that Dufay might be expected to surpass Orlando di Lasso in any theory of the inevitability of musical progress. If this were so, progress would have to go backwards, since Dufay lived a hundred years before Orlando di Lasso. Further on, he mentions that Mozart had acquainted himself with the clarinet in Munich. However, the early *Divertimento* K.113, of the Salzburg/Italian years, includes clarinets. But I seldom had cause to disagree with him seriously. And he reminded me of my favourite among Mozart's self-observations. "I continue to compose because it fatigues me less than resting." Those are real words to put into the mouth of God.

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A Man We Have Met

John Skelton's Achievement — By Anthony Thwaite

THE MOVEMENT of John Skelton's reputation has been almost as much of a helter-skelter as a good deal of his own characteristic verse. He was made laureate of Oxford, Cambridge and Louvain, and *Orator Regius* at the court of Henry VIII, to whom he had been tutor in Henry's youth. Erasmus, his contemporary, called him "the light and glory of British letters" (though some later commentators have pointed out that Erasmus knew no English). An Englishman, William Lily, who had himself felt the lash of Skelton's scorn, thought differently:

> *May Truth be said;*
> *Whilst thou to get the more esteem*
> *A Learned Poet fain wouldst seem,*
> *Skelton, thou art, let all men know it,*
> *Neither learned, nor a Poet.*

William Winstanley, in his *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets* (1686), described him as "the Poet Laureat in his Age, tho' now accounted only a Rhymer .... Whoso reads him, will find he hath a miserable, loose, rambling style, and galloping measure of verse." Pope called him "beastly Skelton." In the later 18th century, Thomas Warton grudgingly allowed that "his genius seems better suited to low burlesque, than to liberal and manly satire", and made much play with such adjectives as "gross", "vulgar", "indelicate" and "disgusting."

It was only very slowly, following the appearance of the *Poetical Works* in 1843 (edited by Alexander Dyce, and until Professor Scattergood's marvellous book[1] the standard edition), that Skelton (?1460–1529) began to be recognised for his special gifts. In the past sixty years he has had plenty of literary champions, from Richard Hughes and Robert Graves, both of whom edited selections of his work in the 1920s, to Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, George Barker and Stevie Smith—disparate poets whose own work has been affected by Skelton's example. Modern scholarship has ferreted out his allusions, explained his feuds and quarrels, placed him crucially at the moment of clash between the medieval and renaissance cultures, and given him dignity as well as a supreme place as a satirist. He now stands almost without question as the finest English poet between Chaucer and Wyatt.

Skelton's modern reputation among other than scholars has had little to do with his learning, and has been almost wholly concerned with his energetic use of the vernacular, particularly stressed by those (such as Graves) who vaunt his "Englishness":

> *But angrily, wittily,*
> *Tenderly, prettily,*
> *Laughingly, learnedly,*
> *Sadly, madly,*
> *Helter-skelter John*
> *Rhymes serenely on,*
> *As English poets should.*
> *Old John, you do me good!*

This hearty encomium, with its emphasis on the supposedly healthy, extrovert, life-enhancing properties of Skelton, contains an implicit criticism of morbid or artificial modes from abroad. "Englishness" is a convenient label for many conflicting attitudes, which is why such dissimilar poets of the 1920s as Edmund Blunden and Humbert Wolfe, as well as Graves, could unite in praising this desirable quality. But it is both elusive and inaccurate, as any single descriptive word must be of such a complex person as Skelton. His "Englishness" is in many ways a development of medieval Latin, his vocabulary a thickly spiced and eclectic brew of Latinate and literary words mixed with the demotic. The adverb "learnedly" in Graves's catalogue must not be skated over. Caxton, praising "Master John Skelton" in the late 15th century, said that he had translated Cicero's letters, the *History* of Diodorus Siculus,

> ... "and diverse other werkes oute of Latyn into Englysshe, not in rude and olde language, but in polyshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tully, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me unknowen: and also hath redde the IX muses and understande theyr musicalle scyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well."

Clearly this is not the coarse buffoon and court-jester that stood in for Skelton during the two and a

[1] *The Complete English Poems.* By JOHN SKELTON. Edited by JOHN SCATTERGOOD. Penguin Books, £6.95.

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half centuries when he was almost unread, and when he survived only as the saucy folk-hero of the *Merry Tales* (a collection of probably apocryphal anecdotes about Skelton, first published forty-odd years after his death). Nor is it the simple rustic prattler of the "helter-skelter" verses praised by Graves. The real Skelton is protean, not easily summed up. He could command a dense and majestic rhetoric, as in his elegy on the Earl of Northumberland, as well as the vulgar tumble of "The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng." In *Magnyfycence*, he wrote the first play in English that can be read with pleasure. The lyrics in the "Garlande of Laurell" have a delicacy and subtlety that rival the songs of his younger contemporary, Wyatt. "Speke Parott" is an astonishing *tour de force* of polyglot grotesqueness; but what he could do in another mood with macaronic and parody is given a quite different flavour in the tender gravity of "Phylyp Sparrow." The venom of his political satire and the exuberance of his personal abuse make him the finest master of literary invective before Pope. (I am reluctant to forgo, as Professor Scattergood does, his authorship of "Wofully Arayd", one of the most moving devotional poems in English before Donne and Herbert; but I suppose the glancing reference to it in the "Garlande of Laurell" is not firm enough evidence.)

IN ALL THIS he was original, a pioneer. But like so many literary revolutionaries, he was also a reactionary: anti-New Learning (he resisted the spread of compulsory Greek), anti-Reformation (he detested Luther and was a virulent rooter-out of anything that might be called heresy), and perhaps his loathing of Wolsey had something to do with the notion that the Cardinal represented the rise of a new merchant-prince and merchant-cleric class. It is, in fact, the collision between the force of his conservative views and the extremity of his technical means, always exaggerating, often frenetic, that creates Skelton's peculiar energy. Paradoxically, Skelton becomes "modern", for us, by rejecting with such pungency much that was "modern" in his own day. It is, in various ways, a process one sees in Swift, Pope, Byron, Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Auden, Larkin.

Yet his reactionary views were not, in his poetry, put to the service of mere nostalgia, or looking back to the past for themes. He is the poet of the present moment, and his work is full of the names, trades, actions and preoccupations of England in the late 15th- and early 16th-centuries, the very stuff of the early Tudor age. As the French scholar Maurice Pollet has said of him: "His poems are acts." Whatever fancies or hyperboles or deliberate absurdities he worked into his poems, they are there with a purpose—to persuade, to preach, to sway opinions, to enlist help or rouse derision. At the centre stands no anonymous creature lost in the mists of an undifferentiated medieval past, but a man with a name, Skelton, Laureate, referring to himself by name, constantly presenting himself and determined that the voice the audience hears shall be a personal one, identifiable and idiosyncratic. Picked out by circumstance (and ambition) to be a public poet, he realised that public poetry must have an individual tang, must have a point of view and a timbre of its own, if it is not to lapse into colourless neutrality.

The language itself had to be tamed, polished, augmented, before it could become a useful weapon. As he put it in "Phylyp Sparrow", through the persona of Jane Scrope:

> *Our naturall tong is rude,*
> *And hard to be enneude*
> *With pullysshed termes lusty;*
> *Our language is so rusty,*
> *So cankered and so full*
> *Of frowardes, and so dull,*
> *That if I wolde apply*
> *To wryte ornatly,*
> *I wot not where to fynd*
> *Termes to serve my mynde.*

Gower, Lydgate and Chaucer, his predecessors a century and more earlier, were to be acknowledged (and in the case of Chaucer warmly endorsed: "His termes were not darke, /But plesaunt, easy and playne; /Ne worde he wrote in vayne"). But Skelton was supremely conscious of his task as a perfecter of English, which meant not only drawing on every resource of language, with all the stylistic audacity and metaphorical richness that made up late-medieval notions of "invention", but also the skilful employment of metres and rhythms to carry the copious words. So, after the stately iambic tread of "The Bowge of Courte", there suddenly bubbles up the clear, piercing, almost child-like and nursery-rhyme voice of "Phylyp Sparrow":

> Pla ce bo,
> *Who is there, who?*
> Di le xi,
> *Dame Margery,*
> Fa, re, my, my.
> *Wherfore and why, why?*
> *For the sowle of Phylyp Sparowe,*
> *That was late slayn at Carowe*
> *Among the Nones Blake.*
> *For that swete soules sake,*
> *And for all sparowes soules*
> *Set in our bede rolles,*
> Pater noster qui,
> *With an* Ave Mari,
> *And with the corner of a Crede,*
> *The more shal be your mede.*

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SOME COMMENTATORS have been tempted into ascribing Skelton's first use of this, his familiar "Skeltonic" line, to his move to the living of Diss in the early part of the 16th century, as if the departure to south Norfolk marked a conscious or unconscious embracing of a bucolic style, suitable for the backwoods. But it can hardly be so. Diss at the time was a thriving wool town, with nothing of the relatively sleepy air it has today. In any case there lay within easy distance the estates of many "county" folk who would have been the new rector's social companions rather than the simple peasants with whom later sentimental critics have placed him. Skelton's choice of the rapid, dynamic, stressed short-line style (if it indeed dates from this period) must have been a literary one, and nothing to do with the move to what was after all a well-appointed benefice, from which he could still keep in close touch with the capital.

What the new line *does* reject is conventional courtliness and dignity, which is not to say that it rejects seriousness—"Phylyp Sparrow", for all its parodic elements, its whimsies and its comedy, is a serious poem. The embroidered stiffness of rhyme-royal, which Skelton had both enriched and loosened in "The Bowge of Courte", was discarded for what the poet himself (in *Magnyfycence*) later called "bastard ryme, after the dogrell gyse." But, however deprecatory he may have been about the measure itself, it was a type of doggerel that was supremely open to verbal wit and to the profusions and decorated grace-notes of "invention", a rhythmical staple to which any amount of ornament could be added. It was an ideal vehicle for both exuberant confusion and exaggerated mockery—the two states and attitudes in which, even in his earlier verse, Skelton felt most comfortable. The eyes that look at Elynour Rummyng are bright and unwinking, observing and cataloguing with rapt intentness:

> *Her eyen gowndy*
> *Are full unsowndy,*
> *For they are blered;*
> *And she gray-hered;*
> *Jawed lyke a jetty;*
> *A man wolde have pytty*
> *To se howe she is gumbed,*
> *Fyngered and thumbed,*
> *Gently joynted,*
> *Gresed and anoynted*
> *Up to the knockles:*
> *The bones of her huckels*
> *Lyke as they were with buckels*
> *Togyder made fast.*
> *Her youth is farre past.*

The forcefulness of this is entirely straightforward, and the clatter of rhymes, though always under control, is simply attached to the onward thrust of grotesque narrative. The "I" who observes does little

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more than that. In this, Skelton has something in common with Breughel in his pictures of tavern life, peasant merrymaking and uninhibited celebration. For all the gross detail, there is very little moralising.

SUCH LACK OF commentary is rare in Skelton. Much more often he is the self-appointed scourge of corruption, of the enemies of Church and King, of the "blother" (cant) he saw infesting all the upper reaches of society. No matter what persona he adopts—bantering bird in "Speke Parott", sturdy Everyman in "Collyn Clout", or something courageously like himself in "Why Come Ye Nat to Courte?"—the man is palpably there behind the poem, an amalgam of Jeremiah and Thersites. He even takes the harp of the Psalmist, in the epigraph to "Collyn Clout"—"Who will rise up for me against the evil doers? or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity? No man, Lord!"

In "Collyn Clout", he is the spokesman for "Jacke" and "Gyll", the otherwise voiceless common people, the reporter of common grievances:

Thus I, Collyn Cloute,
As I go aboute,
And wandrynge as I walke,
I here the people talke.

So the manner of his complaint is quite legitimately and consciously cast in the "dogrell gyse":

For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne-beaten,
Rusty and mothe-eaten,
Yf ye take well therewith
It hath in it some pyth.

In "Speke Parott", the narrator is far more eccentric and subtle. The Parrot can be capricious and many-voiced, a sly mouthpiece and an all-licensed fool and jester, a polyglot surrealist, a cheeky ventriloquist's dummy, a drunken prophet, a riddling oracle. What is more, he keeps his "lytell wanton iye" open as he enjoys the privilege of the most intimate chambers of the great, for he is the pet of noblemen—and, particularly, noblewomen. Thus, like Philip Sparrow, he is a closet companion; but unlike Philip he has a voice:

My lady mastres, Dame Phylology,
Gave me a gyfte in my neste when I lay,
To lerne all langage and hyt to speke aptlye.

"All langage", indeed: from his "rude" beak issues Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, and he can "mewte and crye" in Hebrew and Chaldean as well. He knows that *byrsa* means a thong of leather "In Affryc tongue", and he can even throw off a phrase in Welsh when the mood takes him.

Like several of Skelton's poems, "Speke Parott" is a capacious hold-all, or a precarious mosaic, into which his audacious satire can be fitted to suit the moment. Wolsey and the other targets were plain for all to see, but the hand moved at such speed that their accusing eyes could never steady into focus:

Esebon, Marybon, Wheston next Barnet;
A trym-tram for an horse-myll it were a nyse thyng,
Deyntes for dammoysels, chaffer far-fet;
Bo-ho doth bark wel, Hough-ho he rulyth the ring;
From Scarpary to Tartary renoun doth spryng,
With, "He sayd", and "We said." Ich wot now what ich wot,
Quod magnus est dominus Judas Scarioth.

Deliberately ambiguous, full of the colours and shades of allegory, it is a poem that riddles and gibes its way through dangerous political country, against the man whom Skelton saw as the evil genius manipulating the king who was once the poet's pupil. Let others in their cowardice remain silent—Parrot must speak out:

O causeles cowardes, O hartles hardynes,
O manles manhod, enfayntyd all with fere,
O connyng clergye, where ys your redynes
To practise or postyll thys prosses here and there?
For drede ye darre not medyll with suche gere,
Or elles ye pynche curtesy, trulye as I trowe,
Whyche of yow fyrste dare boldlye plucke the crowe.

And in the end he speaks out "trew and playne", in Parrot's great jeremiad on the condition of England in which "a braggyng bocher" could hold sway over Church and State:

So many morall maters, and so lytell used;
So myche new makyng, and so madd tyme spente;
So myche translaicion into Englyshe confused;
So myche nobyll prechyng, and so lytell amendment;
So myche consultacion, almoste to none entente;
So myche provision, and so lytell wytte at nede—
Syns Dewcalyons flodde there can no clerkes rede.

Skelton had already warned of the dangers surrounding the young King Henry, in *Magnyfycence*, a work that transcends the heraldic stiffness of the early Tudor morality play, and so realistic in some of its observations that it seems to have forced Skelton into taking sanctuary of a kind more like house-arrest and not far from actual im-

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prisonment. The vices that surround Magnificence (Counterfeit Countenance, Crafty Conveyance, Cloaked Collusion and the rest) are masks for Wolsey; and though they are defeated in the end—for *Magnyfycence* is not a tragedy, and the King must triumph over his false friends—they have brought about a harrowing and a chastening that must have made the original audience realise that what was being revealed to them was a topical homily, not a generalised war betwen Vice and Virtue. (Scattergood havers about the "precise political significance", but the general thrust seems plain enough to me.) The sober words spoken at the conclusion by Perseverance and Sad Circumspection are, in a sense, the mirror image of Parrot's jeremiad. The wheel of Fortune has its turns and returns: "Today a lorde, tomorowe lye in the duste." And of course Wolsey was eventually to have the bitter taste of those words on his tongue. The poet had taken on himself the old poetic function of prophet.

Just what Skelton saw as the poet's task, together with a jaunty and amusing estimate of his own achievements and accomplishments, is set out in the "Garlande of Laurell." In a way, the whole thing is an elaborate exercise in self-justification, and it now seems that the poem was added to and polished over a long period—from about 1495 until about 1522—so that new works, new timely references and new obsessions were touched on. But what is likely to be most immediately attractive to the modern reader is the series of interleaved lyrics, addressed to the Countess of Surrey and other aristocratic ladies, in which the tenderness of "Phylyp Sparrow" is given a new courtliness and good humour. Sometimes using the dignified iambic stanza, sometimes the short line which had so much become his own, they have a playful serenity and unstriving grace that come as an appropriate coda to the barrage of contentious, vituperative verse that had occupied Skelton for so much of his career:

Mirry Margaret,
As mydsomer flowre,
Jentill as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre;
With solace and gladness,
Moche mirthe and no madness,
All good and no badness,
So joyously,
So maydenly,
So womanly
Her demenyng
In every thynge,
Far, far passynge
That I can endyght,
Or suffice to wryght
Of mirry Margarete,
As mydsomer flowre,

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Jentyll as fawcoun
Or hawke of the towre.

Indeed, until the end of his life he was a fierce and formidable combatant, buffeted in the cross-currents of the Reformation as it began its sweep through England. "A Replycacion" is the final salvo from the old warrior, countering the alleged foolishness of two young men from Cambridge, Thomas Arthur and Thomas Bilney, who in the late 1520s were moving through the country spreading their reformist heresies. Arthur and Bilney recanted; and it may be hard for us now to applaud, or even to understand, the spirit of the poet who ridiculed them so contemptuously, and who in the process declared "humble obeisance" to his arch-enemy, Wolsey. But one must make an effort of imagination to see that Skelton in this was no time-server or trimmer but a man who passionately believed in the glorious truths of the Church and in the divinely-inspired matter of true poets:

By whose inflammacion
Of spyrituall instygacion
And divyne inspyracion
We are kyndled in suche facyon
With hete of the Holy Gost,
Which is God of myghtes most,
That he our penne dothe lede,
And maketh in us suche spede
That forthwith we must nede
With penne and ynke procede,
Somtyme for affection,
Sometyme for sadde dyrection,
Somtyme for correction . . . .

It is all of a piece: the man who was brave enough to assault the corrupter of his King was equally serious in his attack on those whom he thought were corrupting the Church.

But in the end we do not read Skelton for historical reasons. "No student of the early 16th century", wrote C. S. Lewis, "comes away from Skelton uncheered. He has no real predecessors and no important disciples; he stands out of the streamy historical process, an unmistakable individual, a man we have met." There is no other early poet who speaks to us so directly, with such a passionate and pawky sense of his own nature. When we read him, almost six centuries recede and seem like yesterday:

Go, lytell quayre, quickly.
Shew them that shall you rede
How that ye are lykely
Over all the worlde to sprede.

Remembering the Future

Kenyon's Historians—By JOHN BOSSY

"WE MUST IMAGINE the past, so that we can remember the future." I am not sure what the second half of this sentence means. I should like it to mean "live in the future as one with a memory", but perhaps it means something more like "make intelligent guesses about the future", or "organise our lives in relation to some decent conception of the future which has a chance of being realised." Probably John Kenyon means all of these things, or he may not be entirely clean himself. In any case, it is the most dazzling statement in explanation and justification of what historians do which I have read for a long time, and it is no diminution of its superbly Blakean effect that it is a sort of quotation from Namier, since Namier thought it up as a rude way of describing the attitude of simple minds whose view of history he despised.

Transformed into a categorical imperative for the discipline, I think it is a discovery of genius. It is also interesting, since Kenyon was as far as I know a pupil of J. H. Plumb and expresses a good deal of affection and respect for his work, as a direct contrast to the line taken by Plumb a while ago in his *Death of the Past*: that the past was something invented by prejudice which it was the job of historians to get rid of in order that humanity might be free to get on with the grand task of inventing the future. Anyway let us all, professional or lay, write it down in our notebooks. It is a grand conclusion to a fine book, and a testimony to the capacity of the ascetic disciplines of the historian's trade to nurture genuine prophetic utterance.

There are numerous other examples scattered through this history of the profession in England, with occasional additions from Scotland, from Polydore Vergil to the present. My own favourites, the first of which Kenyon describes as ridiculous, are one of Acton's: "God in Nature more manifest than God in History. Yet History leads to Him and Nature away from Him"; and one of S. R. Gardiner's: "He who studies the society of the past will be of greater service to the society of the present in proportion as he leaves it out of account." It is some kind of a tribute to the

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variousness of the profession that you could hardly find two more dissimilar prophets than Acton, who read all the books ever written, had more or less absolute writer's block, but talked like an angel; and Gardiner, who read nothing but documents, wrote volume upon volume at his seat in the British Museum, and never talked to anybody at all.

I HAVE STARTED John Kenyon's *The History Men*[1] at the wrong end, with its last sentence and hardly a characteristic one. I start again at the beginning with two preliminary reactions. The first is to wish that Kenyon had chosen a different title, or not been persuaded by Weidenfeld to agree to this one. Malcolm Bradbury's Howard was a very powerful creation, and raised a lot of fundamental questions as relevant to the behaviour of historians as of sociologists, but they are not really, or only implicitly, being discussed here. Kenyon doesn't need to tie himself to anyone else's chariot, and the title will date as the book will not. When it is reprinted, could it perhaps be changed, to something like *The English Historians*? The other reaction is to thank Heaven that at last we have got something to replace Arthur Marwick's truly dreadful *The Nature of History*, which there will now be no excuse for ramming down the throats of students at the Open University, or elsewhere, on the grounds that there is no alternative.

Like all the best history books, this one has the particular characteristic of working with great success on two levels: it conveys necessary knowledge to the public domain in an orderly and intelligible way, and while doing so points the reader, without elbow-jogging, in the direction of regions of private experience—the author's, his own, people's in general. In my own case the second effect has been extremely strong, and I don't think this is wholly because, like most people who will be reviewing the book, I am part of the subject. I have found myself responding to it not so much as a member of the profession, more as a Cambridge undergraduate doing his History Tripos in the early 1950s according to an excellent plan (established, I now discover, by J. B. Bury in 1909); as one who sees his experience clarified and objectified in ways which Kenyon cannot possibly have had in mind.

I HAD BETTER COME BACK to that later. The public story, as here told, begins with the Tudors, in the age of John Stow and William Camden. It proceeds through the 17th century, via the critical invention of the Ancient Constitution, to the Tory Robert Brady, who demolished it, to Clarendon and Gilbert Burnet, the first historian of the English Reformation. The individual sketches, always judicious and personal, broaden out as Kenyon reaches the age of enlightenment, which begins with the Tory David Hume whose *History of England*, the first true example in English of the genre (he had been preceded by the Frenchman Rapin de Thoyras), began to appear in 1754, and ends with Macaulay and the great national event of the publication of his first volume in 1848. Hume gets good marks, not for his research—he complained that his contemporaries would keep publishing large volumes of dreary and unphilosophical documents—but for his judgment; Macaulay too, not for his message but for his deep engagement with the art:

> "After breakfast I fell to work on the conspiracy of the Jacobites in 1690. This is a tough chapter. To make the narrative flow along as it ought, every part naturally springing from that which precedes . . . is not easy. I believe that the art of transition is as important, or nearly so, to history as the art of narration."

The space between Hume and Macaulay, which

[1] *The History Men*, By JOHN KENYON. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £16.50.

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contains William Robertson, Gibbon and Hallam, is left rather thin, mainly through Kenyon's determination to stick to writers on English history, which accounts for Gibbon, but partly by the odd decision to put Lingard, who ought to come after Hume, into the next chapter. The only reason for this that I can see is that the position of Lingard, a Catholic priest hired by the Whigs to exemplify liberalism and answer Hume, is one which Kenyon finds peculiarly distasteful, and the chapter is about people he dislikes: the "prophets" Carlyle and Buckle (whom it is nice to see rescued from oblivion if only as a sort of Victorian Toynbee) and the "moralists" James Anthony Froude, and Acton. Froude, despite his obsession with the defection of Newman from the Church of England, comes out the best of the four, Acton the worst.

The account of Acton is extremely funny, and unfair: on Kenyon's reading he had all the structural vices of Lingard's situation, and several extra ones of his own—notably an inability to conceive that Tories could be saved, or to write anything except index cards. Kenyon does however allow merit to some of the *aperçus* scribbled on them, if not to the one already quoted ("The eighteenth century, poor of character, neglected individuals and dealt with laws, etc., in history; its incapacity made it advance in the sciences as an invalid may devise ingenious contrivances."); gives him credit, along with Seeley and others, for getting Cambridge history off the ground; and, to one's relief, discharges him of responsibility for the *Cambridge Modern History*, which turned out the exact opposite of the probably impracticable monument he had (sort of) planned.

ACTON OUT OF THE WAY, we are brought up to the present in two most intelligently conceived and executed chapters, entitled "The Professionalisation of History" and "The Fruits of Research", expounding as he says the structure and function of the new profession, at least its function in the work produced by the new régime in English history from 1500 to 1800. I don't know whether he is really entitled to justify this restriction on the grounds that this has been where the régime has produced the most exciting results, or produced them first; it seems enough justification that this is his own area, and that some concentration was called for.

The great structural theme is the conflict of professors concerned with research, and tutors concerned with undergraduates, a conflict which brought about a long deadlock in Oxford, creative compromise in Cambridge, and professorial control in Manchester, London and elsewhere. He does not speculate on the effects of the anti-professorial reaction of the 1960s; I sometimes think that the boot is now on the other foot, and professors are chosen to do the teaching so that the rest can get on with their research. Numerous other topics are got in: the rise of the Ph.D., of the historical journal, of academic history publishing, and the survival of the non-academic historian. One which does not is the relation of master and pupil, surely a very fundamental matter, even in England.

In displaying the fruits of research Kenyon is clearly a little inhibited by his own position as a 17th-century historian, but solves the problem with both cunning and discretion. We get a very intelligible account of the apostolic succession in Tudor history from Creighton through Pollard and Neale to Elton; a "long" 17th century, proceeding in a statesmanlike way from Gardiner to Trevelyan to Plumb (to Kenyon), when interrupted with seismic effect by Tawney; and an 18th century which is mainly the equally seismic Namier.

Neither Tawney nor Namier comes off unscathed. The peculiar intensity of their extra-professional commitments—Tawney's to the Labour Party, Namier's to Zionism—which was precisely what gave them their seismic quality, is duly weighed. Lasting achievements are attributed to them, against the objections of their fiercer critics. Namier, it is true, comes off rather better against Butterfield than Tawney against Trevor-Roper, Kerridge and Geoffrey Elton. One reason for this, as Kenyon implies with proper subtlety, is that Namier's experience and commitments fed into English history through far more devious channels than Tawney's. That deviousness, as some of us seem in danger of forgetting, is surely something important in the making of historians. It is obviously present, though less dramatically than in Namier's case, in Elton, who rather distinctly emerges as Kenyon's hero.

THE LIMITS to Kenyon's vision are perfectly evident, and he has left plenty to be said. The exclusion of medievalists, 19th-century men, historians writing about Europe and elsewhere; of, on the whole, "all that social and religious kind of thing" which Freeman was happy to leave to John Richard Green; of intellectual history; of cultural history high, low or middle, does leave rather a lot out. His distaste for isms has led him both to underestimate their influence and to imply that they are a simpler matter than they are.

I am sure I shall not be the only reader to be staggered by his claim that "one of the conundrums of twentieth-century English historiography is that it has been so little

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influenced by Marxism." And when he says that Maurice Dobb was "the principal English Marxist historian of this century" he *must* be joking, though he says it with a very straight face. What! When *Past and Present*, that well-known ex-Journal of scientific history, is about to celebrate its hundredth number to general applause? A fortnight after the death of Anthony Blunt, *pater patriae* of English art history and virtuoso of the devious (there's a subject for someone!)? On an Easter weekend when Edward Thompson is rallying the millions to storm the heights of Greenham Common? Quite apart from the effect of Stalinism and its aftermath, which has been considerable enough in Kenyon's own century, there is the way that Marxist language and assumptions have entered silently into the historian's consciousness, so that digging them out (if that is what one wants to do) becomes a considerable job.

His engagingly cross attitude to Catholicism may be in a slightly different category, but strikes me as having a similar restrictive effect. True, if you have excluded medievalists and historians of the continent you may not feel that the input of Catholicism to the English historical scene has been very remarkable. Still, if you leave the subject at Lingard and Acton, save for a cautious reference or two to Knowles, you may be losing a trick or two.

Whether or not the subject is of any importance, it is what he has made me think about. I've concluded, on behalf of that Cambridge undergraduate of 30 years ago, who was a Catholic, that it was rather significant for him to have been at Cambridge, not at Oxford. Oxford Catholicism, as a stimulus to historical vocations, seems churchy and medievalist: in so far as it gets to modern ground it may be hamstrung by a puzzling binary allegiance to the Oxford Movement and the Jesuits.

At Cambridge it was different: not very churchy, private, moralistc, a bit monkish, a bit German round the edges. The interior emigration it bred was a sectarianism compatible with recognition of modernity. I don't know that Acton was of much personal importance to any student, but Butterfield was, and a great deal of Acton came through him. Butterfield, as Maurice Cowling explains in his *Religion and Public Doctrine in Modern England* (1980)—a book cited by Kenyon, in some kind of Freudian slip, as *Religion and Public Order*—had had a lot to do with getting Knowles to Cambridge, and promoting his career when he got there. Knowles was something more than a medieval historian: his monastic history debouched, if rather biliously, into the Tudor age, and bred Scarisbrick. Knowles had already sharpened the modernist vocation of Outram Evennett, though since Evennett was a dreadful undergraduate lecturer, scarcely published anything, and was too shy to say much, this was not very obvious at the time. He had already given his Birkbeck lectures on the Counter-Reformation, but they remained in his drawer until he died. Professionally speaking. Evenett was a pupil at one remove (perhaps two) from Acton, and though he was a totally different sort of Catholic, something had rubbed off. Walter Ullmann, through Döllinger and a shared obsession about the papacy, had a good deal in common with Acton too: what he gave us in lieu of scholasticism was canon law, which though impenetrable to most of us at the time, has proved in the end to have a great deal to offer to modern historians. What we did not get, and have had to borrow back from Oxford, was the benefit of those surely seminal notes on totems, stepmother jokes, and the history of man's relations with animals, which Sir Charles Oman found in Acton's library at Aldenham, and which so impressed him with the vanity of human learning.

I apologise for these private musings; others, I guess, will substitute their own. They are meant as a testimony to the virtues of the book. I wish it long life.

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Everyday Worlds

New Poetry—By JOHN MOLE

THE PUBLICATION of a volume entitled *Later Poems* must necessarily raise questions about its author, especially when he is still very much alive and, one hopes, a long way from writing his Last. The established ring of "Later" is, of course, an endorsement of status, the measure of a distance covered. There's a conferred distinction implicit in its putting of a career in perspective, as if the poet could be seen to have moved into a rather splendid new house bought for him by his reputation. But has he taken the old furniture with him? Can his tracks be seen leading to the front door? As we look through the window, is he still at work in there? Are the new poems getting written? Do they promise to be more than a succession of mere appendices and a mere repetition of later, later, later until the ultimate repetition of last?

In the case of R. S. Thomas, the answers amount to a confident *Yes* to coincide with his seventieth birthday. *Later Poems, 1972–1982* [1] contains a careful but generous selection from his four most recent full-scale volumes, a mere five from his more marginal publications during this period, and forty-three new poems, some of which are as fine, austere, and commanding as any he has written. It is a book of sonorous and calculated rhetoric where condensed dramas of spiritual quest, fragments of the continuing search for an infinitely protean *deus absconditus*—"the echoes/ We follow, the footprints he has just/Left"—combine the animation of a curious, interrogating mind with the cadences of a desolate patience. Since the appearance of *H'm* in 1972, Thomas's poems have become increasingly contemplative and at the same time more argumentative and intense. They are wilfully indifferent to the dangers of abstraction, taking on prosaic ballast as an earnest of the voyage's urgency, and usually getting away with it—though not always:

> *Machines were invented*
> *To cope, but they also were limited*
> *By our expectations. Men stared*
> *With a sort of growing resentment*
> *At life that was ubiquitous and*
> *Unseizable.*

This is prose by any reckoning, and dull prose at that, but Thomas has always been sceptical about the adequacy—for his purposes—of "pure poetry." As he wrote, twenty years ago now,

> "A pure poet is one who, presumably, lives for his art, interested in the interior world of words and thought, rather than the everyday world of noise and pain and evil. I think, when I examine my position, that I have never been a pure poet in that way. To make a poetic artefact out of words has never or rarely ever been my first aim or satisfaction. There is always lurking at the back of my poetry a kind of moralistic or propagandist intention."

When his subject matter—back in what might be called the heyday of his Schools Anthology popularity—was the Welsh hill country, its landscape and peasantry, his moralistic eye perched bleakly and memorably on local detail; but, even in those earlier poems, striking though many of their metaphors may be they are often laboured and overextended, and it is really the accumulation and balancing of phrases—a kind of incantatory commitment to the vision—that distinguishes them from the ruck of rural verse.

This seems to me to be what those critics resistant to Thomas's later work fail to recognise. They see him as having abandoned the rocky acres for a nebulous cosmos, and a firm poetic footing for an inconclusive and portentous space-walking, whereas in fact what has occurred is an enlargement of his concerns and a refinement of his technique. The fascinating paradox of his more recent poetry is that it confronts "the everyday world of noise and pain and evil" even as it explores interior worlds of private doubt in the search for consolation:

> *Seeking the poem*
> *In the pain, I have learned*
> *Silence is best, paying for it*
> *With my conscience.*

The poem in the pain and the pain in the poem: this is what makes for the intensity of Thomas's work. And the silence is active, never the passivity of surrender. In poem after poem, he presents himself as watching and waiting "somewhere between faith and doubt,/for the echoes of . . . arrival." The silence "belabours" him, and he

[1] *Later Poems, 1972–1982*. By R. S. THOMAS. Macmillan, £7.95.

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contends, wrestling with its evasions through poems with titles such as "Threshold", "Groping", "Probing", "The Combat", "The Interrogation" and "The Truce." These poems are often directly addressed to God in his various aspects, which include the Hardyesque "disposer of the issues/of life"; and their ransacking of the languages of physics, physiology, biology, even aeronautics ("The weather/is his mind's turbine") is explained in the argument of the poems as a technique "for registering the ubiquity/of your presence." At times the titles cry out like an Old Testament Prophet "Aie!", "Selah!", or fall helplessly silent—"H'm." The book's index alone reads like a spiritual temperature chart.

Despite the excesses and the moments when one almost suspects self-parody, *Later Poems*, along with *Selected Poems 1946–1968*, establishes R. S. Thomas as a poet of the first importance; by turns intolerant, compassionate, remote, intimate, but above all—while taking a full look at the worst—affirmative:

A bird chimes
from a green tree
the hour that is no hour
you know. The river dawdles
to hold a mirror for you
where you may see yourself
as you are, a traveller
with the moon's halo
above him, who has arrived
after long journeying where he
began, catching this
one truth by surprise
that there is everything to look forward to.

W. H. Auden once commented that there's no such thing as a pretty good omelette, and I'd guess that John Fuller[2] agrees. He's undoubtedly one of the best cooks since Auden—his ingredients are carefully chosen, his mixes often surprising, and the resultant dishes invariably rare. The meal is given a final stir for good luck, then served with decorum:

Afterwards you may walk the block,
Or collect your daughter from judo, noticing
In the jut of lip and foot in the jostling
For a fall, an equal determination.
Then coffee, and music. And perhaps a cigar.

No perhaps about it. Definitely a cigar—and a toast to Auden. That flash of a world outside—collecting your daughter—partakes of the meal.

[2] *The Beautiful Inventions*. By John Fuller. Secker & Warburg, £4.00.

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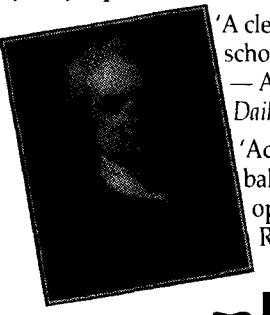

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The *bonne bouche* is a paradigm of the good life: the grub *is* the ethics. And reading "Steamed Carp's Cheeks"—one of several poems in *The Beautiful Inventions* where cooking instructions emerge as a branch of moral philosophy, and where we're told to buy Chinese mushrooms if our grocer has them—I found myself remembering the ancient Chinese saying that you should govern a country as you would cook a small fish. Fuller is just such a fastidious emperor, issuing and acting upon instructions for the business of good government and craftsmanlike making. He has a delight in the workings of orderly little universes—beautiful inventions in themselves—which he sometimes recreates through the details of a protective rhetoric, as in "Wasp Nest":

Be careful not to crush
This scalloped tenement:
Who knows what secrets
Winter has failed to find
Within its paper walls?

It is the universe
Looking entirely inwards,
A hanging lantern
Whose black light wriggles
Through innumerable chambers
Where hopes still sleep
In her furry pews,
The chewed dormitory
Of a forgotten tribe
That layered its wooden pearl. . . .

The delicacy of this is admirable, and, in the main, I like *The Beautiful Inventions* best when it is at its most intricately riddling. There's nothing fussy or wilfully smart about Fuller's cleverness in such poems. Their small, exact occasions clear an ample space for tenderness and wisdom.

What I'm less happy about is some of the brilliant, rhymed displays of metrical footwork—*copious* inventions, certainly, and in their way amazing, but they're a kind of Ira Gershwin gone *nice*:

I'd like to have your back to scour
And other parts to lubricate.
Sometimes I feel it is my fate
To chase you screaming up a tower
Or make you cower
By asking you to differentiate
Nietzsche from Schopenhauer.

There's a preciousness in this. It's like listening to the King's Singers going through their repertoire of jazz items—bending the notes so self-consciously with such knowing accomplishment—but if you like that kind of thing, no one does it better than John Fuller and there's plenty of it towards the end of the book.

The last poem, though, is the most remarkable, and one of the best that Fuller has written. "The College Ghost", in which the poet meets and listens without protest or interruption to a spectre which is not unlike his alter ego, manages to be both disquietingly modern in its edgy questioning of the value of university life and traditionally donnish in the manner of M. R. James. It's a poem in which the void whispers beyond the dreaming spires, and in a book that is in so many ways accomplished and complete it seems somehow right that a ghost in the works should have the last word:

"Now I appear to you because at last
I have rejoined you for ever. Life has made
Its choice. My affairs are finally quite complete
And there is nothing left in the world to alter.
Whatever you teach will make no difference
at all."

PATRICIA BEER'S POEMS are full of ghosts.[3] They move fleetingly across her miniature canvases like figures in a pageant to the tolling of a passing

[3] *The Lie of the Land*. By PATRICIA BEER. Hutchinson, £3.95.

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bell. She is preoccupied with time, and her work has the monitory elegance of a collection of hour-glasses in which the light is continually catching the sifting sand. To take a phrase from "The Spinsters and The Knitters in the Sun", one of the finest poems in her new collection, she works in a "spotlit darkness", contemplating her own mortality as part of the shadow-play of history. She is attuned to intimation and rumour ("At the top of the lane/Wars went by", "Somewhere a horse galloped"), and this gives an edge to the precise, domestic observation which is one of her great strengths:

I watch the shadows of the house climbing
Slantwise and high up the back field.
The east chimney puffs out a black ghost.

That "slantwise" is tell-tale, an accurate perception both visually and as an indication of Patricia Beer's method. Like Emily Dickinson she knows how to tell it slant, so that nothing is ever quite what it seems although it is defined with great exactitude. The lie of the land is deceptive—and the pun in the book's title is surely intended. Patricia Beer's poems are full of images, and the cleverness is absorbed into the landscapes they serve to depict, giving it an idiosyncratic character and perspective: she risks whimsy and turns the slightest effect to advantage—"The trees are parsley magnified" or "Today/Impromptu meres, whiskery/In fields, raise half/A fence for an eyebrow." A quizzical look, and Patricia Beer's eyebrow is raised back, a match for it.

My favourite poem in *The Lie of the Land* is "Bereavement." It has a pained beauty, an oddly hymn-like stately simplicity in which Blake meets with the Ancient and Modern Victorians. Its rhythms and rhymes (particularly the second couplets in stanzas 2 and 3) are haunting in their contrived blend of knowingness and naivety: the Lamb of God is a lost child, fierce in its sense of betrayal:

I was too young. I had to watch
My heavy mother lie on her back to scratch.
They never touched ground again, those brittle feet.

I cannot eat what all the others eat.

Foolish mother, rolling to death, how long
Shall the deserted bare an aching tongue
To call for what is drying up inside you
As the afternoon trees begin to shade you?

Soon he will come, the farmer, and haul away
And hide that sheep, who treacherously
Lay down, where I can never find her
Nor go into the slaughter-house behind her.

The sharp May grass sings under my nose
And soon the farmer will hear a new voice
That lost the day wailing about hunger
But towards nightfall turns to anger.

Nightfall, again, as in so many of the poems, and time running out. "The clock on the night storage heating/Ticks like a taxi waiting."

JENNY JOSEPH is another poet of the quotidian but, unlike Patricia Beer, she's more obviously, remorselessly compassionate, and in her philosophical pieces she seems possessed of an intellectual fever.[4] Nothing stays put for a moment, and she's bound upon the wheel of appearances in a turmoil of perception and thought: "Only by doing again/Each done thing do we live a minute—you stop and you die." In her poems (several of them of considerable length, rhetorical force and teasing complexity) unease becomes a moral imperative and she juggles her various perspectives accordingly. Her address to the reader is often direct, nervous and urgent—"Are you there, Reader?"—a recurring demand for involvement, complicity, even reassurance: *agnoscis me, ergo sum*. Jenny Joseph's imagina-

[4] *Beyond Descartes*. By JENNY JOSEPH. Secker & Warburg, £5.50.

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tion is one in which the poet's existence is felt to be a collective responsibility, and response becomes a part of the process of her thinking:

And when I sit in your room, dear, and you
reach across
To get a paper to show me something, have I
By looking forward lost you in the present,
Or having made you, understand you better
Than ever happens in raw life outside?
These mirrored mirrors lead us nowhere fast.
Solitary reader at night that I have conjured
Reaching across to pick up a picture that you
Imagined yourself into, turn round again.
Step out of the frame that I have trapped us in
Place your hand on my shoulder and take away
the pen.

Beyond Descartes takes as its epigraph a quotation from Graham Dunstan Martin, "*Terra Firma* is rather a small islet", and its effect as a whole is to make one aware of how insecure even that small islet is. "Here is shade/And safety on the edge of danger ". . ."each must pull the fabric where he can/to shield him." A number of the poems are cast in the form of journeys—looking in on gardens or cosy interiors with a kind of sceptical longing before passing on:

Traveller, you think you have gone far.
You have learnt to pack, travel light, full of
expertise
To hold to the road, to be lucky, avoid plague
towns;
And one dusk you may, inadvertent, pass a
place, a bit of air

And from it will seize
You in the gut the feral eye-beam of the animal,
Old thoughts you thought swallowed and passed;
And the spirits, for some time shrunk and
tamed, once again
Wild—all.

That feral eye-beam seldom lets up in Jenny Joseph's work—the shrunk and the tamed are constantly reminded of their timorousness and, by implication, of their irresponsibility. The poetry can be flabby and rather over-insistent ("But, human, need the human hope, and hope/Leaves us aghast at what the human is") or almost Whitmanesque in its strenuous romanticism ("Bird of my spirit, where are your lifting wings?/ Song of my mind clear your lovely voice"). Length is perhaps a measure of her seriousness and impressive intellectual scope, but I do feel that she often doesn't know when to stop, and that a number of the poems lift off into stridency.

Beyond Descartes is a book of intermittent brilliance which illuminates most when it is least exclamatory and self-conscious. A fine poem, "Dipping for Diamonds", begins "Dipping for diamonds, we were./I almost scooped one up when I wasn't looking." I think Jenny Joseph's best work is done when she isn't looking. But then, only the resolute prospector is blessed with such accidents.

SEAN O'BRIEN's first collection, *The Indoor Park*,[5] is an impressive debut. Fourteen of the poems appeared last year in the anthology *A Rumoured City: New Poets from Hull*, but there are fifty in this book, and the overall impression is one of considerable weight and seriousness. O'Brien owes much, by way of influence, to Douglas Dunn—applying the techniques of a benign and mellow surreal-cum-symbolist method to his city landscapes. Mallarmé's *adieu suprême des mouchoirs*, a sense of luxurious, resonant gloom embroidering details of decay, dissolution and loss, combines with a taste for more sprightly aestheticism reminiscent of Wallace Stevens; and this synthesis is in turn filtered through a modern urban sensibility. Echoes of "Brise Marine" and

[5] *The Indoor Park*. By SEAN O'BRIEN. Bloodaxe Books, £3.50.

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the *Harmonium* poems merge into something interesting and, at its best, strange:

It will look like a posture
Supportable only in summer,
Like those embarrassed couples racked
On postcards in primary colours
Of nuptial malfeasance and loathing,
Sent to prove a holiday was had.
Extended families of pain,
They float in batches to the shore
You reach beyond your book at night.
The sea, the blue comedian
Who rolls the drowned along the aisles
Of an interminable act,
Has autographed each card with love.

O'Brien, who announces directly in the collection's second poem "I am in love with detail", is good at capturing those "intensities of indolence" which can be as much felt in his solemn cadences as seen in his visual cameos. The poems are peopled by "polite incapables", often young and caught between yearning and resignation. The most that can be hoped for is a modest, circumspect efficiency of routine in the face of "the residue of time got wrong":

The best to be had is a biro that works
And some milk left for morning.
Let's go out now, to where we live,
The dead harbour, the pub and the station buffet,
North of the Word, where it rains in your face.

Sean O'Brien seems to me, again like Dunn, to distil a poetry from the symptoms of a culture he's lovingly addicted to but finds himself unable to approve. He's constantly drawing back from the sardonically critical into the helplessly romantic. His imagination thrives on ruin with an almost 18th-century relish for the picturesque, but his conscience qualifies every observation:

This *is where the English live.*
And we are foreigners. The bus to work
Braves Congos of complacent tat. . . .

The evenings, though, are "personal."
I count the rooms. I count again.
I try to sit in one of them. I fail

And imagine pianos instead,
A Bechstein warehouse, grand and dumb,
With teeth as white as privilege.

That last line—oddly lyrical in itself but at odds with the vanished, symphonic splendours conjured up by the line which precedes it—is characteristic of what makes Sean O'Brien a poet to watch.

---

[6] *Unpacking Mr Jones*. By JOHN LATHAM. Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets, £3.00.

ANOTHER FIRST COLLECTION is John Latham's *Unpacking Mr. Jones* [6] in which many of the poems adopt a child's-eye view of things with varying degrees of success. A characteristic poem is "Beneath the Walnut Table" where a small boy watches the lower parts of a family playing cards from knee (or crotch) level:

A finger wearing Uncle Ivor's ring
sneaks into view, sniffs the cobwebbed air.

Carefully it wipes the gob of liquid on its tip
along the grains. Aunt Lil's legs are thonged

with purple snakes, which she follows, teases
with her sea-shell nails, pinches meanly

until they swell and blush. Susan's lace-fringed
hand flutters vaguely onto Malcolm's knee,

drifts north to a bulge like an ill-concealed
revolver. . . .

I find this, up to a point, clever and delightful, a cunning attempt to get the best of both worlds; to be, at the same time, innocent and knowing.

Latham is good at catching the latent violence of infant sexuality—the half-cock, incipient thrill of it. He likes the verb *thonged*. It comes again in a rather nasty but convincing poem, "Purple Cow",

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in which a small group of boys boil a girl's knickers with damsons so that when she puts them on "purple trails" thong her thighs and creep down her knees. This is both visual and intensely visceral. There's more than a touch of prurience in the innocent eye, as Latham is intent on the effect he is achieving. I think what I mistrust is the element of showmanship in his method. He likes to end his poems with little frissons of horror, much as Roald Dahl concludes many of his stories, especially those in which children have a large part to play. When you come down to it, it's for Adults Only.

Nevertheless I enjoyed much of *Unpacking Mr Jones*, not least the wholly and touchingly successful title poem. At the heart of John Latham's anecdotal recreations of childhood there's a nostalgia for fag cards, party girls with ribbons and lace frills, and a whole giggly, gossipy world of knickers and willies. Despite my reservations, it struck me as highly evocative.

IF JOHN LATHAM celebrates the lore of the playground and the back of the bicycle-sheds, Julian Ennis remains more soberly the schoolmaster, decently concerned and with a quotation from English Literature for most occasions. The best poems in *At the Frontier*[7] are the first few which come out of his recent retirement to Sidmouth. They are movingly honest in their acceptance of limitations:

So we prefer to remain here
Lying on the neat lines of grass
And watch the wall we do not dare go over.
Here, like birds, we find enough worms
To make any gate welcome.
For we seek the quiet life.
Content to listen to whatever sound
Is made by something somehow
Between the silence and the roaring.

Julian Ennis *knows* that his imagination daren't go over the wall, and it's to his credit that he does. Not that he isn't uneasy in his acceptance of the circumspect: occasionally he attempts to bite, but it doesn't suit him. In "Blackboard Jungle", after considering the seemingly callous reaction of his pupils to the death of one of their form-mates (rather inevitably called Smith), he ruminates: "I tell the tale, am not sure of the moral to be learnt." His limitation as a poet is that he finds himself, in general, over-anxious about the moral and only happy, it seems, if it comes readily to hand.

FINALLY, a collection which gives the pleasure of being in the company of a kind and modest man. There are no poems in Hal Summers' *The Burning Book*[8] which made me sit up, but I sat down and read them all with appreciation. They are companionable, wise, and unassuming. "Sick Room" is a good example. It ends:

Like one long absent coming home
The sick man gazes round the room
Brought back from nothingness, and sees
How beautiful and sane it is.

Beauty and sanity are the hallmarks of *The Burning Book*. It cannot be memorable because it slips too invisibly into the genteel lyrical tradition which defines it, but at the same time such elegant niceness can be too easily overlooked altogether.

[7] *At the Frontier*. By JULIAN ENNIS. Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets, £3.00.

[8] *The Burning Book*. By HAL SUMMERS. The Book Guild Ltd., £3.95.

Good

The slopes of this world
Are huge. Cold mists covering them
Lift in the sun,
And the mille-fleur has begun.

Geoffrey Grigson

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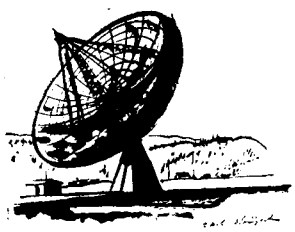
Black & White Propaganda

The Ethics of Subversion—By Martin Esslin



YET ANOTHER book about "psychological warfare" and "subversive operations"? Have we not had enough of these upmarket equivalents to television series about hair-breadth escapes and heroic resistance? But this one is different from most of its predecessors. Unlike those who have merely rummaged through the incomplete archives and misunderstood the official memoranda that had been written to conceal the real state of affairs in the first place, Ellic Howe[1] was in the thick of the operation. He accordingly contributes something of the real feel and excitement of "the game" (as he calls it). Beyond that, the operation itself carries many important implications, general insights into the psychology of propaganda and the "manipulation of consciousness", areas about which relatively little concrete is known, even though we are flooded by studies of the Media and their impact.

Howe is a remarkable figure: a linguist and printer by trade, he developed, long before the War, an interest in Continental design and German typeface. When World War II broke out he approached the authorities and pointed out that he possessed special qualifications that might be of use in counterfeiting Hitler's publications or official documents. That is how he got into the world of covert propaganda and undercover operations centred at that time around Woburn Abbey. Howe's unit became the source of a stream of masterly forgeries: identity cards, ration cards, counterfeit postage stamps, documents and forms of all kinds. There were also whole books containing subversive literature under covers exactly like legitimate Nazi literature. This in itself is a fascinating story, replete with historical suggestions. Among other things it implies that the intellectuals who were thinking up "diabolical tricks" to undermine German morale were often too clever by half.

At the end of the War Howe produced a masterly forgery of postage stamps bearing, not Hitler's portrait, but the head of Heinrich Himmler. The idea was that letters franked with these stamps (that had obviously got into circulation ahead of time) might undermine the position of the *SS* by showing the *Führer* that Himmler was plotting to overthrow him and had already prepared the stamps. The forgeries, brilliantly executed, were duly produced and circulated inside Germany. But the impact of the operation was nil. Nobody noticed the implications. Why shouldn't there be stamps with Himmler's head? Or the stamps were so well forged, they looked hardly different from those with Hitler on them. Anyway, who looks carefully at the face on a postage stamp?

Howe does more than tell the story of his own exploits. His is the first attempt at giving a coherent picture of the whole "black propaganda" operation during the Second World War. Originally the idea of a "black" (covert, subversive) propaganda effort had been no more than a continuation of operations during the First World War: the spread of rumours (in modern parlance: disinformation). Nasty stories, spread about leading personalities or impending shortages of goods, might lead to distrust, to panic, and a general drop in enemy morale.

Where the situation differed from that of the previous war lay in the emergence of radio. How could and should radio be used for this kind of purpose? To spread verifiably false information via the official channels of broadcasting (in this case, the BBC) would be counterproductive. The Germans learned that lesson soon enough the hard way. Following Goebbels' and Hitler's belief in the efficacy of "the big lie" (which Hitler believed he had gleaned from the practice of Allied propaganda in World War I) they did indulge themselves in spreading this kind of disinformation over their official radio channels, and soon "Lord Haw-Haw" had become a joke in Britain.

The British idea was more subtle. Rumours and disinformation were to be spread from un-

[1] *The Black Game: British Subversive Operations against the Germans during the Second World War.* By ELLIC HOWE. Michael Joseph, £12.95.

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identifiable radio sources, "secret" transmitters supposedly situated within the borders of Hitler's empire. Originally they were meant to be on the lines of a radio station run by "socialist revolutionaries." Such a station and similar transmitters did broadcast, but with little credibility. The man who had the right idea was Sefton Delmer, former correspondent in Berlin for the Beaverbrook papers and in his earlier days in personal contact with Hitler and his circle. He argued that a much more credible underground station would be one ostensibly run by dissident elements inside the *SS*. They, after all, had access to the communications network and could be able to conduct clandestine operations. And even in a totalitarian régime there are always bitter struggles among different factions, different pretorian guards, and sectional interests. This was particularly true of Nazi Germany: *SS* versus *SA*; Party versus Army; Naval Intelligence versus Army Intelligence, etc.

This was the genesis of *GS1* (*Geheimsender 1* or, in the German signaller's alphabet, *Gustav Siegfried 1*), in which a voice, announced as that of *Der Chef* (the chief), indulged in vituperation against all those corrupt and ideologically suspect members of the Nazi establishment who were undermining the fabric his beloved *Führer* had created. *GS1* broadcast on short-wave, and was thus not widely heard in Germany. But military and naval wireless operators did listen on short-wave—so there was a highly appropriate if select audience, and the rumours did spread. Nevertheless this—and numerous other such "secret" stations, all run from the environs of Woburn Abbey—could not possibly have had more than a marginal impact.

THE IDEA took off when it was realised that in the newly Occupied territories the Germans were running radio transmitters—*Soldatensender* (army broadcasting stations)—for the occupying forces, as the British and American forces do to this day in Germany. These stations were manned by soldiers, and sounded less oriented to the orthodox Nazi establishment than the highly centralised radio system inside the *Reich*. Soon Sefton Delmer developed the idea of running one that would ostensibly be a forces station broadcasting to German soldiers in Norway. This, with the help of Naval Intelligence, developed into a broadcasting service ostensibly addressed to the crews of submarines operating in the Atlantic—the *Atlantiksender*. U-boats had to rely on short-wave transmission. The music on the *Atlantiksender* was so good that all the U-boat crews wanted to hear it, and so Delmer's propaganda really did have a wide appeal among the selected audience.

But the impact of the operation depended on its being believed to be a friendly rather than an enemy station. Thus the propaganda had to operate subliminally, by irony rather than open statement. Among the *Heil Hitlers!* and patriotic cant, subversion entered in the form of simple but cunning announcements:

> "Tremendous new successes have been won by our glorious submarine forces when they succeeded last week in sinking 70,000 tons of enemy shipping for the loss of only seven of our heroic boats who are battling valiantly against heavy odds caused by the new type of depth charges the British have developed. Our glorious German science will shortly find the answer to these far more effective enemy weapons which can reach so much greater depths with so much more explosive power."

This vein of "irony" was all the more effective for mirroring the tone of Nazi propaganda when faced with unpleasant facts. There was a wealth of references to actual people and conditions in the U-boats' home ports: bad service in the canteen at Brest; diseased prostitutes in the Naval brothel at St Nazaire. Much of this material was completely authentic, having been extracted from captured U-boat crews.

When, in the course of 1943, a very high-powered medium-wave transmitter became available to the British (a transmitter which, moreover, could be easily tuned to any desired wavelength), Delmer won the battle for its possession with the BBC and went one step further. The *Atlantiksender* developed into *Soldatensender Calais*, aimed ostensibly at all military forces in Western Europe, but in reality—owing to its great power—at the German heartland, where it could easily be picked up. Soon after this station went on the air the Allies landed in Normandy, and after the fall of Calais it was renamed *Soldatensender West*.

During the brief period of its operation—barely more than a full year—this station had a devastating effect on German morale. It was, to a considerable extent, staffed by German prisoners-of-war who had volunteered to broadcast, and it thus had the stamp of total authenticity through the voices and accents of its announcers. Moreover, the British had broken the scrambling of the German radio-operated telex system of the official German news agency *DNB*, so embargoed announcements, including the text of impending speeches by Hitler and lists of decorations to be awarded several days ahead, could be freely used. The *Soldatensender* was able to tell its listeners what the *Führer* would say tomorrow, and to inform Oberleutnant Schmidt, with effusive congratulations, that he would be receiving a letter in two days' time awarding him the *Eisernes Kreuz* with Oak Leaves or Swords. No wonder most of its listeners believed that the station was genuine; those who had their doubts and suspected it of being British were overawed by the diabolical efficiency of British spies.

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To add a further touch of authenticity, the station also broadcast German home news and all important speeches by Nazi leaders. That, of course, was fairly easy: all that was needed was to receive those transmissions and re-transmit them over the *Soldatensender* wavelength.

ALL THE MORE DEADLY were the ironies by which the *Soldatensender* could undermine its listeners' confidence in the régime. Long lists of casualties were read out, accompanied by patriotic funeral marches and endless cant about the heroism of fallen fighters who had sacrificed their lives even in *hopeless* situations. After every Allied night raid on a German city, long lists of streets that had been particularly hard hit were read out, followed by an announcement that in view of the terrible devastation the *Führer*, by special decree, had authorised all soldiers living in those streets to go on compassionate leave immediately without any need to report to their superior officers. Of course, soldiers who did leave their units without so reporting were shot as deserters forthwith.

It is here that doubts about the ethics of "black broadcasting" begin to arise. Ellic Howe, who (rightly) considers Sefton Delmer a propaganda genius, does not mention this side of the matter. I used to listen to the *Soldatensender* whenever I could and was full of admiration; I was working in the German section of the BBC and envied the freedom of our "black" rivals, but I could not suppress a shudder of revulsion at these deadly tactics. The more difficult the situation of Hitler's armies, the more widespread became this kind of "tactical" use of the black radio.

GOEBBELS was caught in a double bind. It was one of the unbreakable tenets of his propaganda credo that enemy propaganda must *never* be openly referred to. This was a sound principle. Even negative publicity is publicity; in refuting an enemy report you have to refer to and describe its contents; in other words, you are spreading it. So it was virtually impossible to deal with the *Soldatensender*. If it was included in the ban on listening to foreign broadcasts its existence would have to be advertised. And since it was not designated as a foreign station, listeners caught in the act could claim that they had thought it a German wavelength, and could and did point out that it had opened its proceedings with *Heil Hitler* and the official Berlin news-bulletin.

Goebbels thus had practically no defence against this kind of propaganda. Moreover, the British effort had the immense advantage of being two-pronged. The BBC's "white" propaganda could present the War situation and—what might even be more important—the Allied War aims with complete candour and guaranteed accuracy; at the same time, the "black" operation could spread any disinformation (lies) it felt expedient. The BBC insisted on the humanitarianism and love of justice of the Western democracies; the "black" stations could send innocent soldiers to their death and indulge in innumerable dastardly tricks without having to so much as bat an eyelid. In the final phases of the war the "black" transmitter was repeatedly used to give out false instructions to populations of German towns and districts to flee from the Allied forces—thus blocking the roads to Hitler's reinforcements and getting caught in bombing and shelling.

What emerges from Howe's book also—as is implied in its title, *The Black Game*—is the immense fun that those engaged in this operation had from running it. It really was a game to them, a kind of gigantic schoolboys' prank. Immense ingenuity was expended on thinking-up ever new variants of misinformation, and clever schemes of even more diabolical implications. It was an extremely *English* type of operation. Even if the Germans had been able to think of such a scheme, they would have lacked the sense of humour, the schoolboyish exuberance of black mischief, to carry it through.

IT WAS, of course, all done in a good cause; and, as such, perhaps morally justifiable. But—how effective was it?

To arrive at a valid answer to such a question is clearly impossible. What is undoubtedly true is that the operation only got into its stride when Hitler's *Reich* already had its back to the wall. Stalingrad had signalled the collapse of the attempt to conquer the Soviet Union, and the Allied landings in the West were imminent. Experience with propaganda of any kind in the mass media has, by now, conclusively shown that it can never achieve results that are not already potentially present in reality, that do not accord with the experience of the people who are the targets of these efforts at manipulation. Even commercial advertising campaigns can work only with products that somehow meet a present need or desire on the part of the public and that, above all, do work satisfactorily. Most major advertising campaigns for detergents or for cigarettes, for example, merely shift demand from one product to another; they rarely alter the pre-existent total demand. Thus, when the Nazi leadership was visibly failing in its purpose, had already by the manifest facts of bombed-out cities and retreating armies, been shown up as a failure, what could this type of propaganda effort do except reinforce an already prevalent mood? "White" propaganda could achieve more positive objectives. Above all it could spread knowledge of Allied war aims, reassure Germans who might have gone on fighting out

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of sheer desperation about what awaited them after surrender, and lay the foundation of a post-War reconciliation. "Black" propaganda could only be entirely negative.

It is touching that Sefton Delmer, the originator and inventor of most of the "black" propaganda effort, overestimated its effect in the opposite direction: he called the relevant volume of his memoirs *Black Boomerang* (1962). Evidently he was convinced that the long-term effect of his efforts had been the creation of a new "stab-in-the back legend" (*Dolchstosslegende*) analogous to that which, after World War I, led the Germans to feel that they had not been defeated on the field of battle but by home-front treachery. Delmer accused himself of having thrown a boomerang at Germany which was now rebounding on the Allies. Twenty years later we can see that this self-assessment of his effort was quite off the mark and grossly exaggerated.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the methodology of the "black" propaganda effort does present some important political insights, albeit merely in the field of negative propaganda and disinformation. By its very nature, this type of propaganda had to operate by irony, by ambiguous implication—and hence subliminally. On the surface it loyally praised the Nazi leadership; it was only by indirection that it pointed to their failings when it spoke of "our glorious comrades who had heroically succumbed to the impossible odds" of superior Allied weapons. Human beings naturally resist being indoctrinated. All the more easily are they taken in by unspoken assumptions behind the overt statements to which they are exposed.

Much of present-day political debate suffers, in my view, from neglect of this fundamental insight. The whole issue of "nuclear disarmament" is a case in point. On the surface the talk is about the horrors produced by the use of this-or-that missile, the duty of mothers to keep their children from being burned alive—all matters that seem too obvious for words and wholly beyond dispute. But the implied argument behind all this is the unstated implication that the totalitarians of the East (despite their *SS-20*s in place) are peaceful, harmless, and non-aggressive. Similarly the debate about British participation in the Common Market, usually conducted in terms of food prices and other details, is totally irrelevant; what matters is the unspoken—and false—implications that British actions can still, as in the good old Imperial times, be taken out of the wider context, that there is still some way to remain self-sufficient and independent in today's world.

THUS, TODAY'S POLITICAL arguments remain on the surface as both sides try—by default probably more than by design—to apply the principles of "black" rather than "white" propaganda. Practically all the propaganda effort of the East towards the West is conducted in these terms of disinformation, continually using terms like "democracy", "socialism", or "national independence" in senses opposite to their original meaning. Above all, they start all arguments from an implied basis that is wholly false. It is the supreme ideological irony of our time that, inside the Soviet Empire, the propaganda effort that has been developed (very much on the lines of Goebbels' propaganda in the 1920s and '30s—Goebbels was an ardent disciple of the Bolsheviks in this respect) has for over 60 years been a total failure. Only brute force and the rigid exclusion of outside information keep that empire together. At the same time, the methods of "black" propaganda and disinformation are positively flourishing in the East's efforts at subverting the Western world. I would go further and suggest that, not unlike the "black" broadcasting stations, the most effective sources of that effort are those "transmitters" which ostensibly are situated not in Moscow but in London, Paris, or New York. Disinformation rules, not OK.

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Church, State, & Bomb

Current Theological Confusions—By MAURICE LATEY

THE CURRENT DEBATE in many lands on the Christian attitude to nuclear weapons suggests a change in the constantly shifting frontier between Church and State and a renewed irruption of religion into the politics of a predominantly secular age. The Church of England's debate—while less radical in its proposals than the Roman Catholic bishops of the USA and Holland—is of special significance for the Church-State relationship. For it takes place within an Established Church; and there is bound to be special public interest when an Established Church questions Government policy on a matter of vital national security.

The bishops who have been mainly engaged in the Synod debate have expressed general satisfaction with it. They had some reason. For it was conducted in a spirit of courtesy and forbearance, and without the hysteria too often provoked by this fearful theme. It aroused unprecedented public interest, being broadcast both on television and radio; and it indicated that a non-church-going public, largely disillusioned with politicians' handling of such matters, are yet interested in what Churchmen have to say about it. Further, the outcome avoided the twin dangers of such ecclesiastical discussions. The Synod went beyond an anodyne condemnation of nuclear war and demand for multilateral disarmament, with which everyone would be bound to agree. But it did not accept the recommendations of the *Church and the Bomb* working party calling for Britain's unilateral abandonment of her own nuclear deterrent and the banning of US nuclear weapons and bases from UK shores, a position which would have caused deep division in the Church. Instead it called for a renunciation of "first use" of nuclear weapons in any form, coupled with sufficient forces to deter nuclear aggression and blackmail.

This proposal has the advantage of having reputable military and expert opinion behind it. Such a combination of "nuclear non-first-use" and "strengthened conventional forces" is advocated by Field-Marshal Lord Carver (ex-Chief of British Defence Staff); former US Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, former scientific adviser to the British government Lord Zuckerman; and a number of other experts and scientists. But no NATO government has accepted it.

During the debate the arguments for the NATO strategy of "graduated deterrence" were only briefly touched on by the Bishop of London, while the Bishop of Salisbury was a vigorous, if somewhat incongruous, exponent of the argument that the development of more accurate counter-force weapons is a "destabilising factor." The counter-argument that greater precision might well increase the effectiveness of the deterrent was largely ignored. The Churchmen, both clergy and lay, were in fact (as might be expected) at their weakest in dealing with the political and prudential aspects of the problem. But they did not go as far as the American Roman Catholic bishops in proposing such advance limits on the possible use of the deterrent which could, if observed, make it incredible . . . and thus deprive it of all deterrent value.

ONE WOULD EXPECT of the Churches greater strength in dealing with the moral and theological arguments about nuclear weapons. Both the Anglican report on *The Church and the Bomb* and the American bishops' pastoral letter focus the moral discussion on the traditional doctrine of *the just war*—an adaptation of classical Graeco-Roman theory to the later needs of Christendom. In its traditional form the doctrine demands—in what used to be called *jus ad bellum*—a formal declaration of war by a legitimate state government; a just cause; a right intention in the belligerent; war only as a last resort when all means of redress have been exhausted; a reasonable hope of success; and proportionality of the evils which the war entails, to the injury

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The Fantasy of Greenham Common

YES, *the mud is as bad as it looks on the television news. Yes, the women of the Greenham Common Peace Camp are living in atrocious conditions, sleeping under flapping sheets of polythene, squatting in the mud, cooking lentils on an open fire with a blackened kettle.*

And yes, there is a tremendous sense of solidarity among them as, in the teeth of the winter gales, they sing in their thin, reedy sopranos "Women together, we are strong!" and embrace each other and tell the world how "moving", how "incredibly **emotional***", how "spiritually sustaining" all this lentil-eating in the mud for Peace has turned out to be.*

Ruth Nicol, a 30-year-old former "community arts worker" from Sheffield tells me radiantly: "You see, to **you***, standing around a fire in the rain might seem the worst thing in the world—but to* **us** *it's the most wonderful thing in the world, because we're women together, united for Peace!"*

AND THERE's Eva breast-feeding by the fire, a vague, amiable, ever-smiling lesbian mother from Islington who's camping here with her two children, aged eight and six months, "by different fathers, one of them West Indian, both lovely, lovely men, but I never saw them again after I conceived. My choice. I just wanted children."

Eva tells me that "after a while you don't notice the weather!" In fact what worries Eva most at the moment—apart from sexism, Cruise missiles and white sugar—is the fact that "the Welfare" keep telling her that living under polythene sheeting in the winter mud doesn't constitute an entirely healthy, risk-free environment for her baby boy Bow, and they might have to do something about it.

"Bow's short for Rainbow, which is what I'd have called him if he was a girl. He's got a bit of a cold, but he's all right. I'm his mother, I love him, how could I harm him? And I know that being here is right!"

HOW TERRIBLY SINCERE *and loving they all are, their wind-roughened faces exuding that joyous righteousness I've met over the years among so many cult-followers, ranging from the Moonies to people who've smilingly assured me that Martians have landed and are at this very moment chatting to Gran in the front parlour.*

By now there can't be anyone who isn't aware that groups of women—a hard core of around 17 to 25 of them—have, for the past 16 months, been occupying a makeshift camp outside an air base in Berkshire where Cruise missiles are due to be installed later this year.

The women have reservations about the way the media have portrayed them so far. "All that 'burly lesbian' vegetarians stuff! It's disgustingly over the top and totally irrelevant!" says Mags, a red-haired primary school teacher from London.

"Anyway, the Press just stick these labels on us to discredit us", says Ruth. "It's all so **trivial***. Why don't they concentrate on the* **issues***?"*

LET's dispose of the "trivia" first. It's true that among the Greenham Common "regulars" there does seem to be a rather high proportion of lesbians and vegetarians. But so what? Simply because a woman prefers eating nuts and making love to her own sex does not, of course, invalidate her ideas about missiles.

And those ideas are currently making a massive impact, not least because people admire the way that the women who hold them endure all that mud and bad weather.

But mud, sincerity and bad weather are not in themselves 'proof' that the women are right—any more than the fact that many of them are militant-lesbian-vegetarian-feminists "proves" that they are wrong.

SO YES INDEED, **let's** *concentrate on those ideas—and not on the sex-lives and eating habits—of the Greenham Common women. Since I felt that logical discussion was unlikely to flourish in the Revivalist-tent atmosphere of the Peace Camp, I ferried batches of them off to a nearby Little Chef restaurant.*

I HAD HOPED *we could all take it as read that we were all against Nuclear War and in favour of peace, and that we only differed in our views on how to avoid the former and how to achieve a lasting version of the latter. I had hoped in vain. Ruth and Sue and Katrina and Mags and Ceri and all the other Greenham "sisters" carry on as if people like me somehow think that the Bomb is a cuddly toy which, if it explodes, will shower the world with Smarties.*

Katrina Howse, a 24-year-old mural painter from Sheffield, blinking earnestly, was determined to enlighten me: "I mean, nuclear weapons are so **horrible** *people don't* **realise***. . . ." But believe me, Katrina, I do* **so** *. . ." I mean it's so* **awful***, it's so* **immoral***, I mean . . ."* **I know***, Katrina. I* **agree***: I'd have to be barmy* **not** *to agree, so. . . .*

CERI DRYSDALE, an 18-year-old Londoner with short, nibbled-blonde hair and three ear-rings in her left ear, takes up the

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it is designed to avert. This last principle of "proportionality" is held to apply also to the conduct of war, since the means used must be proportional to the lawful aims and good intentions of the belligerent. The second principle of *jus in bello* is that of discrimination or non-combatant immunity.

A quick glance at this brief summary of "Just War doctrine" will show that it automatically condemns nuclear war on grounds both of proportionality to any legitimate war aims and of discrimination. Further, since the intention to commit an immoral act is in itself immoral, the *Church and the Bomb* report condemns the nuclear deterrent since it can only deter if there is a conditional intention to use it. But a further glance at the Just War doctrine raises doubts as to whether there has ever been a *just war* and whether in any case the doctrine is not out-of-date in modern circumstances.

HISTORICALLY the Just War doctrine fails to take into account the almost universal decline of standards in any society in war-time. The justice of the cause of the Western allies in World War II can scarcely be impugned. But they ended up with the indiscriminate bombing of Dresden and the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, among other breaches of the principles of proportion and discrimination. Furthermore some of the wars adjudged most just by the churches have proved most monstrous in their results.

St Augustine laid down the principle that "That kind of war is undoubtedly just which God himself ordains. . . ." That was the principle that inspired the Crusades (with the slaughter of Jews and Muslims in Jerusalem and with the sack of Constantinople, that greatest self-inflicted wound of Christendom), and also the Albigensian Crusade with all its atrocities. The principle of the "Holy War" was carried forward through the Reformation by Catholics, Protestants, and Puritans in the wars of religion in the 16th and 17th centuries and contributed to their peculiarly ferocious character. The principle, in secularised form, has been transmitted to the ideological wars of the 20th century. Stalin, in a famous letter dissuading Maxim Gorky from pacifism a half-century ago, laid down the principle that "We are not against all wars—we support just wars of liberation, even though they are particularly

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"bombs-are-horrid" theme and says: "Personally I think this issue is so important that I am making a personal statement in *my* life for peace and against war!" Well, Ceri, I'm not exactly making a personal statement in my life against peace and for war: so *now* can we please take it as read that I, like most other non-certifiable human beings, am as much in favour of peace as you are?

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, *three main themes have emerged.* **First,** *a militant—if thoroughly sentimental—feminism: all women, if they follow their "true" nature, are inevitably Good, Beautiful, Loving, Spiritual and Non-Violent, whereas men, not being exempt from the failings of human nature, tend to be the opposite. (A view, I may say, which would not disgrace that of a Victorian composer of soupy drawing-room ballads.)* **Second,** *a childish and ill-thought-out anti-Americanism. And* **third,** *an utterly muddle-headed contempt for "the System".*

AH YES, "the System". *Our* **system, of course. The "hard, brutal System" (Katrina's phrase) which in its hard, brutal way ensures that nice, earnest Katrina does not actually starve, since it pays her the dole while she's demonstrating for Peace. The hard, brutal system which allows the freedom of travel which Ceri so enjoyed during her long months hitch-hiking around Europe after leaving school.**

The hard, brutal system which allowed 30,000 women to demonstrate outside a military base last month and did not fling tear gas at them or subject them to water-cannon, dogs, or baton charges.

The hard, brutal system which financially supports Eva, her woman lover and her children and whose wicked officials worry about the safety of her baby, and which will doubtless save tiny Bow's life if his cold develops into pneumonia.

The hard, brutal system which supports the husband and the five children abandoned for the Peace Campaign by Mrs Helen John, and which pays to accommodate a German woman peace-campaigner and her two children in a local hotel and arranged for her children, while at the camp, to be educated at a nearby school.

Anyone who thinks that "Moscow gold" is financing the Peace Campaign can forget it: there's no need for "Moscow gold"—"British gold", in the form of taxpayers' money, is doing the job very nicely, thank you.

The Greenham women are not being consciously hypocritical about the system they so blithely exploit. For self-proclaimed "socially aware" women, they seem blissfully **unaware** *of the way "the System" they so despise supports them.*

They clearly regard the dole, the freedom to demonstrate and all the other freedoms, benefits and privileges of a democratic

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replete with bloodshed and atrocities . . . ." Curiously enough, some of the clergy who are most apt to urge pacifism on the Western governments seem to share this sentiment on "Just Wars of Liberation" (i.e. in Africa, Latin America, Asia). The *Church and the Bomb* report, commenting on the traditional doctrine that Just War can only be waged by legitimate authority, remarks generously that "There is an increasing willingness in international law to recognize the legitimacy of wars of national liberation."

The formal "Declaration of War" which used traditionally to be regarded as a condition for the Just War is now largely a thing of the past. Apart from those Arab states which continue to declare themselves at war with Israel even when there are no hostilities, it is hard to recall a formal declaration of any of the hundred or so wars that have been waged since the end of World War II. This change in practice is something more than a formality. It indicates that in our time there are many stations between the termini of war and peace, a state of affairs not visualised in the traditional "Just War" doctrine.

This brief review of the history of the "Just War" doctrine suggests not only that there never has been a truly, wholly, just war, but also that as a mere rule of thumb for assessing the justification of hostilities the doctrine is out-of-date. The Churches, indeed, since World War II seem to have been feeling their way towards this conclusion. The World Council of Churches declared in 1948: "Modern warfare can never be an act of justice." Similarly the Second Vatican Council declared: "Any act of war aimed at the destruction of entire cities or extensive areas along with their population is a crime against God and man himself. It merits unequivocal and unhesitating condemnation." This would condemn as unjust not only nuclear war but much of the destruction wrought by conventional weapons in World War II and other wars since. From this, successive Popes (Paul VI and John Paul II) have drawn the conclusion that the great aim of the Churches must be *No more war!* And as a means to the prevention of war Pope John Paul has allowed that the retention of the deterrent may be morally acceptable, provided that it is a step towards progressive disarmament.

The Churches' acceptance of *No more war* as the supreme aim has not, therefore, led them to

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society—not as precious exceptions to the world's rule—but as natural phenomena that one can take for granted, like the fact that rivers run downhill and the sea is always wet.

NATURALLY, *if you place so little value on the system that obtains in the free world, it follows that you regard America, the chief defender of that system, as Big Bad Daddy. Getting rid of Cruise and Pershing (and, their eventual aim, all American bases and NATO) is one way in which spoiled little Western girls can get back at Bad Daddy.*

"I mean, America may have a quarrel with Russia, but **we** *don't, so why should we suffer by being dragged into* **their** *quarrel?" asks an earnest middle-class girl with magenta-dyed hair who's a drama student from Birmingham University. "The American bases are nothing more than Occupied England!" So you regard America as a greater threat to Britain than Russia? "Yes I do!"*

"You talk about the dangers of Russian imperialism", says Mags, the schoolteacher, "But what about **American Imperialism**? *The bases they've got here, and all over Europe, are examples of American Imperalism!"*

Perhaps, I suggest, what we're trying to defend ourselves against is the imposition upon us of an alien social system against our will. That argument doesn't wash. As far as the women are concerned, it seems that the Soviet system is much misunderstood; and amazing as it may seem to those of us who've worked in Eastern Europe, these daffy women seem to believe that totalitarian systems do not differ greatly from democratic ones—except in apparently rather unimportant matters of degree.

WHICH IS PERHAPS *why, in the face of all evidence, they're all so convinced that the example of Greenham Common will be allowed to catch on behind the Iron Curtain, and that suddenly housewives from Omsk to Vladivostok will all be setting up independent Peace Camps and persuading Mr Andropov and his satraps to chuck away his SS20s, disband the Warsaw Pact and get rid of his armies, regardless of what the West does.*

Mr Andropov, I point out, has already said the Russians won't indulge in Unilateralism because "we are not a naive people." "Oh, but **we're** *not naive!" the women say, as if simple denial were proof.*

"You see, I don't believe that Governments have power, it's **people** *who have power!" says Ceri with all the smug certainty of an 18-year-old whose thinking processes seem confined to the level of Christmas-cracker mottoes.*

"I mean, women are women all over the world. And if we in Britain in the Peace

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the pacifist solution of non-resistance to aggression. They admit the right to self-defence as a last resort when all peaceful means of averting aggression have been exhausted. So even if there are no *just* wars there may be *justifiable* ones. And the criteria of justification are more complex than those of the traditional Just War doctrine, since they involve taking into account the many stopping-places between the termini of peace and war—and especially such factors as the nature of the societies confronting each other, the character of their armed forces, and the aims of their policies.

Such calculations, in which the *Church and the Bomb* report is notably weak, are primarily prudential and practical rather than moral and theological in character. The commentary by the Church of England "Board for Social Responsibility" on its working party's report puts some of these questions as they affect the justification of nuclear deterrence.

> "How is the *risk* of nuclear warfare to be set against the evil of expansionism based upon ideologies which are destructive of human dignity? Some members of the Board would say that the principle of proportion does not rule out the choice of a great good achieved at the risk of a great evil, when the alternative is almost wholly evil. . . . For the question of deterrence is not a question about war, but about *the risks of war*, and these are not the same."

The Board's commentary on *The Church and Bomb* goes on to ask a number of very pertinent questions on whether Britain's one-sided abandonment of nuclear weapons and bases would be destabilising or the reverse—whether some nuclear weapons are really first-strike weapons which should be renounced—whether a "nuclear freeze" would help or would hinder multilateral disarmament. "These are not easy questions", the Board comments, "and there is no specifically Christian answer to them."

THERE ARE IN FACT certain questions of which it can be said that the State has its reasons of which the Church does not know very much. This did not prevent the *Church and the Bomb* working

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movement can achieve what we have, why can't the women in Russia?" asks Katrina.

For the simple reason, I explain patiently, that in a democratic society a government in the end **has** *to react flexibly to the wishes and demands of "the people" because if it doesn't, the people simply vote it out of power. In a totalitarian society, a government faces no such democratic threat and can ignore the will of the people with total impunity: witness Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Afghanistan.*

"Well, anyway, how do you know that what you say about the Soviet system is true?" asks Ruth, quite undeterred. "I really believe that there are independent Peace movements in Russia, which **aren't** *controlled by the authorities, and some of us are thinking about going to Russia to find out the facts for ourselves."*

"Yes, everything we're told in the West about Russia is via American propaganda", asserts the magenta-haired drama student confidently. Sue Popper, a 19-year-old sociology student from York University, nods: "We're fed nothing but bullshit about Russia in this country." But Sue, how do you **know** *it's bullshit? "Well, I consider that it is." But that's a statement of belief, like saying "I consider the world is flat"—it doesn't constitute* **proof**.

BUT ALAS, **there's no point in persisting: here at Greenham Common "belief", so far as Sue, her sisters and presumably all sentimental flat-earthers everywhere are concerned, means exactly the same thing as "proof".**

I point out that the Greenham Women's protest would not have lasted a week, let alone 16 months, in the Soviet Union: by now they'd all be in mental hospitals or in jail. Triumph! Their eyes light up. "But *we've* **been jailed!" says Katrina. "It's** *exactly the same* **here! We're being oppressed! We had to survive two evictions, being arrested, being jailed, and yet we're still here!**

"Anyway", says Ceri, "it's just *lies* **to say that the balance of nuclear power has preserved peace in Europe. We're** *already* **in the middle of a nuclear war!"**

No we're not, Ceri, we're sitting in the Little Chef, eating Pineapple Pancakes. "But we *are* **in a nuclear war. Nuclear weapons are already killing people, by taking away the money to provide jobs and food, and people are being** *starved* **because of them, and dying from radiation, and. . . ." And** *so on.*

HOW, I WONDER, *can I go trying to argue rationally with women who cannot tell the difference between peace and war, between a fortnight in an English prison for "a breach of the peace" and countless years in a Soviet Gulag, between democracy and totalitarianism—let alone the subtle*

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party—nor the American Catholic bishops' draft pastoral letter—from recommending rather detailed policies on them. But as Archbishop William Temple, a great social thinker who believed in the inseparable connection between religion and politics and society, once put it:

> "A policy always depends on technical decisions concerning the actual relations of cause and effect in the political and economic world; about these a Christian as such has no more reliable judgment than an atheist except so far as he should be more immune to the temptation of self-interest."

THE QUESTION of the survival of civilisation, and even possibly of the human race, is one on which we are all equally exposed to the temptations of self-interest. But Christians should be able to view it with a certain detachment. For they are brought up on scriptures which predict an early day of judgment and end to this world. The first Christians for several generations rejoiced in such an expectation. Yet the Bishop of London caused a shock in the Synod when he referred to the possibility of Armageddon. It was left to the Archbishop of York, Dr Stuart Blanch, to raise the debate to a somewhat higher theological plane by exploring the relevance of the apocalyptic tradition of the New Testament to the nuclear age. The ancient world into which Christ was born was haunted by the fear of universal disaster, less specific than our fears of a nuclear disaster, but surely every bit as real. The early Christians shared these expectations, but (said Dr Blanch) "what is distinctive about the Christian attitude to the end of the world is that it is associated with joy and not just with fear", on account of Christ's promise of redemption. From now on every generation will be aware that it could be the last generation on earth. Christians, the Archbishop argued, therefore have a special task in enabling mankind to *live* with fear, in the faith that it was a loving Creator who made the world and that it is a loving Creator who will determine the nature and time of its end. Right political decisions and right moral attitudes were only likely to appear against this background of the universal and unfailing providence of God.

This indeed was a new note in the debate, projecting as it did both the hope and the realism of

differences between the Newbury District Council and the KGB?

They insist that all nuclear weapons, whoever owns them, are immoral, but it emerges that Russian nuclear weapons are somewhat less immoral than American ones: I ask them about the continued installation of vast numbers of SS20s in Russia, to which Cruise and Pershing are the West's frightened response. "Oh, but the SS20s are defensive!" says the drama student.

None of the women is quite daft enough to say they'd actually like to live under a totalitarian system which, I point out, could be imposed without a shot being fired upon a completely disarmed West. So how, if they succeed in getting rid of all "militaristic defence solutions", do they propose avoiding that fate?

"Well, I believe that the best way of resisting any hard, brutal system—whether it's the one in Russia or the one here—is to **protest** *about it!" says Katrina. It is clearly fruitless to continue pointing out that "protesting about it" hasn't got the Hungarians, the Czechs, the Poles or the Afghans very far.*

BUT IF their naivety, childishness and ignorance about *realpolitik* **is alarming, what makes their views verge on near-lunacy is their belief in the magical power of women to put the world right simply because they are women.**

History can teach them nothing, partly because very few of them seem to know any, and partly because they believe that history *cannot* **teach them anything relevant—for the simple reason that all history up till now has been created by men. "The force that has never been used or valued before is the power of** *women*. **The power of women to say 'No!' To protest! To make a stand for Life!" says Katrina as though chanting a hymn. "That's what makes this movement bound to** *succeed*—**the power of women!"**

Increasingly the Greenham women remind me of the African tribesmen who were convinced that a magic ju-ju could protect them against the white man's bullets and found, alas too late, that it did not. "You see, you don't have to **physically** *construct your energy into stopping something you feel will harm you", continues Ceri. "If you* **really, really** *believe in something and you* **know** *it's right, it can't fail!" Yes it can, I say. I could "really really" believe that pigs could fly, but it wouldn't mean that the entire bacon industry would promptly start whizzing about the sky. History is littered with causes people "really really" believed in, and* **they've** *failed. "But that's because they didn't use the power of women!"*

ANY ATTEMPT to get the women to discuss defence issues in a realistic and specific way results in them taking refuge in

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Christ's teaching in the face of impending disaster.

It has to be said that it does not reflect the general approach which, as in most Church discussions of the matter throughout the world, has concentrated far more on the secular hazards and prescriptions of the nuclear age. In doing so the most publicised Christian spokesmen have tended to identify themselves with the "progressive" secular humanist trends and views of our time, based on the perfectibility of men by human institutions, just as their predecessors for many generations tended to identify themselves with the secular governments and establishments of their time. They now ignore or soft-pedal the doctrine of original sin which, whatever its distortions, imposed on Christians a very realistic view of human nature. It was a safeguard against the wishful thinking on the conduct of men and of nations which characterises much contemporary Christian social thought, including the *Church and the Bomb* report.

Such wishful thinking is to be found even in Pope John XXIII's great encyclical *Pacem in Terris* (1964) when he writes,

"The same moral law which governs relations between individual human beings serves also to regulate the relations of political communities with one other."

We may wish that this were true, and even hope that one day it may be so. But in this world of power politics it is clearly untrue. Nor would most Churchmen wish their political leaders to act on such a principle. Indeed they would be shocked if Mrs Thatcher were to turn the taxpayer's other cheek to the European Community in the dispute over the Community budget and were thankful that she did not turn the Falklanders' other cheek to the Argentines; and certainly they would not wish her to take no thought for the morrow, what we should eat and what we should drink and what, if anything, should be our attire.

WHAT, THEN, SHOULD the Churches be doing about the possible end of the world?

They cannot keep silent. They cannot content themselves with universally acceptable pious sentiments. They should not attach themselves to detailed prescriptions which they are less qualified to judge than secular authorities. They can indeed recognise both from the gospels and from their

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buzzwords and phrases inherited from the soft-minded fall-out of the Me Decade: "using one's power assertively," "taking responsibility for one's own life", "making a statement for life and against death", etc., etc.

They seem to feel that when in difficulty, the solution is to pull down over their heads, like the woolly hats they all wear, some such woolly phrase and all its woolly warmth will then spread through their woolly minds, and everything will come right again.

FINALLY, *I asked them what they would do one night, if, walking back from the bus-stop, one of them were set upon by a bunch of Newbury thugs intent upon a gang-bang rape. Would they a) defend themselves; b) lie back and enjoy it (looks of horror at that suggestion); or c) rely upon the magic ju-ju of Loving, Assertive, Non-Violent, Positive-thinking Womanhood to save them?*

"Oh, non-violence doesn't mean **passivity***!" replied Katrina. "It means using strength assertively, but non-violently!" But what* **in practice***, faced with a rapist, does that* **actually mean***?*

"Well, er, you see, the thing is, that the only way we're going to get rid of rape is through the collective power of women being assertive." But I'm supposing that you, Katrina, are alone (as most women are when raped) and that you are not surrounded by thousands of non-violently assertive women.

If it is justifiable for you, in the last resort, to defend yourself physically against the abuse of your body, against the denial of your freedom of choice and of action, why is it so unjustifiable, so immoral, and so terminally-sick for a country to reserve to itself that same right of physical defence?

All the woolly-hat phrases are pulled down over their heads again, amid protesting cries of "But that analogy's distorted, it's so unfair . . .!" "It's not the same principle at all . . .!" "You're just being **unfair***!"*

DRIVING BACK to the Peace Camp with me, Ruth began talking to Eva's eight-year-old daughter about the delights of the film ET, hinting at how ET, by sheer magical will-power, is able to make the children's bikes fly.

"Trouble with you", I told her, "is you believe just by *wishing* **you too can make bikes fly. Unfortunately, that's not how things work in the grown-ups' world." "Oh, I thought you'd say that!" replied Ruth, smiling serenely.**

CLAP HANDS, *children of all ages, everywhere. Tinkerbell is alive and well and living at Greenham Common, wearing a woolly hat.*

Ann Leslie

in the *Daily Mail* (London)

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own long history that the "children of this world" of power politics are *sometimes* wiser in their generation than "the children of light."

Devout Christians such as Hugo Grotius (the father of modern international law) and Henri Dunant (of the Red Cross) have indeed initiated notable ameliorations in the field of human conflict. But these reforms have been carried through by secular authorities acting from self-interest; and it is by these means rather than by any prescriptions by the Churches that we are likely to secure a working accommodation on our nuclear problems which are certainly not going to disappear.

THIS DOES NOT, of course, suggest that the Church should become the government's poodle, barking "peace" when there is no peace (like the Russian Orthodox Church in Moscow). Nor should it identify itself with fashionable secular movements which promise a version of the kingdom of heaven on earth by the reform or overthrow of human systems. When the Churches have descended into such political arenas the results have often been disastrous for both Church and State.

Although the Churches can never escape from politics, their concern may be described as "metapolitical", dealing as they should with the politics of ends rather than means. Their sign is the Cross, the sign of contradiction; their method is that of their master arguing dialectically against the varying and contradictory idolatries of his day. Their message is that of peace with justice under the merciful providence of God, a hopeful version of the *fiat justitia, et ruant coeli* (let justice be done, though the heavens fall!) inherited from both the classic Stoic and Judaeo-Christian traditions.

In an age in which men are for the first time able to bring the heavens down on themselves, a message on that level from the Churches would command far more respect than not very well-informed instructions about what complicated military weapons may be used in what unusual political circumstances.

Siege

Investing a city with force is an obsolete tactic,
and most of us know it. There are satisfactions, even so.
All night, masses of air had fallen, thrashing the tent-fabric—
I woke terrified, like a bird caught in a sail. Even now,
with the night emptied, a white cut edging the hills, and fine snow
holding the light to the ground, the place is only just composed:
a tight stillness—but we contain the moment. The time is closed.

Our camp and earthwork narrow our intentions to a sharp design.
All around, horizons lapse into a uniformity of light.
Our zigzag trenches are the only sane, continuous lines
in the limitless field . . . defeated wall, sparse trees, birdsflight
are just points of separation. Waking cold and incomplete,
it's good to fix the mind on charted purposes; entire
geometries of close assault; concentration of fire.

The wall has failed, but held too long. Now that the impulses to storm
seems distant, I watch the breach with interest, but no hunger.
Repairing canvas, trying to keep warm, I like the calm.
The paths between the tents are hardening. The city is no longer
threatening, or threatened. No one can summon the anger.
The fragile, coercive constructions will spread from the boundaries;
the clear approaches of the siege will seem like lost simplicities.

Alan Dewar

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INTERVIEW

Armando Valladares, after 22 Years in Prison

He was at the time of his arrest (on 28 December 1960) a twenty-three-year-old Cuban. He was imprisoned, accused of "plotting" against Fidel Castro's régime. A military tribunal quickly condemned him to 30 years in prison. There was no evidence, and no witnesses—not unusual for the time. Armando Valladares is one of the thousands upon thousands of Cubans who have suffered repression under the régime of Castro's communism—a "system" which, as Valladares himself says, detects treasonable crimes even in passing dreams. Only a few weeks after his release—achieved thanks to the personal intervention of François Mitterrand, the French President—Valladares in this interview gives a few details of his 22 years in prison. He happened to be a cell-mate for a while of Reinaldo Arenas, whose interview ("Dangerous Manuscripts") was published in Encounter, January 1982.

Where were you in 1959, when Castro overthrew the Batista dictatorship?

Valladares: At that time I was 22, and I was employed as a civil servant in the Ministry of Defence. My job consisted of interviewing civilians who wanted to join the National Police Force. . . . When the revolution triumphed, I, like all civil servants, went before a "purification board." They offered me the chance of continuing in the Ministry but as a policeman (with a pistol, uniform and all the rest of it). I turned it down and they transferred me to the Ministry of Communications, where I worked for more than a year, up to the time they arrested me.

—Why did they arrest you?

Valladares: I think it was because of some of my anti-communist statements in meetings at the Ministry. My religious upbringing and my idealistic notions of the world led me to criticise communist doctrine. They picked me up at home at night, when I was asleep. They searched everything but they didn't find any papers, arms, explosives or anything else that could've implicated me. They took me to the headquarters of the Political Police, and after several examinations they told me they hadn't found any positive evidence against me but they were convinced I was a potential enemy of the Revolution. It was the 28th December, 1960, *El dia de los Santos Innocentes* ("The day of the Holy Innocents"), and at first I thought it was a joke. But it wasn't.

—How could they convict you without any evidence, without any witnesses?

Valladares: At that time you could still engage a defence lawyer, and I did so. Against my defence (which was very good) the prosecutor produced no evidence whatsoever. He just said that, in his opinion, I was a conspirator. When the trial ended, I was convinced that I'd be released despite the fact that the tribunal was made up of soldiers, not judges. (I can still recall how the President of the tribunal spent the whole trial with his military boots on the table, reading "comics.") They took me back to prison, and some months later they told me my sentence was 30 years. So, from my arrest till now, I never left prison except during the three days my brief escape from the *Isla de Pinos* lasted.

—How did you escape?

Valladares: In January 1961, a few days after my arrest, they took me to the prison on the Isle of Pines; and that same year (in October) three fellow-prisoners and I managed to escape. It was very spectacular, because the Isle of Pines was considered to be one of the best-guarded prisons in the world. We dressed as soldiers in clothes that had come to us from outside, which we dyed. After the break-out, we got as far as the south of the island but the contacts who'd arranged to meet us weren't there. They probably thought escape was completely impossible and they didn't even turn up; but we were there. The police combed the whole island for three days, and they caught us and locked us up in punishment cells.

—What were those cells like?

Valladares: The roof of the cell was made of wire-

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netting, and the police patrolled about above us. There I got to know the taste of excrement; every day they flung buckets of it over us through the wire-netting. In winter, they threw cans of icy water as well, a very tough punishment because we were stripped inside the cell. On top of all that I had to drag myself along on my buttocks in order to move, because I had four or five bones in my feet broken as a result of a fall during our escape; and we had no medical aid. I was in that situation for almost a year. Later on, in the Boniato prison, I had about seven years in punishment cells; but on the Isle of Pines we spent only a year in them. They freed us because we went on a hunger strike.

—Were your warders impressed by that?

VALLADARES: With the first hunger strike we took them by surprise. Hunger was one of *their* weapons, and they weren't used to the idea of our using it against them. Our second hunger strike was brutally suppressed, they used tanks, dogs, guns. But the first one worked; we came out of the punishment cells, and they then sent us out on forced labour in the interior of the island, chipping stones, clearing swamps, cutting grass with machetes. They called it *el plan de trabajo*, the "Work Plan." They got us up at four or five in the morning and we worked until six in the evening. The warders gave us two meals a day, a breakfast of hot water and sugar; lunch was usually corn meal and an egg. If you didn't work, they felled you with machete blows. This way they hoped we'd accept the "Rehabilitation Plan", to escape having to work.

—What was the "Rehabilitation Plan"?

VALLADARES: If you accepted the plan, first they changed your uniform; and then you attended talks, lectures and classes on Marxism. Our uniform was yellowish khaki with "Ps" painted in black, one on the shoulder and two on the legs. They intended it to mean simply "prisoner" but we said it stood for *"preso por principios"*, Prisoner of Principles. The uniform for the "Rehabilitation Plan" was blue, like the one worn by common prisoners. Practically none of the political prisoners accepted the Rehabilitation Plan. It turned out to be the reverse of what they'd imagined. Violence helped us build a common front, a very united group against repression. For us, to join the rehabilitation plan—even to put on the ordinary convict's uniform—was to submit, was to accept that they were right. They thought that everyone would want to avoid working. At first they even announced they'd give a medal to those who could stand it. In the end they had to stop because almost everybody was standing it.

—Did you at any time get news of your family, news from the outside world?

VALLADARES: Only the official Party newspaper reached the prison; but, at the work camp, some fellow prisoners managed to build a radio from graphite and rust. I don't know how they managed it, and the guards never found out. As for visits, I had one in 1961, another in 1962; then none for 25 months because they were suspended. That was the first long period during which I received no visits of any kind.

Once the work plan was wound up, they scattered us among all the prisons on the island of Cuba, because they thought we'd submit more easily. I myself was transferred to La Cabaña prison first, along with eight-or-nine hundred political prisoners. There they gave us a blue uniform (the ordinary convicts' one). We refused to put it on. They refused to give us back our yellow uniform, and so we decided just to wear underpants—some had practically nothing on at all, as in the Pinar del Río prison. I was one of *el grupo de los "calzoncillos"* (the "underpants" group)—and that's how I was dressed from 1967 until they set me free.

—The uniform was that important to you?

VALLADARES: We were political prisoners, not criminals. To wear their uniform was to put them in the right.

—They tried everything to get you to wear the uniforms?

VALLADARES: Yes. From La Cabaña prison they transferred me to Boniato prison in the jungle. They purged all the political groups even more, and they mixed us in with thousands of ordinary prisoners, so much so that in 1967 the official newspaper got round to publishing a report that the Political Prisoner had almost ceased to exist. What's more, from then on, the repression increased.

—How?

VALLADARES: First there were the beatings. In Boniato, the first time we were there you see, from 1967, they kept transferring us from prison to prison—guards came into the cells and gave us daily beatings with hosepipes, chains, cables, or any old thing. This went on for several weeks till they realised that we would never put on the blue uniform. Then, in La Cabaña, the beatings were more sporadic, one every five or ten days according to how they felt. When we went back to Boniato we found they'd built a special block for us. They put 25 or 30 prisoners in each cell. We didn't quite fit, we had to take turns to sleep. The doors and windows were covered with iron sheeting and air only came in through a small opening underneath. The cell, like all cells in Cuba, was full of rats. These

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marks you can see on my right hand are, in fact, a memento of one of those rats.

WHERE did you get the strength to put up with all this?

VALLADARES: From my Christian faith, from my fellow prisoners' help, from the conviction that I was right, and from my love for my family and for Marta (my fiancée, whom I married in 1969, while still in prison of course). I got to know Marta in 1961. She'd travelled to the Isle of Pines to see her father, who was also there. After that visit, we began to write to each other and, till we married in 1969, we saw each other some thirteen times, but never for more than two hours at a time. Marta, always very much an activist, joined a group of our relatives and wives to protest about our situation once we'd begun a hunger strike in La Cabaña. Everyone in the group was arrested. Marta was booked, and I found out that they had orders to imprison her if she was re-arrested. So I persuaded her to leave the country—but as my wife. We married in prison. We signed some papers in front of the guards; they gave us fifteen minutes to talk in their presence; then they made us say goodbye. They took Marta to a marble workshop to work for several years—that was then a mandatory condition for women who wanted to leave the country.

—By then you were already writing poetry?

VALLADARES: Yes, I was writing; but the need to write, so to speak, arose with my illness in 1974. The name they gave it is *polineuropatla carencial*, polyneuropathy deficiency, due to malnutrition. They kept us without food for 46 days to force us to wear uniforms, to approach the prison refectory in file, to stand up when soldiers came in, and to do those things a political prisoner can never really accept. Due to that, many of my fellow prisoners became ill; and some still are.

—Your first book was called "From My Wheelchair." How did you manage to publish it?

VALLADARES: I memorised all the lines and wrote out 25 copies on cigarette or other thin paper, which was what we could get most easily from outside. I'm not going to reveal how because it'd endanger my companions. Of all those copies, only one reached Marta; the rest were confiscated, got lost, or simply disappeared.

—In that first book, along with poems of love and hope, you wrote about murder, the killings that happened in 1975, for instance, when they machine-gunned the prisoners in several blocks. Did you ever fear for your life?

VALLADARES: I was always frightened, but I tried to make sure they didn't notice. Not frightened of death, no, because my faith tells me there's another life afterwards, but a fear of—I don't know—of a bayonet thrust, or a fear they'd split my head open.

After the book's publication things changed somewhat. When they set 3,000 prisoners free in 1977, under a clemency policy, they transferred me to a civil rehabilitation hospital, where my health improved. But there they put pressure on me to refute what I'd said in my book—which naturally I refused to do. They stopped the treatment and held me in solitary confinement in a Havana jail. I was there till January 1981, and then they shut me up in a punishment prison. Months later, in a new place, they put me in a cell with blocked-up windows and a recess for parallel bars and other "rehabilitation" equipment. Throughout that time, up to the day of my freedom, I only saw the warder who brought me food.

—Then came the welcome surprise?

VALLADARES: I didn't believe it, and even now I haven't begun to believe it. First they took me to

"From My Wheelchair"

Un Pasillo largo
gris,
con cuarenta puertas de terror,
con planchas soldadas de acero,
con candados rusos enormes.
Adentro, la noche comunista eterna
en dos metros de angustia de largo
por uno de tortura.

A long passage,
grey,
its forty doors of terror,
with welded steel plates
and enormous Russian padlocks.
Inside, endless communist night,
in anguish two metres long
and torture one metre wide.

Armando Valladares

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hospital to re-learn how to walk properly because, although my legs had already grown stronger thanks to the gymnastics, when I walked I kept falling over because I hadn't seen the outside horizon for many years and that affected my balance.

—How many political prisoners are still in Cuba? Have you any idea?

VALLADARES: From the day of that historic imprisoning, some twenty years ago, we—I mean, *they*—number almost 300, dispersed among several prisons. Of the new ones, those they arrest for sticking up posters, for protesting, or for "offences against the People's economy", I don't know the number, but in Havana alone, what with politicals and ordinary prisoners, I'm sure there are more, according to their own figures, than in the whole of Spain.

Over there, if they catch you with a tin of chorizo sausage, with three kilos of meat, with soap powder, etc., they arrest you for the crime of what they call *acaparamiento*, "hoarding." You have to remember that the ration is half-a-sausage a year per person; two kilos of meat a year per person; and that's all. But they can arrest you for anything. Do you know about the Granados affair?

Well, Granados was one of Fidel's university friends. One day Castro passed close by Granados and he was arrested and condemned to ten years because *"no le había mirado con el afecto que sesuponía debía profesarle* (he "had not looked athim with the friendly affection it was assumed he ought to have professed". That's almost normal over there. Someone else was arrested because he told his wife that he'd had a dream about killing Fidel Castro. His wife mentioned this in a queue, the news got about, and he was condemned to twelve years. . . .

—What are you going to do now? how are you going to live?

VALLADARES: That's another thing I don't know. For the moment, I think I'll stay in Europe, perhaps in Spain, in Madrid, where I'll probably spend Christmas. Over there, in prison you know, they used to sing carols too. Luis Gutiérrez Menoyo, a Spanish compatriot of yours and formerly a major under Fidel, who's also in prison, taught us a lot of Spanish carols, like that one you probably know which goes *"Hacia Belén va una burra, rin, rin* (A donkey approaches Bethlehem, pom, pom)." They let us sing it, although in Cuba a Christmas tree is considered subversive. But after all we were already *in* prison. . . . One way or another, we always had our Christmas, and this year, in Boniato or Havana, my friends will have their Christmas too. You know, devotion is within you and it's something they can never root out.

In Praise of Tiredness

The general of hot desire is dead.
Let's doff our hats to him, he has done well,
deployed his forces admirably, but
we're glad to see him go, as truth to tell
we never were quite sure his loyalty
was all to the state, or whether perhaps he,
accustomed both to naked power and stealth,
had plans to run the whole shebang himself.

Yes, we civilians have jobs to tackle
which do for us as much as any battle,
so when we drop into a well-earned slumber
we've no desire to give our rank and number,
though there are times when Tom or Dick or Harry
will enthuse about the military.

George Szirtes

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LETTERS

Eysenck's Intelligence

H. J. EYSENCK's account [ENCOUNTER, February] of Francis Galton, Alfred Binet, and their pioneering approaches to intelligence testing makes a good story, but unfortunately cannot be taken seriously by anyone familiar with the early history of that field. Eysenck seriously misrepresents Galton's theory, as well as the events which led to its supersession by Binet's approach.

In 1865, Francis Galton introduced the *idea* of an intelligence test in a proposal for development of a series of measures to facilitate the matching of highly endowed young men and women in eugenic marriages. Though Galton believed the qualities to be tested for were innate and probably had a physiological basis, he nowhere postulated, as Eysenck asserts, "a single, general factor of intelligence, a universal cognitive ability." Galton seldom used the term "intelligence" as we do today, but spoke instead of an inherited "natural ability" as a complex amalgam of several interacting factors. Thus in his *Hereditary Genius* (1869) he wrote:

> "In order that a man should inherit ability in the concrete, he must inherit three qualities that are separate and independent of each other; he must inherit capacity, zeal, and vigour."

Moreover, "capacity" in this context was conceived of as a multi-faceted and complex entity, at least partly specific to the particular field of endeavour one was considering. Galton believed that his early statistical demonstrations of the tendency for eminence within particular fields to run in families was evidence for the partly specific nature of inherited ability.

Consistent with this view, the various "tests" Galton proposed for assessing intelligence included not just the reaction times mentioned by Eysenck, but also several other diverse measures including head size, sensory acuity, physical strength, and even "breathing power." His preliminary research with these measures in the 1880s stimulated several other investigators in several different countries to work with them too, but their attempts to relate the various tests to independent indices of intellectual ability produced generally negative results. Clark Wissler's 1901 study at Columbia University was the culmination of this research programme; and in its use of Pearson correlation techniques was the first study to document with mathematical precision the degree of the "Galton-type" tests' failure. Though limited somewhat by the restricted range of its subjects, this study's findings were consistent with much previous research. Far from being just a "very bad experiment" (as Eysenck has it), Wissler's study provided a merciful *coup de grâce* to an approach to intelligence testing which had shown considerable theoretical appeal, but little practical success, over many years.

AMONG THOSE OTHER investigators who had found disappointing results with Galtonian tests was Alfred Binet, who in 1905 introduced his own new measures based on age norms and more complex tasks. These tests did show reasonable independent validity, and were soon adopted by hereditarian and environmentalist investigators alike. Perhaps Eysenck's most dubious claim is his assertion that the Binet tests took particular hold in America because of their appeal to environmentalists. In fact, the most effective and zealous American proponents of Binet tests—men such as H. H. Goddard, Robert Yerkes, or Lewis Terman—were avid (some have said fanatical) hereditarians, who insisted the tests measured innate, inherited, and fixed mental ability. These men adopted Binet's over Galton's approach simply because it *worked better*. However inconvenient it may be for theory, the historical facts about IQ testing simply do not fall into the pat, environmentalist-versus-hereditarian pattern that Eysenck suggests.

ENCOUNTER's readers might also be advised that many knowledgeable psychologists suspect that the *new* "Galton-type" tests Eysenck espouses will prove little more successful than their predecessors. In their view, the controversial and largely unreplicated findings Eysenck reports for complex reaction time and EEG evoked potential are counterbalanced by other recent studies of several types, suggesting IQ heritabilities below 50%, and supporting a flexible, multi-dimensional conception of human intelligence not far different from Binet's

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DR FANCHER'S LETTER in reply to my article encompasses more error in a short space than I would have thought possible. I will reply to the major points raised.

(*1*) Galton anticipated the modern distinction between intelligence *A* and intelligence *B*, where intelligence *A* refers to the psychophysical disposition towards greater or lesser ability, and intelligence *B* to the expression of this intelligence in everyday life, which is clearly complicated by factors of personality, training, culture, education, etc. He expressed this in terms of his distinction between capacity (intelligence *A*), and zeal and vigour (aspects of intelligence *B*).

(*2*) Galton also anticipated the modern division between general intelligence and special abilities, like verbal, numerical, visuo-spatial, etc. which is built into his notion of "capacity." All this does not mean that he did not regard intelligence as a unitary ability.

(*3*) Galton did suggest other measures of his "capacity" than reaction times, but it is difficult to see why he should not do so. We measure heat by means of mercury-in-glass thermometers, constant-volume gas thermometers, resistance thermometers, and many other types of thermometers making use of different physical manifestations of heat. Each test has to be taken in its own right, and investigated to see whether or not it is successful. Reaction time was clearly Galton's favourite, and it certainly has proved successful.

(*4*) Fancher is clearly ignorant of the many criticisms that can be made of Clark Wissler's 1901 study at Columbia University, which was possibly one of the worst experiments ever done. Wissler did not even use an intelligence test to correlate with his reaction times, but used course grades as his criterion. These are known to be fairly unreliable, and not to correlate much with

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IQ tests in the type of population he used. Furthermore, each subject's reaction time score was based on an average of only three to five measurements, which was even then known to result in exceedingly low reliability; at least 50–100 measurements are necessary to give a meaningful average. All this, in conjunction with the very restricted range of talent in a highly selective university population, makes it impossible to take his results seriously.

(5) If Fancher thinks that the reaction time data I report are "largely unreplicated", he is clearly too ignorant of the recent literature to waste time on a reply. I can only suggest to him (and any one interested in this question) to read Arthur Jensen's chapter on "The Chronometry of Intelligence" in the recent *Advances in the Psychology of Human Intelligence* (vol. 1, ed. R. J. Sternberg). Similarly, for EEG evoked potentials, there is now ample support for the pioneering work of the Hendricksons by Blinkhorn, Schafer, Robinson, Haier, and others to put it beyond reasonable doubt that very high correlations can be obtained between IQ measures and EEG evoked potentials.

On one point Fancher may be right, namely when he says that Binet's approach *worked better* than Galton's. Binet-type tests are closer to intelligence *B*, and hence are in practice more predictive. However, from the scientific point of view this complexity is precisely what is so undesirable; science is analytic, and tries to measure one thing at a time. Galton-type tests measure capacity in separation from "zeal" and "vigour." If we are ever to achieve proper measurement, that is what we must do.

H. J. EYSENCK

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Gandhi & Colonialism

MY FIRST REACTION to Sir Algernon Rumbold's version of the Indian independence movement in his review of *Gandhi* ("Film, Facts, & History", ENCOUNTER, March) was that it was an article in surprisingly bad taste, even for one who has thinly veiled imperialist beliefs. Perhaps little else is to be expected from a diehard upholder of a colonising breed whose belief in its unique possession of the faculties of justice, fair play and intelligence is too firmly entrenched to notice the amused scepticism of other nations—those whom they have colonised and caused problems for (viz. the Indian subcontinent and today's trouble-spot, the Middle East), and then presume to "help", and other neutral nations which see the pomposity of this belief.

Doubtless he feels that his version of history is the " 'Truth' that Gandhi sought"!—but I suggest that the perspective of the colonised sufferers is as, if not more, true than that of those who disguised their brigandry by presuming to "unite" India, those who perpetrated unspeakable atrocities and then refused to recognise them as such (even today, the Jalianwala Bagh massacre is not taught as history in schools in this country, while the so-called Black Hole tragedy, occurring two centuries before, continues to be—perhaps Sir Rumbold [*sic*] is annoyed with Attenborough for making British audiences aware of the former). I would like to state plainly that the blame for Partition, for fomenting communal tension in India, rests squarely on British shoulders—a consequence of their policy of divide-and-rule. Should this sound surprising to those who really believe that the British were in India on a God-given mission to unite, civilise and train the "natives" to rule themselves, with no ulterior motives whatsoever, I would mention the fact that in 700 years of pre-colonial India, Hindus and Muslims lived as any other peoples do—at peace, despite the existence of prejudices and barriers—this is borne out by the fact that there are records of *two* communal riots in *all* that time. The record of post-colonial India is a glaring contrast, and till today, the consequences of British-manoeuvred partition persist—Assam (which many here have been trying to interpret for their own reasons as our inability to govern ourselves after our British saviours left) is merely one such instance.

Sir Rumbold mentions that the "peace of the world has become less secure" as a consequence of the freedom we've attained—this is proof enough of his imperial nostalgia, his regret that "abdication in India has set the scene for the abdication of all powers" in "almost all dependent territories", his belief that "powers" of this sort are necessary to rule those parts of the world unfortunately inhabited by lesser mortals than those of his breed. While this is sufficient to take the breath away, he adds that "the responsibilities [for peace-keeping] cast on the United States have become greater." This is an almost impossibly ludicrous statement, even for one of Sir Rumbold's thinking—one has only to remember the sending of the US Seventh Fleet to help Yahya Khan perpetrate genocide in Bangladesh, which was foiled at the last minute by the Soviets sending one of their own (this is one more instance of the Western world, especially the US, pushing India into what they like to call the "Soviet Camp").

Perhaps the root of many of Sir Rumbold's misconceptions lies in his inability to conceive that an individual or a nation can choose its own way to freedom, without need for "constitutions" in the Western style, with its own beliefs and idiosyncrasies rather than ones imported from its Western colonisers. He refers to Gandhi as a "politician" which he wasn't—nor was he a saint, despite Sir Rumbold's sneering references to his "alleged sainthood." He was merely an exceptionally great man, whose greatness consisted in evolving his own approaches to life for the individual and for the nation—that these have not been implemented (a point which is debatable) is an indication of the failure of lesser Indians than himself, just as the failure of Western minds like Sir Rumbold's to appreciate Gandhi is their failure, their loss, rather than his.

Though he dismisses much colonial violence in Attenborough's film as "improbable", "laughable", what Attenborough showed was only the tip of the iceberg—as one whose family, like many others, suffered at the hands of the British during our freedom struggle, I can testify to personal and historical evidence of this which Sir Rumbold, from his colonial seat, was perhaps unaware of.

Perhaps the British, who traditionally respect the "an eye for an eye" mentality in their opponents, mistook Gandhi's goodness and non-violence for weakness; and might have been the better for a more violent uprising which would have made their defeat at our hands somewhat more physically harmful. But then people like Sir Rumbold would have had an excuse for their patronising remarks, which would have made their moral defeat less ignominious, less rankling—and this, I am sure, is what

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Gandhi had in mind: that his philosophy left room for change of heart in those colonisers less rabid than Sir Rumbold, and room for shame, albeit concealed under braggadocio, in those of his ilk.

The people of India have no regrets for their freedom or the manner in which Gandhi helped them win it, though it will take us some time to wipe off the 200 years' legacy of problems that colonial rule created.

ANITA MEHTA

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THIS IS a rather hysterical echo of the sort of propaganda used by the wilder sections of the Indian Congress Party during their campaigns for independence many decades ago. Now, the historians of India (Indian, British and American) have moved on, and record more patiently the many-sided story of British rule and the consequences of its demise.

My complaint about Sir Richard Attenborough's film on Gandhi was that it lacks objectivity and may be accepted by viewers as if it were a documentary instead of the equivalent of the film version of an historical novel. A film has to be in technicolour and present a simple theme; whereas the complications of history need to be explained in decent prose and in varying shades of grey.

Anita Mehta's history is a bit wobbly. During most of the period of British rule, communal disturbances were local, relatively infrequent and transitory affairs, because under a strong government there was no purpose in the communities intentionally trying to shuffle the cards by violence. This was also true for the same reason under the Mughals, until Shivaji's wars with Aurungzeb. It was after the British in 1917 defined India's goal as being responsible government that the communities began seriously to manoeuvre for their shares in the heritage, and communal murder grew progressively worse.

As regards the events of 1971, Mrs Gandhi concluded her treaty with the Soviet Union some time before President Nixon sent warships into the Bay of Bengal; and Nixon's purpose was, not to help Yahya Khan in Bangladesh where the battle was virtually over, but to warn Mrs Gandhi against pursuing her triumph there by continuing her war into West Pakistan.

ALGERNON RUMBOLD

West Clandon
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Chalfont & Disarmament

ALUN CHALFONT'S exposure of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament in your April issue deserves wide currency. As one who has likewise had practical experience of arms control—for part of the time during his period of Ministerial responsibility—I have long felt that the soft-soaping of CND by certain of its would-be opponents serves no useful purpose. Professing to acknowledge that CND has "done some good" by awakening us to the risks of nuclear war (as if this were necessary)—or claiming that "we all have the same goal, it is only our methods that differ"—has surely proved a hopeless approach. Chalfont, on the contrary, shows up both the movement and its policies in their true colours. That said, a few glosses on Section 6 of his article ("The Multilateral Alternative") may perhaps be in order.

Chalfont is rightly dismissive of the "theoretically ideal solution" of General & Complete Disarmament, to which governments (including our own) continue to pay lip-service. But the case against GCD seems to me to extend beyond questions of control and verification as normally discussed. As he remarks, all schemes so far put forward for GCD would permit the retention of armed forces "at levels required for internal security." Yet this would leave a powerful dictatorship with its militarised security apparatus even better placed than before to invade or dominate its weaker, now wholly defenceless, neighbours (and there is nothing "theoretical" about that scenario). Indeed, in the absence of an effective peace-keeping organisation that would have to be tantamount to a world government (in which case *cadit quaestio*), an aggressive state could achieve its ends with minimal weaponry, simply by weight of numbers. Thus GCD, far from being a beautiful if impracticable dream, would represent a nightmare.

Marx & the Cash-Nexus

London

GLC LABOUR leaders are planning to spend around £35,000 commemorating the centenary of Karl Mark's death. The celebrations will include a Karl Marx "pub-crawl", visiting hostelries which existed when he lived in London.

Marx, the founding father of Communism, died in London on March 14, 1883, and is buried in Highgate Cemetery.

Other plans include a memorial lecture to be given by Professor Asa Briggs, the life peer and author of the profile "Marx in London." There will also be an exhibition on the London Marx knew and a number of theatre projects.

It is understood that GLC lawyers are "concerned" over the expenditure.

But committee chairman Mr Tony Banks said today:

"Marx is probably the single most influential figure in world history over the past 200 years. He lived for most of his life in London, he was a Londoner and London had a great influence on him."

But Tories are planning to oppose the expenditure. Spokesman Stanley Bolton said:

"London does not owe anything to Karl Marx. It is really what he owes London, such as sanctuary and a Christian burial.

"There are much more important projects on which the money could be spent."

The Communist Party is staging a "cultural extravaganza" at Alexandra Palace on June 25.

THE STANDARD

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CHALFONT'S LIST of those partial arms control measures hitherto achieved curiously omits one of the more important, the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, which for all its evident shortcomings does represent "the best non-proliferation treaty we have." Yet it is arguably here that the danger of actual use of nuclear weapons is most real and destabilising, rather than from any probable exchange between the Eastern and Western alliances. The possibility of a Gadaffi, a Khomeini, an Amin or a Galtieri possessing even a primitive nuclear weapon is surely more alarming, and urgent. Here, moreover, we and the Russians find ourselves on the same side—though what we can do about it remains an elusive problem.

As to a Comprehensive Test Ban, one is entitled—without necessarily echoing Lady Kennet's famous description of the present partial ban as no more than a "clean air bill"—to ask what true significance this would have, *as a measure of arms control*. For if a power considers it essential to go ahead and test its nuclear weapons, it is hardly going to accept such an inhibition. If, on the other hand, it considers it can maintain their effectiveness without the need for testing, then how far would a CTB amount to worth-while arms control?

FINALLY, Chalfont's analysis may be felt a little too kind to the unpromising exercise of Mutual & Balanced Force Reductions in Europe. (Incidentally, even the title is amiss—"*mutual*", being meaningless in this context, should of course be "*reciprocal.*") I would venture two further points, over and above the differences about "data" which he mentions.

Even if one believes the Russians likely ever to agree to give up their existing relative preponderance, the fact is that Soviet forces are not in Eastern Europe by any means only for defence against the West; so that there is anyhow a limit to what could be expected from that side. But even if it were feasible to move towards the proposed "common ceiling", the ineluctable facts of geography would persist, in NATO's disfavour. For the question of reinforcements across the Atlantic in a crisis raises logistic and political difficulties of a formidable kind. MBFR provides in fact an object-lesson in how *not* to embark on negotiations for arms limitation or reduction. It was initiated in 1968 very largely for adventitious reasons: in part, to thwart moves for the withdrawal of American forces from Europe, and partly also to appease public opinion in that decade of student protest. While in both these respects it may indeed have had passing success, in substance there has been no real progress, on account of the built-in obstacles.

The moral is that, if Arms Control or Disarmament are to achieve anything intrinsically, they must be conceived, and pursued, for their own sake, because agreement is seen to be practicable, as well as desirable. I do not doubt that Lord Chalfont would endorse this.

MICHAEL CULLIS

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Cameroon

I CANNOT HOPE to add to John Wain's demolition of Michael Thorpe's letter about conditions in Cameroon (ENCOUNTER, March), but there are some observations I would like to make as a frequent visitor there over the past twenty years and as joint founder in 1963 of the Anglo-Cameroon Society. An additional qualification, apparently important to Mr Thorpe, is that I have heard of and read Mongo Beti (and even know that his real name is Alexandre Biyidi), and also have read other distinguished writers such as Ferdinand Oyono and Mbella Sonne Dipoko and others who take a very different view of their country to that of Mongo Beti.

Cameroon society is free. Unlike many other countries in the world, including Africa, there is no curfew and no areas where visitors cannot travel. There is effective protection of rare animals and conservation of unspoiled forests. Film companies have access to the country, and its music and musicians are popular all over Africa.

Mr Thorpe should know that Cameroon has given refuge to hundreds of thousands of people fleeing from violence, disorder, and oppression in less wisely governed neighbouring states; and last year the United Nations High Commission for Refugees commended Cameroon for the refuge and medical aid it had given to over 300,000 refugees from the civil war in Chad—medical help still needed in the host country itself.

What does Mr Thorpe want? Is he an admirer of the so-called revolutionary Marxist régimes in Africa that have brought chaos, hunger, and terror to their long-suffering peoples? Is he unable to recognise the openness and safety of life in countries such as Cameroon, Ivory Coast and Senegal compared to what goes on in so many of their neighbours as well as in many other countries throughout the world? He should talk with the scientists, doctors, artists and writers in Cameroon and not confine himself to the opinions of one self-exiled author he chanced to come across.

ANTONY STEEL

London

Whose Jerusalem?

IN HIS REFUTATION of the "hoary canard that Palestinians evacuated their homes in 1948 on appeals or orders from Arab leaders" (ENCOUNTER, March 1983) Antony T. Sullivan reinforces another fallacy: that the Arab refugee problem was caused largely by deliberate Israeli action. This implication is contained chiefly in his penultimate paragraph, which contains three brief points.

The first of these is a reference to Plan Dalet, which he claims was "implemented to 'cleanse' the Galilee." It would have been highly eccentric of the *Hagana* when faced with the invasion threat of seven Arab armies, local Arab insurgents, the besieging of Jerusalem by the Arab Legion and the presence of Syrian infiltrators in Galilee to devote its precious resources and manpower to the task of expelling Arab *civilians*. Plan Dalet was part of the Battle of the Roads and the only "cleansing" that it called for was to be directed against Arabs acting in a military or paramilitary capacity. The reference to "the use of rolling barrel-bombs and dynamite to cause panic in crowded civilian quarters" is harder to subject to scrutiny, not because no places or dates are given but rather because in 1948, apart from the roads, the battlefields *were* the towns and villages, and in many cases—

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on both sides—the soldiers were nothing more than civilians with guns.

It is the reference to Lydda, where for once Mr Sullivan gives a specific date, that is most interesting, for it forms a focal point of an article which he cited, Erskine Childers' "The Other Exodus" (*Spectator*, 12 May 1961). In that article, after presenting what purports to be evidence of deliberate scaremongering by Zionist forces and after quoting a Jewish pioneer to the effect that Arabs were expelled from a number of places, Mr Childers asked the question, "Were official Zionist troops involved at any of these places? I propose to select, for the sake of brevity, only the Lydda-Ramleh area." In discussing those same two towns, the late James Parkes, a staunch friend of Israel, wrote that the Israeli forces gave the Arab residents "no choice but to leave at once." (*Whose Land*, Penguin Books, 1970.) more recently, Israel's former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin admitted in a chapter of his memoirs that was deleted from publication that the Arabs of Lod (Lydda) and Ramleh were expelled by Israeli forces. It is of course possible that Israelis and their supporters are only reluctantly acknowledging the expulsions from Lod and Ramleh because the evidence is too strong to deny. But it might also be suggested that Arab propagandists are using the evidence of genuine expulsions from two towns in the heat of a desperate struggle for survival as a starting point from which to propagate the myth that the entire refugee problem was caused by Israel.

In the fighting in Galilee large numbers of Arabs were left untouched. In the case of Haifa at the north of the coastal strip Erskine Childers acknowledged that the city's mayor, "with the tears streaming down his face, implored the city's Arabs to stay." What he failed to add was that the effort was not confined to the mayor. While Syrian infiltrators were surrounding the city in preparation for their abortive attempt to conquer it, the Haifa Workers Council was displaying posters in Hebrew and Arabic appealing to the Arabs to stay. Some 200,000 Arabs stayed in Israel throughout the war launched by the seven Arab armies, and at the end of the fighting they were offered—and accepted—Israeli citizenship.

JAMES PARKES offered several explanations of the refugee problem. One is that middle-class and professional Arabs left Mandatory Palestine with most of their property as soon as the UN Partition Plan was passed, leaving the rank-and-file leaderless and thus panic-stricken. Another is that temporary flight was a normal part of the type of warfare to which those Arabs were accustomed. A further point is that, although there was no *wholesale* Arab order telling the Palestinian Arabs to leave, in the early stages of the war Arabs "in mixed areas were encouraged—or ordered—to leave by the guerrilla forces operating at the time" (Parkes).

It is likely that the anti-Israel propaganda designed to encourage young Palestinian Arabs to fight against Jewish Israelis had the counter-productive effect of frightening Arabs into flight. Once the neighbouring Arab countries announced their rejection of the Partition Plan and their intention to invade, it is probable that many Arabs fled simply because they did not wish to remain in the theatre of battle. In contrast, the Jews remained throughout the war in which 6,000 of their comrades were killed (the proportionate equivalent of 500,000 Britons today) for the simple reason that they had nowhere else to go.

ANOTHER doubtful claim in Mr Sullivan's article is that "Palestinians themselves have frequently resisted citizenship and permanent settlement in their host countries. . . ." One has only to look at the paragraph above to read that "Palestinians have been full citizens of Jordan for three decades and more. Nevertheless other Arab nations have indeed not granted them citizenship. . . ." It would seem then that the Palestinian Arabs were quite willing to avail themselves of citizenship offers when such offers are forthcoming from their hosts.

It is surprising to read that the majority of Palestinian Arabs "has come to accept the inevitability of a state consisting only of East Jerusalem, Gaza and the West Bank." If this is so then the 1964 and 1968 versions of the Palestine National Covenant (the latter of which is still in force today) show that the PLO is out of touch with the Palestinian Arabs in spite of its claims to be their "sole legitimate representative."

But before anyone accepts the "inevitability"—or the justifiably—of Arab control over "East Jerusalem" it should be noted that Jerusalem, Islam's third holiest city and Judaism's holiest, was Jewish some 1,600 years before Islam came into existence. Jerusalem is not mentioned in the Koran under any name whereas it appears 700 times in the Old Testament. No Jew would deny that al-Quds has been holy to Moslems since the 7th century. But Moslems today—and especially Arab propagandists—seem curiously unwilling to concede the well-documented fact that Yerushalayim has been the spiritual centre of Judaism for the last *three thousand years*.

Much has been made of the fact that "East Jerusalem" has an Arab majority. But Jerusalem as a whole has had an *absolute* Jewish majority since 1872 and it is the *eastern* areas of Jerusalem that contain the holy places from which known Jews and Israeli Moslems were excluded by the Arab occupation forces between 1948 and 1967. Furthermore it should not be forgotten that the only reason Jerusalem came to be divided at all was because the Arabs rejected the UN Partition Plan which provided for its internationalisation (which the Jewish Agency accepted) and went to war to prevent its implementation. When Jordan started shelling Israel in 1967 Israel responded by taking possession of the Arab-occupied part of Jerusalem. Thus Israel's acquisition of Jerusalem was defensive and legal while the Arab conquest of the eastern part was *offensive* and thus illegal.

BE IT NOTED THAT Jordan promised to grant unrestricted access to the holy places in the 1949 armistice and immediately reneged. It is pointless also to suggest an Israeli withdrawal from the Old City of Jerusalem and the areas to the east of the walled city in return for an international assurance of access. Arab possession of that area between 1948 and 1967 was based on aggressive conquest and their claim was tenuous at the outset. Their infringement of the right of access was merely the last straw.

Finally there is Mr Sullivan's suggestion that the

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dispute be solved by Israel returning to the 1967 borders and the establishment of a 23rd Arab State (in territory previously held by Jordan and Egypt *without major Palestinian Arab protest*) topped by an Arab or third-party promise (which he calls a "guarantee"). The Middle East Dispute goes back to 1948 at least. Mr Sullivan's suggestion is based on the premise that the cause of the dispute is Israel's defensive acquisition of territory in 1967. But to accept that premise is to accept that the Middle East dispute pre-dates its own cause by nineteen years!

DAVID P. A. KESSLER

Jerusalem
Israel

AUTHORS

John Gohorry, whose poems have appeared in the *London Magazine, Times Literary Supplement,* and *Poetry Review*, is preparing a volume of poems to be published by Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets. "The Future Arrives Last Year" is his first published story.

Michael Charlton, one of Britain's leading broadcasters, is a veteran foreign correspondent for the BBC, and co-author of *Many Reasons Why*, a documentary inquiry into the Viet Nam War (Scolar Press, 1978). His article in this issue is a greatly expanded version of the first part of *The Eagle and the Small Birds*, a documentary series (produced by David Morton) which he wrote and presented on BBC Radio 4 earlier this year. In 1981 (August, September, October) ENCOUNTER published the three parts of his "How (& Why) Britain Lost the Leadership of Europe", which is to appear in book form under the title *The Price of Victory* (BBC Publications).

François Bondy is an editor of the monthly *Schweizer Monatshefte* and of *Die Weltwoche* (Zurich).

Carol Rumens' latest book of poems, *Star Whisper* (Secker & Warburg) is the Summer Choice of the Poetry Book Society.

Peter Redgrove's latest volume of poems, *The Apple Broadcast*, was published in 1981 by Routledge, who last year brought out his most recent novel, *The Facilitators*.

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph*. *The Senate of Lilliput*, just published by Faber, contains his lively profiles of House of Commons personalities.

Jean-François Revel, since his resignation as editor of *L'Express* in 1981, writes regularly for the Paris journal *Le Point*. His translated works include *The Totalitarian Temptation* (n.e. Penguin, 1978) and *Without Marx or Jesus* (n.e. Paladin, 1972).

Wilfried Wiegand is the Paris correspondent of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Peter Shaw is the author of *American Patriots and the Rituals of Revolution* (Harvard University Press, 1981) and *The Character of John Adams* (Norton, 1976). He contributed an "Afterthought on Susan Sontag" to the June-July 1982 issue of ENCOUNTER, and his article "Ideologues on the Run" appeared in the April 1982 issue.

Peter Porter's *Collected Poems* have just been published by Oxford University Press; to mark the event, the journal of the Poetry Society—*Poetry Review*—has published a special celebratory issue.

Anthony Thwaite's most recent book of poems is *Victorian Voices* (Oxford University Press, 1980). He is the editor of *Larkin at Sixty*, published last spring by Faber.

John Bossy, Professor of History at the University of York, is the author of *The English Catholic Community 1570–1850* (Darton, Longman & Todd, 1976, paper 1979; Oxford University Press, N.Y.), and edited Outram Evennett's posthumous *The Spirit of the Counter-Reformation* (University of Notre Dame Press, 1970). His contributions to ENCOUNTER include "Out of the System" (October-November 1982) and "History as Narrative" (December 1981).

John Mole's most recent book of poems is *Feeding the Lake* (Secker, 1981). He is co-editor (with Anthony Thwaite) of an anthology, *Poetry 1945–80*, to be published by Longman's.

Martin Esslin is Professor of Drama, Stanford University, and was from 1963-77 Head of Radio Drama at the BBC. He is the author of many books on the theatre, including *The Illustrated Encyclopaedia of World Theatre* (n.e. Thames and Hudson, 1981) and *Meditations: Essays on Brecht, Beckett and the Media* (n.e. Eyre Methuen, 1981). His study of *The Age of Television* appeared last year (W. H. Freeman).

Maurice Latey is a writer and broadcaster on international affairs, now and for many years a well-known political commentator in the BBC External Services, in which he was formerly in charge of broadcasts to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. He is the author of *Tyranny: A Study in the Abuse of Power*, (Macmillan 1969, Pelican 1972), and is at present writing a book on the interaction of religion and politics.

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Life & Letters Today

London

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: **British tourists are catching up with the ingenuity of foreign menu makers. Several corresponents have deduced how the oddities they were offered came about. They encountered the far from kosher "***Jewess with Ham***" in Puerto de Mazarron, but quickly realized that** *judias* **is Spanish for green beans. Another managed to decipher two from the Bajo de Guia in Sanlucar de Barrameda. "***Peaches in a Haystack***" came about because** *almiar*, **a haystack, was one line in the dictionary above** *almibar*, **syrup. "***Fried Shavings***" derived from the fact that monkfish is** *rape* **but a crewcut is hair** à la rape. **Another decoded an Istanbul menu, translated through an English-French dictionary, so that "Grilled Pimp" was really only mackerel.**

Now you try "*Stewed Apprentices***," reported from Mexico, or "***Bespattering of Bird***," a favourite in Argentina.**

THE TIMES

London

COMMERCIAL BREAK: *Nearly half of all business deals in Europe are conducted in English—one reason, perhaps, why British businessmen tend to be so backward about learning other languages.*

A survey has shown that after English (46%), French is the next most commonly used language (30), followed by German (28), Italian (14), Spanish (11), Dutch/Flemish (7) and Swedish/Norwegian/Danish (6).

Apart from ourselves and Ireland, the countries where English is most frequently used in business are Holland (51%), Switzerland (46), Germany (42), Belgium (41), Norway (39), Sweden (39), France (26), Denmark (25), Italy (25) and Spain (13).

DAILY MAIL

Warsaw

TABU WORD: *Zbigniew Bujak, leader of the powerful one-million-strong Warsaw branch of* **Solidarity**, *now underground, once attacked total State control of the media, saying: "The union cannot permit anybody to monopolise the mass media."*

The most startling comment in the programme, which had been broadcast by the State-run radio and TV on which Lech Walesa also spoke, came when he called the government "totalitarian"—a tabu word in the Communist bloc.

"The biggest success of **Solidarity** *is that it was formed and exists in the system of totalitarian power. . . ."*

DAILY TELEGRAPH

Houston, Texas

OLD IDEAS: *Texas Democrats have been making frank admissions. "As liberals we're in somewhat of a poor shape." Lately liberals have taken to calling themselves "progressives." They all stress that in order for Democrats to successfully fight the conservatives, they must come up with "new ideas" and initiatives of their own. "New ideas are what government needs, and unless we come up with some, we will lose. . . ." But, the Democratic spokesman said, "new ideas take time. . . .Actually", he added, "there's no such thing as a new idea. Perhaps there's only a new emphasis. . . ."*

HOUSTON POST

London

TURISMO: *Always speak your own language when abroad, slightly more slowly than usual and twice as loud. If you learn the language of the country you are denying yourself the mystery and magic of the unknown.*

Had I been able to speak and read Italian [Frank Muir writes] I should have bought the Italian language edition of that fine guide, All Rome, *by Eugenio Pucci. Instead I had to buy the English translation, by a Susan Glasspool. What delights I would have missed! Here is a taste of Ms Glasspool's remarkable prose, enjoyed by only we who have disregarded the many relevant books and cassettes on the market and failed to learn Italian. From page 130:*

"A panorama that can manage to be limited to a view of characteristic roads that discover, when one least expects it, different architectural lines, the foliage of trees that are made prominent, snakelike vegetation that has no fear of giddiness . . . for those who wish to enjoy the always suggestive views of Rome as it was, they must put a foot on the Esquiline, on the Giancilo, on the Aventino to the Celio to find themselves opposite a flowering allotment. . . ."

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH MAGAZINE

London

PREFERENCE: *The prospect of Nissan setting up a £300m plant to produce 200,000 Datsun cars in the UK each year has been welcomed by Mr Norman Tebbitt, Minister for Industry.*

Mr Tebbitt said: "Surely it is better for the British people to buy Japanese cars made by British workers than to buy German cars assembled by Turks."

FINANCIAL TIMES

London

RIPE FOR CHANGE: Laurence Olivier's "King Lear" was Shakespeare for television, neither a filmed stage production nor a cut-down film. Inevitably the play's essentially theatrical effects were lost but in compensation TV gave us close ups and made it possible to follow every nuance of the language. Even old lines [writes Lucy Hughes-Hallett] rendered almost meaningless by repetition, were restored to sense. "Rightness is all", said Gloucester and the words sounded new, surprising and wise.

THE STANDARD

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